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LUCIFER

A Theosophical Magazine,

DESIGNED TO "BRING TO LIGHT THE HIDDEN THINGS OF DARKNESS."

EDITED BY

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND MABEL COLLINS.

THE LIGHT-BEARER IS THE MORNING STAR OR LUCIFER, AND "LUCIFER IS NO PROFANE OR SATANIC TITLE. IT IS THE LATIN LUCIFERUS. THE LIGHT-BRINGER, THE MORNING STAR, EQUIVALENT TO THE GREEK *φωσφόρος* . . . . . THE NAME OF THE PURE PALE HERALD OF DAYLIGHT."—YONGE.

VOLUME I.

SEPTEMBER 1887—FEBRUARY 1888.

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LUCIFER

VOL. I. LONDON, SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1887. NO. 1.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WHY THE MAGAZINE IS CALLED "LUCIFER."

WHAT'S in a name? Very often there is more in it than the profane is prepared to understand, or the learned mystic to explain. It is an invisible, secret, but very potential influence that every name carries about with it and "leaveth wherever it goeth." Carlyle thought that "there is much, nay, almost all, in names." "Could I unfold the influence of names, which are the most important of all clothings, I were a second great Trismegistus," he writes.

The name or title of a magazine started with a definite object, is, therefore, all important; for it is, indeed, the invisible seedgrain, which will either grow "to be an all-over-shadowing tree" on the fruits of which must depend the nature of the results brought about by the said object, or the tree will wither and die. These considerations show that the name of the present magazine—rather equivocal to orthodox Christian ears—is due to no careless selection, but arose in consequence of much thinking over its fitness, and was adopted as the best symbol to express that object and the results in view.

Now, the first and most important, if not the sole object of the magazine, is expressed in the line from the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, on its title page. It is to bring light to "the hidden things of darkness," (iv. 5); to show in their true aspect and their original real meaning things and names, men and their doings and customs; it is finally to fight prejudice, hypocrisy and shams in every nation, in every class of Society, as in every department of life. The task is a laborious one but it is neither impracticable nor useless, if even as an experiment.

Thus, for an attempt of such nature, no better title could ever be found than the one chosen. "Lucifer," is the pale morning-star, the precursor of the full blaze of the noon-day sun—the "Eosphoros" of the Greeks. It shines timidly at dawn to gather forces and dazzle the eye after sunset as its own brother 'Hesperos'—the radiant evening star, or

the planet Venus. No fitter symbol exists for the proposed work—that of throwing a ray of truth on everything hidden by the darkness of prejudice, by social or religious misconceptions ; especially by that idiotic routine in life, which, once that a certain action, a thing, a name, has been branded by slanderous inventions, however unjust, makes *respectable* people, so called, turn away shiveringly, refusing to even look at it from any other aspect than the one sanctioned by public opinion. Such an endeavour then, to force the weak-hearted to look truth straight in the face, is helped most efficaciously by a title belonging to the category of branded names.

Piously inclined readers may argue that "Lucifer" is accepted by all the churches as one of the many names of the Devil. According to Milton's superb fiction, Lucifer is *Satan*, the "rebellious" angel, the enemy of God and man. If one analyzes his rebellion, however, it will be found of no worse nature than an assertion of free-will and independent thought, as if Lucifer had been born in the XIXth century. This epithet of "rebellious," is a theological calumny, on a par with that other slander of God by the Predestinarians, one that makes of deity an "Almighty" fiend worse than the "rebellious" Spirit himself; "an omnipotent Devil desiring to be 'complimented' as all merciful when he is exerting the most fiendish cruelty," as put by J. Cotter Morison. Both the foreordaining and predestining fiend-God, and his subordinate agent are of human invention ; they are two of the most morally repulsive and horrible theological dogmas that the nightmares of light-hating monks have ever evolved out of their unclean fancies.

They date from the Mediæval age, the period of mental obscuration, during which most of the present prejudices and superstitions have been forcibly inoculated on the human mind, so as to have become nearly ineradicable in some cases, one of which is the present prejudice now under discussion.

So deeply rooted, indeed, is this preconception and aversion to the name of Lucifer—meaning no worse than "light-bringer" (from *lux, lucis*, "light," and *ferre* "to bring")*—even among the educated classes, that by adopting it for the title of their magazine the editors have the prospect of a long strife with public prejudice before them. So absurd and ridiculous is that prejudice, indeed, that no one has seemed to ever ask himself the question, how came Satan to be called a *light-bringer*, unless the silvery rays of the morning-star can in any way be made suggestive of the glare of the infernal flames. It is simply, as Henderson showed, "one of those gross perversions of sacred writ which so extensively obtain, and which are to be traced to a proneness to seek for more

* "It was Gregory the Great who was the first to apply this passage of Isaiah, "How art thou allen from Heaven, Lucifer, son of the morning," etc., to Satan, and ever since the bold metaphor of the prophet, which referred, after all, but to an Assyrian king inimical to the Israelites, has been applied to the Devil."

in a given passage than it really contains—a disposition to be influenced by sound rather than sense, and an implicit faith in received interpretation"—which is not quite one of the weaknesses of our present age. Nevertheless, the prejudice is there, to the shame of our century.

This cannot be helped. The two editors would hold themselves as recreants in their own sight, as traitors to the very spirit of the proposed work, were they to yield and cry craven before the danger. If one would fight prejudice, and brush off the ugly cobwebs of superstition and materialism alike from the noblest ideals of our forefathers, one has to prepare for opposition. "The crown of the reformer and the innovator is a crown of thorns" indeed. If one would rescue Truth in all her chaste nudity from the almost bottomless well, into which she has been hurled by cant and hypocritical propriety, one should not hesitate to descend into the dark, gaping pit of that well. No matter how badly the blind bats—the dwellers in darkness, and the haters of light—may treat in their gloomy abode the intruder, unless one is the first to show the spirit and courage he preaches to others, he must be justly held as a hypocrite and a seceder from his own principles.

Hardly had the title been agreed upon, when the first premonitions of what was in store for us, in the matter of the opposition to be encountered owing to the title chosen, appeared on our horizon. One of the editors received and recorded some spicy objections. The scenes that follow are sketches from nature.

I.

A Well-known Novelist. Tell me about your new magazine. What class do you propose to appeal to?

Editor. No class in particular: we intend to appeal to the public.

Novelist. I am very glad of that. For once I shall be one of the public, for I don't understand your subject in the least, and I want to. But you must remember that if your public is to understand you, it must necessarily be a very small one. People talk about occultism nowadays as they talk about many other things, without the least idea of what it means. We are so ignorant and—so prejudiced.

Editor. Exactly. That is what calls the new magazine into existence. We propose to educate you, and to tear the mask from every prejudice.

Novelist. That really is good news to me, for I want to be educated. What is your magazine to be called?

Editor. Lucifer.

Novelist. What! Are you going to educate us in vice? We know enough about that. Fallen angels are plentiful. You may find popularity, for soiled doves are in fashion just now, while the white-winged angels are voted a bore, because they are not so amusing. But I doubt your being able to teach us much.

II.

A Man of the World (in a careful undertone, for the scene is a dinner-party). I hear you are going to start a magazine, all about occultism. Do you know, I'm very glad. I don't say anything about such matters as a rule, but some queer things have happened in my life which can't be explained in any ordinary manner. I hope you will go in for explanations.

Editor. We shall try, certainly. My impression is, that when occultism is in any measure apprehended, its laws are accepted by everyone as the only intelligible explanation of life.

A M. W. Just so, I want to know all about it, for 'pon my honour, life's a mystery. There are plenty of other people as curious as myself. This is an age which is afflicted with the Yankee disease of 'wanting to know.' I'll get you lots of subscribers. What's the magazine called?

Editor. Lucifer—and *(warned by former experience)* don't misunderstand the name. It is typical of the divine spirit which sacrificed itself for humanity—it was Milton's doing that it ever became associated with the devil. We are sworn enemies to popular prejudices, and it is quite appropriate that we should attack such a prejudice as this—Lucifer, you know, is the Morning Star—the Lightbearer, ...

A M. W. (interrupting). Oh, I know all that—at least I don't know, but I take it for granted you've got some good reason for taking such a title. But your first object is to have readers; you want the public to buy your magazine, I suppose. That's in the programme, isn't it?

Editor. Most decidedly.

A M. W. Well, listen to the advice of a man who knows his way about town. Don't mark your magazine with the wrong colour at starting. It's quite evident, when one stays an instant to think of its derivation and meaning, that Lucifer is an excellent word. But the public don't stay to think of derivations and meanings; and the first impression is the most important. Nobody will buy the magazine if you call it Lucifer.

III.

A Fashionable Lady Interested in Occultism. I want to hear some more about the new magazine, for I have interested a great many people in it, even with the little you have told me. But I find it difficult to express its actual purpose. What is it?

Editor. To try and give a little light to those that want it.

A F. L. Well, that's a simple way of putting it, and will be very useful to me. What is the magazine to be called?

Editor. Lucifer.

A F. L. (After a pause) You can't mean it.

Editor. Why not?

A F. L. The associations are so dreadful! What can be the object of calling it that? It sounds like some unfortunate sort of joke, made against it by its enemies.

Editor. Oh, but Lucifer, you know, means Light-bearer; it is typical of the Divine Spirit——

A F. L. Never mind all that—I want to do your magazine good and make it known, and you can't expect me to enter into explanations of that sort every time I mention the title? Impossible! Life is too short and too busy. Besides, it would produce such a bad effect; people would think me priggish, and then I couldn't talk at all, for I couldn't bear them to think that. Don't call it Lucifer—please don't. Nobody knows what the word is typical of; what it means now is the devil, nothing more or less.

Editor. But then that is quite a mistake, and one of the first prejudices we propose to do battle with. Lucifer is the pale, pure herald of dawn——

Lady (interrupting). I thought you were going to do something more interesting and more important than to whitewash mythological characters. We shall all have to go to school again, or read up Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary. And what is the use of it when it is done? I thought you were going to tell us things about our own lives and how to make them better. I suppose Milton wrote about Lucifer, didn't he?—but nobody reads Milton now. Do let us have a modern title with some human meaning in it.

IV.

A Journalist (thoughtfully, while rolling his cigarette). Yes, it is a good idea, this magazine of yours. We shall all laugh at it, as a matter of course: and we shall cut it up in the papers. But we shall all read it, because secretly everybody hungers after the mysterious. What are you going to call it?

Editor. Lucifer.

Journalist (striking a light). Why not *The Fusee?* Quite as good a title and not so pretentious.

The "Novelist," the "Man of the World," the "Fashionable Lady," and the "Journalist," should be the first to receive a little instruction. A glimpse into the real and primitive character of Lucifer can do them no harm and may, perchance, cure them of a bit of ridiculous prejudice. They ought to study their Homer and Hesiod's Theogony if they would do justice to Lucifer, "*Eosphoros and Hesperos*," the Morning and the Evening beautiful star. If there are more useful things to do in this life than "to whitewash mythological characters," to slander and blacken them is, at least, as useless, and shows, moreover, a narrow-mindedness which can do honour to no one.

To object to the title of LUCIFER, only because its "associations are so dreadful," is pardonable—if it can be pardonable in any case—only in an ignorant American missionary of some dissenting sect, in one whose natural laziness and lack of education led him to prefer ploughing the minds of heathens, as ignorant as he is himself, to the more profitable, but rather more arduous, process of ploughing the fields of his own father's farm. In the English clergy, however, who receive all a more or less classical education, and are, therefore, supposed to be acquainted with the *ins* and *outs* of theological sophistry and casuistry, this kind of opposition is absolutely unpardonable. It not only smacks of hypocrisy and deceit, but places them directly on a lower moral level than him they call the apostate angel. By endeavouring to show the theological Lucifer, fallen through the idea that

> "To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell;
> Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven,"

they are virtually putting into practice the supposed crime they would fain accuse him of. They prefer reigning over the spirit of the masses by means of a pernicious dark LIE, productive of many an evil, than serve heaven by serving TRUTH. Such practices are worthy only of the Jesuits.

But their sacred writ is the first to contradict their interpretations and the association of Lucifer, the Morning Star, with Satan. Chapter XXII. of *Revelation*, verse 16th, says: "I, Jesus . . . am the root . . . and the bright and *Morning Star*" (ὀρθρινὸς "early rising"): hence Eosphoros, or the Latin Lucifer. The opprobrium attached to

this name is of such a very late date, that the Roman Church found itself forced to screen the theological slander behind a two-sided interpretation—as usual. Christ, we are told, is the "Morning Star," the *divine* Lucifer; and Satan the *usurpator* of the *Verbum*, the "infernal Lucifer." * "The great Archangel Michael, the conqueror of Satan, is identical in paganism † with Mercury-Mithra, to whom, after defending the Sun (symbolical of God) from the attacks of Venus-Lucifer, was given the possession of this planet, *et datus est ei locus Luciferi.* And since the Archangel Michael is the 'Angel of the Face,' and 'the Vicar of the *Verbum*' he is now considered in the Roman Church as the regent of that planet Venus which 'the vanquished fiend had usurped.'" *Angelus faciei Dei sedem superbi humilis obtinuit*, says Cornelius à Lapide (in Vol. VI. p. 229).

This gives the reason why one of the early Popes was called Lucifer, as Yonge and ecclesiastical records prove. It thus follows that the title chosen for our magazine is as much associated with divine and pious ideas as with the supposed rebellion of the hero of Milton's "Paradise Lost." By choosing it, *we throw the first ray of light and truth* on a ridiculous prejudice which ought to have no room made for it in this our "age of facts and discovery." We work for true Religion and Science, in the interest of fact as against fiction and prejudice. It is our duty, as it is that of physical Science—professedly its mission—to throw light on facts in Nature hitherto surrounded by the darkness of ignorance. And since ignorance is justly regarded as the chief promoter of superstition, that work is, therefore, a noble and beneficent work. But natural Sciences are only one aspect of SCIENCE and TRUTH. Psychological and moral Sciences, or theosophy, the knowledge of divine truth, wheresoever found, are still more important in human affairs, and real Science should not be limited simply to the physical aspect of life and nature. Science is an abstract of every fact, a comprehension of every truth within the scope of human research and intelligence. "Shakespeare's deep and accurate science in mental philosophy" (Coleridge), has proved more beneficent to the true philosopher in the study of the human heart—therefore, in the promotion of truth—than the more accurate, but certainly less deep, science of any Fellow of the Royal Institution.

Those readers, however, who do not find themselves convinced that the Church had no right to throw a slur upon a beautiful star, and that it did so through a mere necessity of accounting for one of its numerous loans from Paganism with all its poetical conceptions of the truths in Nature, are asked to read our article "The History of a Planet." Perhaps, after its perusal, they will see how far Dupuis was justified in asserting that

* Mirville's Memoirs to the Academy of France, Vol. IV., quoting Cardinal Ventura.

† Which paganism has passed long milleniums, it would seem, in *copying beforehand* Christian dogmas to come.

"all the theologies have their origin in astronomy." With the modern Orientalists every myth is *solar*. This is one more prejudice, and a preconception in favour of materialism and physical science. It will be one of our duties to combat it with much of the rest.

Occultism is not magic, though magic is one of its tools.

Occultism is not the acquirement of powers, whether psychic or intellectual, though both are its servants. Neither is occultism the pursuit of happiness, as men understand the word; for the first step is sacrifice, the second, renunciation.

Life is built up by the sacrifice of the individual to the whole. Each cell in the living body must sacrifice itself to the perfection of the whole; when it is otherwise, disease and death enforce the lesson.

Occultism is the science of life, the art of living.

COMMENTS ON "LIGHT ON THE PATH."

BY THE AUTHOR.

"Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears."

IT should be very clearly remembered by all readers of this volume that it is a book which may appear to have some little philosophy in it, but very little sense, to those who believe it to be written in ordinary English. To the many, who read in this manner it will be—not caviare so much as olives strong of their salt. Be warned and read but a little in this way.

There is another way of reading, which is, indeed, the only one of any use with many authors. It is reading, not between the lines but within the words. In fact, it is deciphering a profound cipher. All alchemical works are written in the cipher of which I speak; it has been used by the great philosophers and poets of all time. It is used systematically by the adepts in life and knowledge, who, seemingly giving out their deepest wisdom, hide in the very words which frame it its actual mystery. They cannot do more. There is a law of nature which insists that a man shall read these mysteries for himself. By no other method can he obtain them. A man who desires to live must eat his food himself: this is the simple law of nature—which applies also to the higher life. A man who would live and act in it cannot be fed like a babe with a spoon; he must eat for himself.

I propose to put into new and sometimes plainer language parts of "Light on the Path"; but whether this effort of mine will really be any interpretation I cannot say. To a deaf and dumb man, a truth is made no more intelligible if, in order to make it so, some misguided linguist translates the words in which it is couched into every living or dead language, and shouts these different phrases in his ear. But for those who are not deaf and dumb one language is generally easier than the rest; and it is to such as these I address myself.

The very first aphorisms of "Light on the Path," included under Number I. have, I know well, remained sealed as to their inner meaning to many who have otherwise followed the purpose of the book.

There are four proven and certain truths with regard to the entrance to occultism. The Gates of Gold bar that threshold; yet there are some who pass those gates and discover the sublime and illimitable beyond. In the far spaces of Time all will pass those gates. But I am one who wish that Time, the great deluder, were not so over-masterful. To those who know and love him I have no word to say; but to the others—and there are not so very few as some may fancy—to whom the

passage of Time is as the stroke of a sledge-hammer, and the sense of Space like the bars of an iron cage, I will translate and re-translate until they understand fully.

The four truths written on the first page of "Light on the Path," refer to the trial initiation of the would-be occultist. Until he has passed it, he cannot even reach to the latch of the gate which admits to knowledge. Knowledge is man's greatest inheritance; why, then, should he not attempt to reach it by every possible road? The laboratory is not the only ground for experiment; *science*, we must remember, is derived from *sciens*, present participle of *scire*, "to know,"—its origin is similar to that of the word "discern," "to ken." Science does not therefore deal only with matter, no, not even its subtlest and obscurest forms. Such an idea is born merely of the idle spirit of the age. Science is a word which covers all forms of knowledge. It is exceedingly interesting to hear what chemists discover, and to see them finding their way through the densities of matter to its finer forms; but there are other kinds of knowledge than this, and it is not every one who restricts his (strictly scientific) desire for knowledge to experiments which are capable of being tested by the physical senses.

Everyone who is not a dullard, or a man stupefied by some predominant vice, has guessed, or even perhaps discovered with some certainty, that there are subtle senses lying within the physical senses. There is nothing at all extraordinary in this; if we took the trouble to call Nature into the witness box we should find that everything which is perceptible to the ordinary sight, has something even more important than itself hidden within it; the microscope has opened a world to us, but within those encasements which the microscope reveals, lies a mystery which no machinery can probe.

The whole world is animated and lit, down to its most material shapes, by a world within it. This inner world is called Astral by some people, and it is as good a word as any other, though it merely means starry; but the stars, as Locke pointed out, are luminous bodies which give light of themselves. This quality is characteristic of the life which lies within matter; for those who see it, need no lamp to see it by. The word star, moreover, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "stir-an," to steer, to stir, to move, and undeniably it is the inner life which is master of the outer, just as a man's brain guides the movements of his lips. So that although Astral is no very excellent word in itself, I am content to use it for my present purpose.

The whole of "Light on the Path" is written in an astral cipher and can therefore only be deciphered by one who reads astrally. And its teaching is chiefly directed towards the cultivation and development of the astral life. Until the first step has been taken in this development, the swift knowledge, which is called intuition with certainty, is impossible to man. And this positive and certain intuition is the only form of

knowledge which enables a man to work rapidly or reach his true and high estate, within the limit of his conscious effort. To obtain knowledge by experiment is too tedious a method for those who aspire to accomplish real work; he who gets it by certain intuition, lays hands on its various forms with supreme rapidity, by fierce effort of will; as a determined workman grasps his tools, indifferent to their weight or any other difficulty which may stand in his way. He does not stay for each to be tested—he uses such as he sees are fittest.

All the rules contained in "Light on the Path," are written for all disciples, but only for disciples—those who "take knowledge." To none else but the student in this school are its laws of any use or interest.

To all who are interested seriously in Occultism, I say first—take knowledge. To him who hath shall be given. It is useless to wait for it. The womb of Time will close before you, and in later days you will remain unborn, without power. I therefore say to those who have any hunger or thirst for knowledge, attend to these rules.

They are none of my handicraft or invention. They are merely the phrasing of laws in super-nature, the putting into words truths as absolute in their own sphere, as those laws which govern the conduct of the earth and its atmosphere.

The senses spoken of in these four statements are the astral, or inner senses.

No man desires to see that light which illumines the spaceless soul until pain and sorrow and despair have driven him away from the life of ordinary humanity. First he wears out pleasure; then he wears out pain —till, at last, his eyes become incapable of tears.

This is a truism, although I know perfectly well that it will meet with a vehement denial from many who are in sympathy with thoughts which spring from the inner life. *To see* with the astral sense of sight is a form of activity which it is difficult for us to understand immediately. The scientist knows very well what a miracle is achieved by each child that is born into the world, when it first conquers its eye-sight and compels it to obey its brain. An equal miracle is performed with each sense certainly, but this ordering of sight is perhaps the most stupendous effort. Yet the child does it almost unconsciously, by force of the powerful heredity of habit. No one now is aware that he has ever done it at all; just as we cannot recollect the individual movements which enabled us to walk up a hill a year ago. This arises from the fact that we move and live and have our being in matter. Our knowledge of it has become intuitive.

With our astral life it is very much otherwise. For long ages past, man has paid very little attention to it—so little, that he has practically lost the use of his senses. It is true, that in every civilization the star arises, and man confesses, with more or less of folly and confusion, that he knows himself to be. But most often he denies it, and in being a

materialist becomes that strange thing, a being which cannot see its own light, a thing of life which will not live, an astral animal which has eyes, and ears, and speech, and power, yet will use none of these gifts. This is the case, and the habit of ignorance has become so confirmed, that now none will see with the inner vision till agony has made the physical eyes not only unseeing, but without tears—the moisture of life. To be incapable of tears is to have faced and conquered the simple human nature, and to have attained an equilibrium which cannot be shaken by personal emotions. It does not imply any hardness of heart, or any indifference. It does not imply the exhaustion of sorrow, when the suffering soul seems powerless to suffer acutely any longer; it does not mean the deadness of old age, when emotion is becoming dull because the strings which vibrate to it are wearing out. None of these conditions are fit for a disciple, and if any one of them exist in him, it must be overcome before the path can be entered upon. Hardness of heart belongs to the selfish man, the egotist, to whom the gate is for ever closed. Indifference belongs to the fool and the false philosopher; those whose lukewarmness makes them mere puppets, not strong enough to face the realities of existence. When pain or sorrow has worn out the keenness of suffering, the result is a lethargy not unlike that which accompanies old age, as it is usually experienced by men and women. Such a condition makes the entrance to the path impossible, because the first step is one of difficulty and needs a strong man, full of psychic and physical vigour, to attempt it.

It is a truth, that, as Edgar Allan Poe said, the eyes are the windows for the soul, the windows of that haunted palace in which it dwells. This is the very nearest interpretation into ordinary language of the meaning of the text. If grief, dismay, disappointment or pleasure, can shake the soul so that it loses its fixed hold on the calm spirit which inspires it, and the moisture of life breaks forth, drowning knowledge in sensation, then all is blurred, the windows are darkened, the light is useless. This is as literal a fact as that if a man, at the edge of a precipice, loses his nerve through some sudden emotion he will certainly fall. The poise of the body, the balance, must be preserved, not only in dangerous places, but even on the level ground, and with all the assistance Nature gives us by the law of gravitation. So it is with the soul, it is the link between the outer body and the starry spirit beyond; the divine spark dwells in the still place where no convulsion of Nature can shake the air; this is so always. But the soul may lose its hold on that, its knowledge of it, even though these two are part of one whole; and it is by emotion, by sensation, that this hold is loosed. To suffer either pleasure or pain, causes a vivid vibration which is, to the consciousness of man, life. Now this sensibility does not lessen when the disciple enters upon his training; it increases. It is the first test of his strength; he must suffer, must enjoy or endure, more

keenly than other men, while yet he has taken on him a duty which does not exist for other men, that of not allowing his suffering to shake him from his fixed purpose. He has, in fact, at the first step to take himself steadily in hand and put the bit into his own mouth; no one else can do it for him.

The first four aphorisms of "Light on the Path," refer entirely to astral development. This development must be accomplished to a certain extent—that is to say it must be fully entered upon—before the remainder of the book is really intelligible except to the intellect; in fact, before it can be read as a practical, not a metaphysical treatise.

In one of the great mystic Brotherhoods, there are four ceremonies, that take place early in the year, which practically illustrate and elucidate these aphorisms. They are ceremonies in which only novices take part, for they are simply services of the threshold. But it will show how serious a thing it is to become a disciple, when it is understood that these are all ceremonies of sacrifice. The first one is this of which I have been speaking. The keenest enjoyment, the bitterest pain, the anguish of loss and despair, are brought to bear on the trembling soul, which has not yet found light in the darkness, which is helpless as a blind man is, and until these shocks can be endured without loss of equilibrium the astral senses must remain sealed. This is the merciful law. The "medium," or "spiritualist," who rushes into the psychic world without preparation, is a law-breaker, a breaker of the laws of super-nature. Those who break Nature's laws lose their physical health; those who break the laws of the inner life, lose their psychic health. "Mediums" become mad, suicides, miserable creatures devoid of moral sense; and often end as unbelievers, doubters even of that which their own eyes have seen. The disciple is compelled to become his own master before he adventures on this perilous path, and attempts to face those beings who live and work in the astral world, and whom we call masters, because of their great knowledge and their ability to control not only themselves but the forces around them.

The condition of the soul when it lives for the life of sensation as distinguished from that of knowledge, is vibratory or oscillating, as distinguished from fixed. That is the nearest literal representation of the fact; but it is only literal to the intellect, not to the intuition. For this part of man's consciousness a different vocabulary is needed. The idea of "fixed" might perhaps be transposed into that of "at home." In sensation no permanent home can be found, because change is the law of this vibratory existence. That fact is the first one which must be learned by the disciple. It is useless to pause and weep for a scene in a kaleidoscope which has passed.

It is a very well-known fact, one with which Bulwer Lytton dealt with great power, that an intolerable sadness is the very first expe-

rience of the neophyte in Occultism. A sense of blankness falls upon him which makes the world a waste, and life a vain exertion. This follows his first serious contemplation of the abstract. In gazing, or even in attempting to gaze, on the ineffable mystery of his own higher nature, he himself causes the initial trial to fall on him. The oscillation between pleasure and pain ceases for—perhaps an instant of time; but that is enough to have cut him loose from his fast moorings in the world of sensation. He has experienced, however briefly, the greater life; and he goes on with ordinary existence weighted by a sense of unreality, of blank, of horrid negation. This was the nightmare which visited Bulwer Lytton's neophyte in "Zanoni"; and even Zanoni himself, who had learned great truths, and been entrusted with great powers, had not actually passed the threshold where fear and hope, despair and joy seem at one moment absolute realities, at the next mere forms of fancy.

This initial trial is often brought on us by life itself. For life is after all, the great teacher. We return to study it, after we have acquired power over it, just as the master in chemistry learns more in the laboratory than his pupil does. There are persons so near the door of knowledge that life itself prepares them for it, and no individual hand has to invoke the hideous guardian of the entrance. These must naturally be keen and powerful organizations, capable of the most vivid pleasure; then pain comes and fills its great duty. The most intense forms of suffering fall on such a nature, till at last it arouses from its stupor of consciousness, and by the force of its internal vitality steps over the threshold into a place of peace. Then the vibration of life loses its power of tyranny. The sensitive nature must suffer still; but the soul has freed itself and stands aloof, guiding the life towards its greatness. Those who are the subjects of Time, and go slowly through all his spaces, live on through a long-drawn series of sensations, and suffer a constant mingling of pleasure and of pain. They do not dare to take the snake of self in a steady grasp and conquer it, so becoming divine; but prefer to go on fretting through divers experiences, suffering blows from the opposing forces.

When one of these subjects of Time decides to enter on the path of Occultism, it is this which is his first task. If life has not taught it to him, if he is not strong enough to teach himself, and if he has power enough to demand the help of a master, then this fearful trial, depicted in Zanoni, is put upon him. The oscillation in which he lives, is for an instant stilled; and he has to survive the shock of facing what seems to him at first sight as the abyss of nothingness. Not till he has learned to dwell in this abyss, and has found its peace, is it possible for his eyes to have become incapable of tears.

The difficulty of writing intelligibly on these subjects is so great that

I beg of those who have found any interest in this article, and are yet left with perplexities and doubts, to address me in the correspondence column of this magazine. I ask this because thoughtful questions are as great an assistance to the general reader as the answers to them.

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(To be continued).

Harmony is the law of life, discord its shadow, whence springs suffering, the teacher, the awakener of consciousness.

Through joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, the soul comes to a knowledge of itself; then begins the task of learning the laws of life, that the discords may be resolved, and the harmony be restored.

The eyes of wisdom are like the ocean depths; there is neither joy nor sorrow in them; therefore the soul of the occultist must become stronger than joy, and greater than sorrow.

THE HISTORY OF A PLANET.

NO star, among the countless myriads that twinkle over the sidereal fields of the night sky, shines so dazzlingly as the planet Venus —not even Sirius-Sothis, the dog-star, beloved by Isis. Venus is the queen among our planets, the crown jewel of our solar system. She is the inspirer of the poet, the guardian and companion of the lonely shepherd, the lovely morning and the evening star. For,

"Stars teach as well as shine."

although their secrets are still untold and unrevealed to the majority of men, including astronomers. They are "a beauty and a mystery," verily. But "where there is a mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil," says Byron. Evil, therefore, was detected by evilly-disposed human fancy, even in those bright luminous eyes peeping at our wicked world through the veil of ether. Thus there came to exist slandered stars and planets as well as slandered men and women. Too often are the reputation and fortune of one man or party sacrificed for the benefit of another man or party. As on earth below, so in the heavens above, and Venus, the sister planet of our Earth, * was sacrificed to the ambition of our little globe to show the latter the "chosen" planet of the Lord. She became the scapegoat, the *Azaziel* of the starry dome, for the sins of the Earth, or rather for those of a certain class in the human family—the clergy—who slandered the bright orb, in order to prove what their ambition suggested to them as the best means to reach power, and exercise it unswervingly over the superstitious and ignorant masses.

This took place during the middle ages. And now the sin lies black at the door of Christians and their scientific inspirers, though the error was successfully raised to the lofty position of a religious dogma, as many other fictions and inventions have been.

Indeed, the whole sidereal world, planets and their regents—the ancient gods of poetical paganism—the sun, the moon, the elements, and the entire host of incalculable worlds—those at least which happened to be known to the Church Fathers—shared in the same fate. They have all been slandered, all bedevilled by the insatiable desire of proving one little system of theology—built on and constructed out of

* "Venus is a second Earth," says Reynaud, in *Terre et Ciel* (p. 74), "so much so that were there any communication possible between the two planets, their inhabitants might take their respective earths for the two hemispheres of the same world. . . . They seem on the sky, *like two sisters.* Similar in conformation, these two worlds are also similar in the character assigned to them in the Universe."

old pagan materials—the only right and holy one, and all those which preceded or followed it utterly wrong. Sun and stars, the very air itself, we are asked to believe, became pure and "redeemed" from original sin and the Satanic element of heathenism, only after the year 1, A.D. Scholastics and scholiasts, the spirit of whom "spurned laborious investigation and slow induction," had shown, to the satisfaction of infallible Church, the whole Kosmos in the power of Satan—a poor compliment to God—before the year of the Nativity; and Christians had to believe or be condemned. Never have subtle sophistry and casuistry shown themselves so plainly in their true light, however, as in the questions of the ex-Satanism and later redemption of various heavenly bodies. Poor beautiful Venus got worsted in that war of so-called divine proofs to a greater degree than any of her sidereal colleagues. While the history of the other six planets, and their gradual transformation from Greco-Aryan gods into Semitic devils, and finally into "divine attributes of the *seven eyes* of the Lord," is known but to the educated, that of Venus-Lucifer has become a household story among even the most illiterate in Roman Catholic countries.

This story shall now be told for the benefit of those who may have neglected their astral mythology.

Venus, characterised by Pythagoras as the *sol alter*, a second Sun, on account of her magnificent radiance—equalled by none other—was the first to draw the attention of ancient Theogonists. Before it began to be called Venus, it was known in *pre*-Hesiodic theogony as Eosphoros (or Phosphoros) and Hesperos, the children of the dawn and twilight. In Hesiod, moreover, the planet is decomposed into two divine beings, two brothers—Eosphoros (the *Lucifer* of the Latins) the morning, and Hesperos, the evening star. They are the children of Astrœos and Eos, the starry heaven and the dawn, as also of Kephalos and Eos (*Theog:* 381, *Hyg: Poet: Astron:* 11, 42). Preller, quoted by Decharme, shows Phaeton identical with Phosphoros or Lucifer (*Griech: Mythol:* 1. 365). And on the authority of Hesiod he also makes Phaeton the son of the latter two divinities—Kephalos and Eos.

Now Phaeton or Phosphoros, the "luminous morning orb," is carried away in his early youth by Aphrodite (Venus) who makes of him the night guardian of her sanctuary (*Theog:* 987-991). He is the "beautiful morning star" (*Vide* St. John's *Revelation* XXII. 16) loved for its radiant light by the Goddess of the Dawn, Aurora, who, while gradually eclipsing the light of her beloved, thus seeming to carry off the star, makes it reappear on the evening horizon where it watches the gates of heaven. In early morning, Phosphoros "issuing from the waters of the Ocean, raises in heaven his sacred head to announce the approach of divine light." (Iliad, XXIII. 226; *Odyss:* XIII. 93; Virg: *Æneid*, VIII. 589; *Mythol: de la Grèce Antique*. 247). He holds a torch in his hand and flies through space as he precedes the car of Aurora. In the evening he

becomes Hesperos, "the most splendid of the stars that shine on the celestial vault" (*Iliad*, XXII. 317). He is the father of the Hesperides, the guardians of the golden apples together with the Dragon; the beautiful genius of the flowing golden curls, sung and glorified in all the ancient *epithalami* (the bridal songs of the early Christians as of the pagan Greeks); he, who at the fall of the night, leads the nuptial *cortège* and delivers the bride into the arms of the bridegroom. (*Carmen Nuptiale.* See *Mythol: de la Grèce Antique.* Decharme.)

So far, there seems to be no possible *rapprochement*, no analogy to be discovered between this poetical personification of a star, a purely astronomical myth, and the *Satanism* of Christian theology. True, the close connection between the planet as Hesperos, the evening star, and the Greek Garden of Eden with its Dragon and the golden apples may, with a certain stretch of imagination, suggest some painful comparisons with the third chapter of Genesis. But this is insufficient to justify the building of a theological wall of defence against paganism made up of slander and misrepresentations.

But of all the Greek *euhemerisations*, Lucifer-Eosphoros is, perhaps, the most complicated. The planet has become with the Latins, Venus, or Aphrodite-*Anadyomene*, the foam-born Goddess, the "Divine Mother," and one with the Phœnician Astarte, or the Jewish Astaroth. They were all called "The Morning Star," and the Virgins of the Sea, or *Mar* (whence Mary), the great Deep, titles now given by the Roman Church to their Virgin Mary. They were all connected with the moon and the crescent, with the Dragon and the planet Venus, as the mother of Christ has been made connected with all these attributes. If the Phœnician mariners carried, fixed on the prow of their ships, the image of the goddess Astarte (or Aphrodite, Venus Erycina) and looked upon the evening and the morning star as *their* guiding star, "the eye of their Goddess mother," so do the Roman Catholic sailors the same to this day. They fix a Madonna on the prows of their vessels, and the blessed Virgin Mary is called the "Virgin of the Sea." The accepted patroness of Christian sailors, their star, "*Stella Del Mar*," etc., she stands on the crescent moon. Like the old pagan Goddesses, she is the "Queen of Heaven," and the "Morning Star" just as they were.

Whether this can explain anything, is left to the reader's sagacity. Meanwhile, Lucifer-Venus has nought to do with darkness, and everything with light. When called *Lucifer*, it is the "light bringer," the first radiant beam which destroys the lethal darkness of night. When named Venus, the planet-star becomes the symbol of dawn, the chaste Aurora. Professor Max Müller rightly conjectures that Aphrodite, born of the sea, is a personification of the Dawn of Day, and the most lovely of all the sights in Nature ("Science of Language") for, before her naturalisation by the Greeks, Aphrodite was Nature personified, the life and light of the Pagan world, as proven in the beautiful invocation to Venus by

Lucretius, quoted by Decharme. She is *divine* Nature in her entirety, *Aditi-Prakriti* before she becomes Lakshmi. She is that Nature before whose majestic and fair face, "the winds fly away, the quieted sky pours torrents of light, and the sea-waves smile," (Lucretius). When referred to as the Syrian goddess Astarte, the Astaroth of Hieropolis, the radiant planet was personified as a majestic woman, holding in one outstretched hand a torch, in the other, a crooked staff in the form of a cross. (*Vide* Lucian's *De Dea Syriê*, and Cicero's *De Nat: Deorum*, 3 c.23). Finally, the planet is represented astronomically, as a globe *poised above the cross*—a symbol no devil would like to associate with—while the planet Earth is a globe with a cross *over it.*

But then, these crosses are not the symbols of Christianity, but the Egyptian *crux ansata*, the attribute of Isis (who is Venus, and Aphrodite, Nature, also) ♀ or ♀ the planet; the fact that the Earth has the *crux ansata* reversed, ♁ having a great occult significance upon which there is no necessity of entering at present.

Now what says the Church and how does it explain the "dreadful association." The Church believes in the devil, of course, and could not afford to lose him. "*The Devil is the chief pillar of the Church*" confesses unblushingly an advocate * of the *Ecclesia Militans.* "All the Alexandrian Gnostics speak to us of the fall of the Æons and their Pleroma, and all attribute that fall *to the desire to know*," writes another volunteer in the same army, slandering the Gnostics as usual and identifying *the desire to know* or occultism, magic, with Satanism.† And then, forthwith, he quotes from Schlegel's *Philosophie de l'Histoire* to show that the seven rectors (planets) of Pymander, "commissioned by God to contain the phenomenal world in their seven circles, lost in love with their own beauty, ‡ came to admire themselves with such intensity that owing to this proud self-adulation they finally *fell.*"

Perversity having thus found its way amongst the angels, the most beautiful creature of God "revolted against its Maker." That creature is in theological fancy Venus-Lucifer, or rather the informing Spirit or Regent of that planet. This teaching is based on the following speculation. The three principal heroes of the great sidereal catastrophe mentioned in *Revelation* are, according to the testimony of the Church fathers—"the Verbum, Lucifer his usurper (see editorial) and the grand Archangel who conquered him," and whose "palaces" (the "houses"

* Thus saith Des Mousseaux. "Mœurs et Pratiques des Demons." p. X.—and he is corroborated in this by Cardinal de Ventura. The Devil, he says, "is one of the great personages *whose life is closely allied to that of the Church;* and without him . . . . the fall of man could not have taken place. If it were not for him (the Devil), the Saviour, the Redeemer, the Crucified would be but the most ridiculous of supernumeraries and the Cross an insult to good sense." And if so, then we should feel thankful to the poor Devil.

† De Mirville. "No Devil, no Christ," he exclaims.

‡ This is only another version of Narcissus, the Greek victim of his own fair looks.

astrology calls them) are in the Sun, Venus-Lucifer and Mercury. This is quite evident, since the position of these orbs in the Solar system correspond in their hierarchical order to that of the "heroes" in Chapter xii of *Revelation* "their names and destinies (?) being closely connected in the theological (exoteric) system with these three great metaphysical names." (De Mirville's *Memoir* to the Academy of France, on the rapping Spirits and the Demons).

The outcome of this was, that theological legend made of Venus-Lucifer the sphere and domain of the fallen Archangel, or Satan before his apostacy. Called upon to reconcile this statement with that other fact, that the metaphor of "the morning star," is applied to both Jesus, and his Virgin mother, and that the planet Venus-Lucifer is included, moreover, among the "stars" of the seven planetary spirits worshipped by the Roman Catholics * under new names, the defenders of the Latin dogmas and beliefs answer as follows :—

"Lucifer, the jealous neighbour of the Sun (Christ) said to himself in his great pride : 'I will rise as high as he!' He was thwarted in his design by Mercury, though the brightness of the latter (who is St. Michael) was as much lost in the blazing fires of the great Solar orb as his own was, and though, like Lucifer, Mercury is only the assessor, and the guard of honour to the Sun."—*(Ibid.)*

Guards of "dishonour" now rather, if the teachings of *theological* Christianity were true. But here comes in the cloven foot of the Jesuit. The ardent defender of Roman Catholic Demonolatry and of the worship of the seven planetary spirits, at the same time, pretends great wonder at the coincidences between old Pagan and Christian *legends*, between the fable about Mercury and Venus, and the *historical truths* told of St. Michael—the "angel of the face,"—the terrestrial double, or *ferouer* of Christ. He points them out saying : "like Mercury, the archangel Michael, is the *friend* of the Sun, his Mitra, perhaps, for Michael is a *psychopompic* genius, one who leads the separated souls to their appointed abodes, and like Mitra, he is the *well-known adversary of the demons.*" This is demonstrated by the book of the *Nabatheans* recently discovered

* The famous temple dedicated to the Seven Angels at Rome, and built by Michael-Angelo in 1561, is still there, now called the "Church of St. Mary of the Angels." In the old Roman Missals printed in 1563—one or two of which may still be seen in Palazzo Barberini—one may find the religious service *(officio)* of the seven angels, and their *old* and occult names. That the "angels" are the pagan Rectors, under different names—the Jewish having replaced the Greek and Latin names—of the seven planets is proven by what Pope Pius V. said in his Bull to the Spanish Clergy, permitting and encouraging the worship of the said seven spirits of the stars. "One cannot exalt too much these *seven rectors* of the world, *figured by the seven planets*, as it is consoling to our century to witness by the grace of God the cult of these *seven ardent lights*, and of these *seven stars* reassuming all its lustre in the Christian republic." *(Les Sept Esprits et l'Histoire de leur Culte;* De Mirville's 2nd memoir addressed to the Academy. Vol. II. p. 358.)

(by Chwolson), in which the Zoroastian Mitra is called the "*grand enemy of the planet Venus.*" * (*ibid* p. 160.)

There is something in this. A candid confession, for once, of perfect identity of celestial personages and of *borrowing* from every pagan source. It *is* curious, if unblushing. While in the oldest Mazdean allegories, Mitra conquers the planet Venus, in Christian tradition Michael defeats Lucifer, and both receive, as war spoils, the planet of the vanquished deity.

"Mitra," says Dollinger, "possessed, in days of old, the star of Mercury, placed between the sun and the moon, but he was given the planet of the conquered, and ever since his victory he is identified with Venus." (*"Judaisme and Paganisme," Vol. II., p. 109. French transl.)*

"In the Christian tradition," adds the learned Marquis, "St. Michael *is apportioned in Heaven the throne and the palace of the foe he has vanquished.* Moreover, like Mercury, during the palmy days of paganism, which made sacred to this *demon*-god all the promontories of the earth, *the Archangel is the patron of the same in our religion.*" This means, if it does mean anything, that *now*, at any rate, Lucifer-Venus is a *sacred* planet, and no synonym of Satan, since St. Michael has become his legal heir ?

The above remarks conclude with this cool reflection :

"It is evident that paganism has *utilised beforehand*, and most marvellously, all the features and characteristics of the *prince of the face of the Lord* (Michael) in applying them to that *Mercury*, to the Egyptian *Hermes Anubis*, and the *Hermes Christos* of the Gnostics. Each of these was represented as the first among the divine councillors, and the god nearest to the sun, *quis ut Deus.*"

Which title, with all its attributes, became that of Michael. The good Fathers, the Master Masons of the temple of *Church* Christianity, knew indeed how to utilize pagan material for their new dogmas.

The fact is, that it is sufficient to examine certain Egyptian *cartouches*, pointed out by Rossellini (*Egypte*, Vol. I., p. 289), to find Mercury (the double of Sirius in our solar system) as Sothis, preceded by the words "*sole*" and "*solis custode, sostegnon dei dominanti, e forte grande dei vigilanti*," "watchman of the sun, sustainer of dominions, and the strongest of all the vigilants." All these titles and attributes are now those of the Archangel Michael, who has inherited them from the *demons* of paganism.

Moreover, travellers in Rome may testify to the wonderful presence in the statue of Mitra, at the Vatican, of the best known Christian symbols. Mystics boast of it. They find "in his lion's head, and the eagle's wings, those of the courageous Seraph, the master of space (Michael) ; in his caduceus, the spear, in the two serpents coiled round the body,

* Herodotus showing the identity of Mitra and Venus, the sentence in the *Nabathean Agriculture* is evidently misunderstood.

the struggle of the good and bad principles, and especially in the two keys which the said Mitra holds, like St. Peter, the keys with which this Seraph-patron of the latter opens and shuts the gates of Heaven, *astra cludit et recludit.*" (*Mem:* p. 162.)

To sum up, the aforesaid shows that the theological romance of Lucifer was built upon the various myths and allegories of the pagan world, and that it is no *revealed* dogma, but simply one invented to uphold superstition. Mercury being one of the Sun's *assessors*, or the *cynocephali* of the Egyptians and *the watch-dogs of the Sun*, literally, the other was *Eosphoros*, the most brilliant of the planets, "*qui mane oriebaris*," the early rising, or the Greek ὀρθρινὸς. It was identical with the *Amoon-ra*, the light-bearer of Egypt, and called by all nations "the *second born* of light" (the first being Mercury), the beginning of his (the Sun's) ways of wisdom, the Archangel Michael being also referred to as the *principium viarum Domini.*

Thus a purely astronomical personification, built upon an occult meaning which no one has hitherto seemed to unriddle outside the Eastern wisdom, has now become a dogma, part and parcel of Christian revelation. A clumsy transference of characters is unequal to the task of making thinking people accept in one and the same trinitarian group, the "Word" or Jesus, God and Michael (with the Virgin occasionally to complete it) on the one hand, and Mitra, Satan and Apollo-Abbadon on the other: the whole at the whim and pleasure of Roman Catholic Scholiasts. If Mercury and Venus (Lucifer) are (astronomically in their revolution around the Sun) the symbols of God the Father, the Son, and of their Vicar, Michael, the "Dragon-Conqueror," in Christian legend, why should they when called Apollo-*Abaddon*, the "King of the Abyss," Lucifer, Satan, or Venus—become forthwith devils and demons? If we are told that the "conqueror," or "Mercury-Sun," or again St. Michael of the *Revelation*, was given the spoils of the conquered angel, namely, his planet, why should opprobrium be any longer attached to a constellation so purified? Lucifer is now the "Angel of the Face of the Lord,"* because "that face is mirrored in it." We think rather, because the Sun is reflecting his beams in Mercury seven times more than it does on our Earth, and twice more in Lucifer-Venus: the Christian symbol proving again its astronomical origin. But whether from the astronomical, mystical or symbological aspect, Lucifer is as good as any other planet. To advance as a proof of its demoniacal character, and identity with Satan, the configuration of Venus, which gives to the crescent of this planet the appearance of a cut-off horn is rank nonsense. But to connect this with the horns of "The Mystic

* "Both in Biblical and pagan theologies," says de Mirville, "the Sun has its god, its defender, and its sacrilegious usurper, in other words, its Ormuzd, its planet Mercury (Mitra), and its Lucifer, Venus (or Ahriman), taken away from its ancient master, and now given to its conqueror." (p. 164.) Therefore, Lucifer-Venus is quite *holy* now.

Dragon" in *Revelation*—"one of which was broken" *—as the two French Demonologists, the Marquis de Mirville and the Chevalier des Mousseaux, the champions of the Church militant, would have their readers believe in the second half of our present century—is simply an insult to the public.

Besides which, the Devil had no horns before the fourth century of the Christian era. It is a purely Patristic invention arising from their desire to connect the god Pan, and the pagan Fauns and Satyrs, with their Satanic legend. The demons of Heathendom were as hornless and as tailless as the Archangel Michael himself in the imaginations of his worshippers. The "horns" were, in pagan symbolism, an emblem of divine power and creation, and of fertility in nature. Hence the ram's horns of Ammon, of Bacchus, and of Moses on ancient medals, and the cow's horns of Isis and Diana, etc., etc., and of the Lord God of the Prophets of Israel himself. For Habakkuk gives the evidence that this symbolism was accepted by the "chosen people" as much as by the Gentiles. In Chapter III. that prophet speaks of the "Holy One from Mount Paran," of the Lord God who "comes from Teman, and *whose brightness was as the light*," and who had "*horns* coming out of his hand."

When one reads, moreover, the Hebrew text of Isaiah, and finds that no Lucifer is mentioned at all in Chapter XIV., v. 12, but simply הֵילֵל, *Hillel*, "a *bright* star," one can hardly refrain from wondering that *educated* people should be still ignorant enough at the close of our century to associate a radiant planet—or anything else in nature for the matter of that—with the DEVIL! †

H. P. B.

* In Revelation there is no "horn broken," but it is simply said in Chapter XIII., 3, tha John saw "one of his heads, as it were, wounded to death." John knew naught in his generation of "a horned" devil.

† The literal words used, and their translation, are: "*Aïk Naphelta Mi-Shamayim Hillel Ben-Shachar Negdangta La-Aretz Cholesch El-Goüm*," or, "How art thou fallen from the heavens, Hillel, Son of the Morning, how art thou cast down unto the earth, thou who didst cast down the nations." Here the word, translated "Lucifer," is הֵילֵל, Hillel, and its meaning is "shining brightly or gloriously." It is very true also, that by a pun to which Hebrew words lend themselves so easily, the verb *hillel* may be made to mean "to howl," hence, by an easy derivation, hillel may be constructed into "howler," or a devil, a creature, however, one hears rarely, if ever, "howling." In his Lexicon, Art. הל, Parkhurst says: "The Syriac translation of this passage renders it אילל 'howl'; and even Jerome observes that it literally means 'to howl.' Michaelis translates it, 'Howl, Son of the Morning.' But at this rate, Hillel, the great Jewish sage and reformer, might also be called a howler," and connected with the devil!

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT:

A TALE OF LOVE AND MAGIC.

BY MABEL COLLINS,

Author of "THE PRETTIEST WOMAN IN WARSAW," &c., &c.,
And Scribe of "THE IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS," and "THROUGH THE GATES OF GOLD."

Only—
One facet of the stone,
One ray of the star,
One petal of the flower of life,
But the one that stands outermost and faces us, who are men and women.

THIS strange story has come to me from a far country and was brought to me in a mysterious manner; I claim only to be the scribe and the editor. In this capacity, however, it is I who am answerable to the public and the critics. I therefore ask in advance, one favour only of the reader; that he will accept (while reading this story) the theory of the reincarnation of souls as a living fact. *M. C.*

INTRODUCTION.

Containing two sad lives on earth,
And two sweet times of sleep in Heaven.

A LIFETIME.

OVERHEAD the boughs of the trees intermingle, hiding the deep blue sky and mellowing the fierce heat of the sun. The boughs are so covered with white blossoms that it is like a canopy of clustered snow-flakes, tinged here and there with a soft pink. It is a natural orchard, a spot favoured by the wild apricot. And among the trees, wandering from shine to shade, flitting to and fro, is a solitary figure. It is that of a young woman, a savage, one of a wild and fierce tribe dwelling in the fastnesses of an inaccessible virgin forest. She is dark but beautiful. Her blue-black hair hangs far down over her naked body; its masses shield the warm, quivering, nervous brown skin from the direct rays of the sun. She wears neither clothing nor any ornament. Her eyes are dark, fierce and tender: her mouth soft and natural as the lips of an opening flower. She is absolutely perfect in her simple savage beauty and in the natural majesty of her womanhood, virgin in herself and virgin in the quality of her race, which is untaught, undegraded. But in her sublimely natural face is the dawn of a great tragedy. Her

soul, her thought, is struggling to awake. She has done a deed that seemed to her quite simple, quite natural; yet now it is done a dim perplexity is rising within her obscure mind. Wandering to and fro beneath the rich masses of blossom-laden boughs, she for the first time endeavours to question herself. Finding no answer within she goes again to look on that which she has done.

A form lies motionless upon the ground within the thickest shade of the rich fruit trees. A young man, one of her own tribe, beautiful like herself, and with strength and vigour written in every line of his form. But he is dead. He was her lover, and she found his love sweet, yet with one wild treacherous movement of her strong supple arm she had killed him. The blood flowed from his forehead where the sharp stone had made the death wound. The life blood ebbed away from his strong young form; a moment since his lips still trembled, now they were still. Why had she in this moment of fierce passion taken that beautiful life? She loved him as well as her untaught heart knew how to love; but he, exulting in his greater strength, tried to snatch her love before it was ripe. It was but a blossom, like the white flowers overhead: he would have taken it with strong hands as though it were a fruit ripe and ready. And then in a sudden flame of wondrous new emotion the woman became aware that the man was her enemy, that he desired to be her tyrant. Until now she had thought him as herself, a thing to love as she loved herself, with a blind unthinking trust. And she acted passionately upon the guidance of this thing—feeling—which until now she had never known. He, unaccustomed to any treachery or anger, suspected no strange act from her, and thus, unsuspicious, unwarned, he was at her mercy. And now he lay dead at her feet. And still the fierce sun shone through the green leaves and silvern blossoms and gleamed upon her black hair and tender brown skin. She was beautiful as the morning when it rose over the tree tops of that world-old forest. But there is a new wonder in her dark eyes; a question that was not there until this strange and potent hour came to her. What ages must pass over her dull spirit ere it can utter the question; ere it can listen and hear the answer?

The savage woman, nameless, unknown save of her tribe, who regard her as indifferently as any creature of the woods, has none to help her or stay in its commencement the great roll of the wave of energy she has started. Blindly she lives out her own emotions. She is dissatisfied, uneasy, conscious of some error. When she leaves the orchard of wild fruit trees and wanders back to the clearer part of the forest beneath the great trees, where her tribe dwells, when she returns among them her lips are dumb, her voice is silent. None ever heard that he, the one she loved, had died by her hand, for she knew not how to frame or tell this story. It was a mystery to her, this thing which had happened. Yet it made her sad, and her great eyes wore a dumb look of longing. But

she was very beautiful and soon another young and sturdy lover was always at her side. He did not please her; there was not the glow in his eyes that had gladdened her in those of the dead one whom she had loved. And yet she shrunk not from him nor did she raise her arm in anger, but held it fast at her side lest her passion should break loose unawares. For she felt that she had brought a want, a despair upon herself by her former deed; and now she determined that she would act differently. Blindly she tried to learn the lesson that had come upon her. Blindly she let herself be the agent of her own will. For now she became the willing slave and serf of one whom she did not love, and whose passion for her was full of tyranny. Yet she did not, she dared not, resist this tyranny; not because she feared him, but because she feared herself. She had the feeling that one might have who had come in contact with a new and hitherto unknown natural force. She feared lest resistance or independence should bring upon her a greater wonder, a greater sadness and loss than that which she had already brought upon herself.

And so she submitted to that which in her first youth would no more have been endured by her than the bit by the wild horse.

The apricot blossom has fallen and fruit has followed it; the leaves have fallen and the trees are bare. The sky is grey and wild above, the ground dank and soft with fallen leaves below. The aspect of the place is changed, but it is the same; the face and form of the woman have changed; but she is the same. She is alone again in the wild orchard, finding her way by instinct to the spot where her first lover died. She has found it. What is there? Some white bones that lie together; a skeleton. The woman's eyes fasten and feed on the sight and grow large and terrible. Horror at last is struck into her soul. This is all that is left of her young love, who died by her hand—white bones that lie in ghastly order! And the long hot days and sultry nights of her life have been given to a tyrant who has reaped no gladness and no satisfaction from her submission; for he has not learned yet even the difference between woman and woman. All alike are mere creatures like the wild things; creatures to hunt and to conquer. Dumbly in her dark heart strange questionings arise. She turns from this graveyard of her unquestioning time and goes back to her slavery. Through the years of her life she waits and wonders, looking blankly at the life around her. Will no answer come to her soul?

AFTER SLEEP, AWAKENING.

SPLENDID was the veil that shielded her from that other soul, the soul she knew and of which she showed her recognition by swift and sudden love. But the veil separated them; a veil heavy with gold and shining with stars of silver. And as she gazed upon these stars, with

delighted admiration of their brilliance, they grew larger and larger, till at length they blended together, and the veil became one shining sheen gorgeous with golden broideries. Then it became easier to see through the veil, or rather it seemed easier to these lovers. For before the veil had made the shape appear dim ; now it appeared glorious and ideally beautiful and strong. Then the woman put out her hand, hoping to obtain the pressure of another hand through the shining gossamer. And at the same instant he too put out his hand, for in this moment their souls communicated, and they understood each other. Their hands touched ; the veil was broken ; the moment of joy was ended and again the struggle began.

A LIFETIME.

SITTING, singing, on the steps of an old palace, her feet paddling in the water of a broad canal, was a child who was becoming more than a child ; a creature on the threshold of life, of awakening sensation. A girl, with ruddy gold hair, and innocent blue eyes, that had in their vivid depths the strange startled look of a wild creature. She was as simple and isolated in her happiness as any animal of the woods or hills—the sunshine, the sweet air with the faint savour of salt in it, her own pure clear girlish voice, and the gay songs of the people that she sang—these were pleasure enough and to spare for her.

But the space of unconscious happiness or unhappiness which heralds the real events of a life was already at an end. The great wave which she had set in motion was increasing in volume ceaselessly ; how long before it shall reach the shore and break upon that far off coast? None can know, save those whose eyesight is more than man's. None can tell ; and she is ignorant, unknowing. But though she knows nothing of it, she is within the sweep of the wave, and is powerless to arrest it until her soul shall awake.

"My blossom, my beautiful wild flower," said a voice close beside her. A young boatman had brought his small vessel so gently to the steps she had not noticed his approach. He leaned over his boat towards her, and touched her bare white feet with his hand.

"Come away with me, Wild Blossom," he said. "Leave that wretched home you cling to. What is there to keep you there now your mother is dead? Your father is like a savage, and makes you live like a savage too. Come away with me, and we will live among people who will love you and find you beautiful as I do. Will you come? How often have I asked you, Wild Blossom, and you have never answered. Will you answer now?"

"Yes," said the girl, looking up with grave, serious eyes, that had beneath their beauty a melancholy meaning, a sad question.

The man saw this strange look and interpreted it as clearly as he could.

"Trust me," he said, "I am not a savage like your father. When you are my little wife I will care for you far more dearly than myself. You will be my soul, my guide, my star. And I will shield you as my soul is shielded within my body, follow you as my guide, look up to you as to a star in the blue heavens. Surely you can trust my love, Wild Blossom."

He had not answered the doubt in her heart, for he had not guessed what it was, nor could she have told him. For she had not yet learned to know what it was, nor to know of it more than that it troubled her. But she put it aside and silenced it now, for the moment had come to do so. Not till she had learned her lesson much more fully could the question ever be expressed even to her own soul, and before this could be, the question must be silenced many times.

"Yes," she said, "I will come."

She held out her hand to him as if to seal the compact. He interpreted the gesture by his own desire, and taking her hand in his drew her towards him. She yielded and stepped into the boat. And then he quickly pushed away from the steps, and, dipping his oars in the water, soon had gone far away down the canal. Blossom looking earnestly back, watched the old palace disappear. In some of its old rooms and on its sunny steps her child-life had been spent. Now she knew that was at an end. She understood that all was changed henceforth, though she could not guess into what she was going, and she waited for her future with a strange confidence in the companion she had accepted. This puzzled her dimly. Yet how should she lack confidence, having known him long ago and thrown away his love and his life beneath the wild apricot trees, having seen afterwards the steadfastness of his love when her soul stood beside his in soul life?

A long way they went in the little boat. They left the canals and went out upon the open sea, and still the boatman rowed unwearyingly, his eyes all the while upon the beautiful wild blossom he had plucked and carried away with him to be his own, his dear and adored possession. Far away along the coast lay a small village of fishermen's cots. It was to this that the young man guided his boat, for it was here he dwelled.

At the door of his cot stood his old mother, a quaint old woman with wrinkled, rosy face, wearing a rough fishwife's dress and coarse shawl; her brown hand shaded her eyes as she watched her son's boat approaching. Presently a smile came on her mouth. "He's gotten the blossom he's talked of so often in his sleep. Will he be happy now, the good lad?"

He was truly a good lad; for his mother knew him well, and the more she knew him the deeper grew her love. She would do anything for

his happiness. And now she took to her arms the child, the Blossom, and cherished her for his sake. Before many days had passed the fishing village made a *fête* day for the wedding of its strongest boatman. And the women's eyes filled with tears when they looked at the sad, tender, questioning face of the beautiful Wild Blossom.

She had given her love without hesitation, in complete confidence. She had given more; herself, her life, her very soul. The surrender was now complete.

And now, when all seemed done and all accomplished, her question began to be answered. Dimly she knew that, spite of the husband at whose feet she bowed, spite of the babes she carried in her arms till their tiny feet were strong enough to carry them down over the shore to the marge of the blue waters, spite of the cottage home she garnished and cleansed and loved so dearly, spite of all, her heart was hungry and empty. What could it mean, that though she had all she had none? Blossom was grown a woman now, and there were some lines of care and of pain on her forehead. Yet, still, she was beautiful and still she bore her child-name of Blossom; but the beauty of her face grew sadder and more strange as the years went by, the years that bring ease and satisfaction to the stagnant soul. Wild Blossom's soul was eager and anxious; she could not still the mysterious voices of her heart, and these told her (though perhaps she did not always understand their speech) that her husband was not in reality her king; that he heard no sound from that inner region in which she chiefly existed. For him contentment existed in the outward life that he lived, in sheer physical pleasure, in the excitement of hard work, and the dangers of the sea, in the beauty of his wife, the mirth of his happy children. He asked no more. But Wild Blossom's eyes had the prophetic light in them. She saw that all this peace must pass, this pleasure end; she recognised that these things did not, could not, absolutely satisfy the spirit; her soul seemed to tremble within her as she began to feel the first dawn of the terrible answer to her sad questioning.

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A deeper dream of rest;
A stronger waking.

MANY a long year later, a solitary woman dwelled in that fisherman's cottage on the shore of the blue sea. She was old and bowed with age and trouble. But still her eyes were brighter than any girl's in the village, and held in them the mysterious beauty of the soul; still her hair, once golden, now grey, waved about her forehead. The people loved her and were kind to her, for she was always gentle and full of generous thought. But they never understood her, for they were long ages behind her in her growth. She was ready now for the great central test of personal existence; the experience of life in civilization. When the old fishwife lay dead within her cottage, and the people came to

grieve beside her body, they little guessed that she was going on to a great and glorious future; a future full of daring and of danger. When her eyes closed in death, her inner eyes opened on a sight that filled her with absolute joy. She was in a garden of fruit trees, and the blossom of the trees was at its full. When her eyes fell on this white maze of flowers and drank in its beauty, she remembered the name she had borne on earth and dimly understood its meaning. The blossoms hid from her the sky and all else until a soft pressure on her hand drew her eyes downwards; and then she saw beside her that one whom she had loved through the ages, and who, side by side with her, was experiencing the profound mystery, and learning the strange lesson of incarnation in the world where sex is the first great teacher. And with each phase of existence that they passed through, these two forged stronger and stronger links that held them together and compelled them again and again to meet, so that together they were destined to pass through the vital hour; the hour when the life is shaped for greater ends or for vain deeds.

Here within this sheltered place, where blossoms filled the air with sweetness and beauty, it seemed to them, that they had attained to the full of pleasure. They rested in perfect satisfaction, drinking deep draughts of the joy of living. To them existence seemed a final and splendid fact in itself; existence as they then had it. The moment in which they lived was sufficient, they desired none other, nor any other place, nor any other beauty, than those they had. None knows and none can tell what time or age was passed in this deep contentment and fulfilment of pleasure. At last Wild Blossom's soul woke from its sleep, satiated; the hunger returned to gnaw at her heart; the longing to know reasserted itself. Holding tight the hand she held in hers, she sprang from the soft couch on which she lay. Then, for the first time, she noticed that the ground was so soft and pleasant, because there, where she had lain, had drifted great heaps of the fallen fruit blossoms. The ground was all white with them, though some had begun to lose their delicate beauty, to curl and wrinkle and turn dark. Then she looked overhead and saw that the trees had, with the loss of the delicate petals, lost their first fairness, the splendour of the spring. Now they were covered with small, hard, green fruit, scarce formed, unbeautiful to the eye, hard to the touch, acid to the taste. With a shudder of regret for the sweet spring time that was gone, Wild Blossom hurried away from the trees, still holding fast that other hand in hers. She was going to face new, strange experiences, perhaps terrible dangers: her task was the easier for that tried companionship, for the nearness of that other who was climbing the same steep ladder of life.

END OF INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

IN a masked ball there is an element of adventure that appeals to the daring of both sexes, to the bright and witty spirits. Hilary Estanol was just such an one as the hero of a bright revel should be. A beautiful boy, with a lovely face, and eyes that had in them a deep sadness. In repose his face was almost womanish in its softness; but a chill brilliance was in his smile, a certain slight cynicism coloured all his speech. Yet Hilary had no reason to be a cynic, and he was not one who adopted anything from fashion or affectation. The spring of this uncalled-for coldness and indifference lay in himself.

To-night he was the centre of attraction in Madame Estanol's drawing-rooms. This *bal masqué* was to celebrate his coming of age, and Hilary had never looked so womanish as when he stood among his friends' receiving their congratulations and admiring their gifts. He wore the dress of a troubadour, and it was one which became him well, not only in its picturesqueness as a costume, but in the requirements of the character. He had the faculty of the improvisatore, his voice was rich and soft, his musical and poetic gifts swift and versatile. Hilary was adored by his friends, but disliked, indeed almost hated, by his one near relation, his mother. She was standing near him now, talking to a group who had gathered round her. She was one of the cleverest women of the day, and, still beautiful and full of a charming pride, held a court of her own. Her dislike for Hilary was founded on her estimate of his character. To one of her intimate friends she had said, not long before this night, "Hilary will disgrace his name and family before there is one grey thread in his dark hair. He has the qualities that bring despair and ensure remorse. God will surely forgive me that I say this of my son; but I see it before me, an abyss into which he will drag me with him; and I wait for it every day."

A guest, just arrived, approached Madame Estanol with a smile, and after greeting her affectionately, said, in a whisper, "I have brought a friend with me. Welcome her in her character as a fortune-teller. She is very witty, and will amuse us presently, if you like."

She moved aside a little, and Madame Estanol saw standing behind her a stooping figure, an old haggard crone, with palsied head, and hand that trembled as it grasped her stick.

"Ah, Countess! it is impossible to recognise your friend under this disguise," said Madame Estanol. "Will you not tell me who she is?"

"I am pledged to say nothing but that she is a fortune-teller," said the Countess Bairoun. "Her name she herself will reveal only to one person; and that person must be born under the star that favoured her own birth."

The fortune-teller turned her bent head towards Madame Estanol, and fixed a pair of brilliant and fascinating eyes on hers. Immediately Madame Estanol became aware of a strong charm that drew her towards

this mysterious person. She advanced and held out her hand to assist the old woman in moving across the room.

"Come with me," she said, "I should like to introduce you to my son. He is the hero of this scene to-night, for the ball is held in honour of his coming of age."

They went together through the maskers that were now beginning to throng the large drawing-rooms, and everyone turned to look at the strange figure of the tottering old crone. Hilary Estanol was leaning against the high carved oak mantel frame of the inner drawing-room, surrounded by a laughing group of his intimate friends. He held his mask in his hand, and as he stood there smiling, his dark curls falling on his forehead, his mother thought, as she approached him, "My boy grows handsomer every hour of his gay young life." When Hilary saw his mother's strange companion he advanced a step, as if to welcome her, But Madame Estanol checked him with a smile. "I cannot introduce our visitor to you," she said, "for I do not know her name. She will tell it to but one person, who must have been born under the same star as herself. Meantime, we are to greet her in her character as the fortune-teller."

This announcement was welcomed by a murmur of amusement and interest.

"Then will our kind visitor perhaps exercise her craft for us?" asked Hilary, gazing with curiosity at the trembling head and grey locks before him. The old woman turned her head sideways, and gave him a look from those strange brilliant eyes. He, too, like his mother, felt the charm from them. But he felt more. Something suddenly wakened within him; a rush of inexplicable emotions roused him into amazement; he put his hand to his forehead; he was bewildered, almost faint.

There was a small drawing-room which opened out of the room they were in. It was so tiny that it held but a table covered with flowers, a low couch and an easy-chair. The laughing group that surrounded Hilary went eagerly to convert this room into the sanctum of the prophetess. They lowered and softened the shaded light; drew close the blinds and shut the doors, locking all but one. Here was placed a guardian who was to admit grudgingly and one by one those who were fortunate enough to speak alone with the sybil, for she would only see certain of the guests whom she selected herself from the throng, describing their appearance and dress to the guardian of her improvised temple. These were all ladies of great position. They entered laughing and half defiant. They came out, some pale, some red, some trembling, some in tears. "Who can she be?" they whispered in terrified tones to one another, and in that terror showed how she had penetrated their hearts and touched on their secret thoughts.

At last the guardian of the door said that Hilary himself was to enter.

When Hilary went in, the young man, as he closed the door on the

fortune teller and her new guest, turned with a laugh to the group behind him.

"Already she has startled him," he said, "I heard him utter almost a cry as he entered."

"Could you see in?" asked one, "perhaps she has taken off her disguise for her host!"

"No, I saw nothing," he answered. "Can none of you who have been in guess who she is?"

"No," answered a girl who had come out from the ordeal with white and trembling lips. "It is impossible to guess. She knows everything."

It was as they had supposed. She had taken off her disguise for her host. The staff, the large cloak, the wig and cap lay on the ground. With the swift use of a cosmetiqued kerchief she had removed from her fair skin the dark complexion of the ancient sybil. When Hilary entered she had completed this rapid toilette and sat leaning back in a low chair. She was dressed in a rich evening costume; she held a mask in her hand ready for use. But now her face was uncovered; her strange and brilliant eyes were fixed on Hilary; her beautiful mouth wore a half smile of amusement at his surprise. It was more than surprise that he experienced. Again that rush of inexplicable emotion overpowered him. He felt like one intoxicated. He regarded her very earnestly for a few moments.

"Surely," he said, "we have met before!"

"We were born under the same star," she answered in a voice that thrilled him. Until now he had not heard her speak. The sense of some strong link or association that united them, was made doubly strong by the sound of that voice, rich, strong and soft. Suddenly he recognised the meaning of his emotion. He no longer struggled against it, he no longer was bewildered by it.

He approached her and sat down upon the couch at her side. He regarded her with wonder and adoration, but no longer with awe or surprise. For he understood that the event which he had imagined would never come was already here—he was in love.

"You said you would disclose your name to the one who was born under the same star as yourself."

"Do you not know me?" she said with a slight look of surprise. She fancied everyone knew her at least by sight.

"I do not," he answered, "though indeed I am perplexed to think I can ever have lived without knowing you."

Flattery produced no effect upon her, she lived in an atmosphere of it.

"I am the Princess Fleta," she answered. Hilary started and coloured a little at the words, and could ill control his emotion. The Princess Fleta held a position in the society of the country, which can only belong to one who stands next to a throne that rules an important

nation. She was a personage among crowned heads, one to whom an emperor might, without stooping, offer his love ; and Hilary, the child of an officer of the Austrian army, and of a poor daughter of a decayed aristocratic family, Hilary had in the swift stirring of love at first sight, told his own heart that he loved her! It could never be unsaid, and he knew it. He had whispered the words within himself, the whisper would find a hundred echoes. He must always love her.

The Princess turned her wonderful eyes on him and smiled.

"I have done my work for to-night," she said. "I have amused some of the people, now I should like to dance."

Hilary was sufficient of a courtier not to be deaf to this command, though his whole soul was in his eyes and all his thoughts fixed on her beauty. He rose and offered her his arm, she put on her mask and they left the room. When Hilary appeared among the crowd that hung round the door of the fortune teller's sauctum, accompanied by a slender, graceful woman, whose face was hidden save for the great dark eyes, there was an irrepressible murmur of excitement and wonder. "Who can she be?" was repeated again a hundred times. But no one guessed. None dreamed this could be the Princess Fleta herself; for there were but few houses she would visit at, and no one imagined that there could be any inducement to bring her to Madame Estanol's. The mystery of her presence she explained to Hilary while they danced together.

"I am a student of magic," she said, "and I have already learned some useful secrets. I can read the hearts of the courtiers who surround me, and I know where to look for true friends. Last night I dreamed of the friend I should find here. Do you care for these mystic occupations?"

"I know nothing of them," said Hilary.

"Let me teach you then," said the Princess, with a light laugh. 'You will be a good pupil, that I know. Perhaps I may make a disciple of you! and there are not many with whom that is possible."

"And why?" asked Hilary. "Surely it is a fascinating study to those who can believe in the secrets."

"Scepticism is not the great difficulty," answered the Princess, "but fear. Terror turns the crowd back from the threshold. Only a few dare cross it."

"And you are one of the few," said Hilary, gazing on her with eyes of burning admiration.

"I have never felt fear," she answered.

"And would it be impossible to make you feel it, I wonder," said Hilary.

"Do you desire to try?" she answered, with a smile at his daring speech. It did not sound so full of impertinence as it looks, for Hilary's eyes and face were all alight with love and admiration, and his voice trembled with passion.

"You can make the attempt if you choose," she said, glancing at him with those strange eyes of hers. "Terrify me if you can."

"Not here, in my own house, it would not be hospitable."

"Come and see me, then, some day when you think it will amuse you. Try and frighten me. I will show you my laboratory, where I produce essences and incenses to please the gnomes and ghouls."

Hilary accepted this invitation with a flush of pleasure.

"Take me to the Countess," she said at last. "I am going home. But I want her first to introduce me to your mother."

The Countess was delighted that the Princess had made up her mind to this. She hardly thought Madame Estanol would be pleased to discover that the great lady had been masquerading in her drawing-room, and had not cared to throw off her disguise even for her hostess. And the Countess valued the friendship of Madame Estanol; so she was glad the wilful Princess had decided to treat her with politeness.

Madame Estanol could scarcely conceal her surprise at learning what the dignity was which had been hidden under the disguise of the old fortune-teller. The Princess did not remove her mask, and, with a laugh, she warned Madame Estanol that some of her guests would not be pleased to discover who the sybil was who had read their hearts so shrewdly.

When she had gone, Hilary's heart and spirits had gone with her. It seemed as if he hardly cared to speak; his laughter had died away altogether. His thoughts, his very self, followed the fascinating personality that had bewitched him.

Madame Estanol saw his abstraction, his flushed eager look, and the new softness of his eyes. But she said no word. She feared the Princess, who was well known to be full of caprice and wilfulness. She feared lest Hilary should be mad enough to yield to the charm of the girl's beauty and confident manner; the charm of power, peculiar, or rather, possible only to one in a royal place. But she would say no word; knowing Hilary well, she knew that any attempt to influence him against it would only intensify his new passion.

CHAPTER II.

Two days later Hilary nerved himself to pay the visit to the Princess. He thought she could not consider it to be too soon, for it seemed to him two months since he had seen her.

She lived in a garden-house some two or three miles away in the country. Her father's palace in the city never pleased her; she only came there when festivities or ceremonials made her presence necessary. In the country, with her chaperone and her maids, she was free to do as she chose. For they were one and all afraid of her, and held her "laboratory" in the profoundest respect. None of them would have entered that room except to avoid some dreadful doom.

Hilary was taken to the Princess in the garden, where she was

walking to and fro in an avenue of trees which were covered with sweet scented blossoms. She welcomed Hilary with a charming manner, and the hour he spent with her here in the sunshine was one of the wildest intoxication. They began openly to play the pretty game of love. Now that no eyes were on them the Princess let him forget that she belonged to a different rank from his own. When she was tired of walking, "Come," she said, "and I will shewyou my laboratory. No one in this house ever enters it. If you should say in the city that you have been in that room you will be besieged with questions. Be careful to say nothing."

"I would die sooner," exclaimed Hilary, to whom the idea of talking about the Princess and her secrets seemed like sacrilege.

The room was without windows, perfectly dark but for a softened light shed by a lamp in the centre of the high ceiling. The walls were painted black and on them were drawn strange figures and shapes in red. These had evidently not been painted by any artisan hand; though bold in touch, they were irregular in workmanship. Beside a great vessel which stood upon the ground, was a chair, and in this chair a figure upon which Hilary's attention immediately became fastened.

He saw at once that it was not human, that it was not a lay figure, that it was not a statue. It resembled most a lay figure, but there was something strange about it which does not exist in the mere form on which draperies are hung. And its detail was elaborated; the skin was tinted, the eyes darkened correctly, the hair appeared to be human. Hilary remained at the doorway unable to advance because of the fascination this form exercised upon him.

The Princess looked back from where she stood in the centre of the room beneath the light; she saw the direction of his gaze and laughed.

"You need not fear it," she said.

"Is it a lay figure?" asked Hilary, trying to speak easily, for he remembered that she despised those who knew fear.

"Yes," she answered, "it is my lay figure."

There was something that puzzled Hilary in her tone.

"Are you an artist?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "in life—in human nature. I do not work with a pencil or a brush; I use an agent that cannot be seen yet can be felt."

"What do you mean?" asked Hilary.

She turned on him a strange look, that was at first distrustful, and then grew soft and tender.

"I will not tell you yet," she said.

Hilary roused himself to answer her lightly.

"Have I to pass through some ordeal before you tell me?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered gaily, "and already an ordeal faces you. Dare you advance into the room or no?"

Hilary made a great effort to break the spell that was on him. He went hastily across the room to where she stood. Then he realised

that he had actually passed through an ordeal. He had resisted some force, the nature of which he knew not, and he had come out the victor Realising this brought to him another conviction.

"Princess," he said, "there is some one else in this room besides you and me. We are not alone."

He spoke so suddenly, and from so great a sense of startled surprise, that he did not pause to think whether his question were a wise one or not. The Princess laughed as she looked at him.

"You are very sensitive," she said. "Certainly we were born under the same star, for we are susceptible to the same influences. No, we are not alone. I have servants here whom no eyes have seen but mine. Would you like to see them? Do not say yes hastily. It means a long and tedious apprenticeship, obtaining mastery over these servants. But unless you conquer them you cannot often see me; for if you are much near to me they will hate you, and their hate is greater than your power to resist it."

She spoke seriously now, and Hilary felt a strange sensation as he looked at this beautiful girl standing beneath the lamp light. He experienced a sudden dread of her as of someone stronger than himself; and also an impassioned desire to serve her, to be her slave, to give his life to her utterly. Perhaps she read the love in his eyes, for she turned away and moved towards the figure in the chair.

"I know this distresses you," she said. "You shall see it no longer." She opened a large screen which was formed of some gold coloured material covered with shapes outlined in black. She arranged this so that the figure was altogether hidden from view and also the great vessel which stood beside it.

"Now," she said, "you will breathe more freely. And I am going to shew you something. We did not come out of the sunshine for no purpose. And we must be quick, for my good aunt will be terrified when she finds I have brought you in here. Ibelieve she will hardly expect to see you alive again."

She opened a gold vessel, which stood upon a cabinet, while she spoke, and the air immediately became full of a strong sweet perfume. Hilary put his hand to his forehead. Was it possible that he could be so immediately affected, or was it his imagination that the red shapes and figures which were on the black wall moved and ordered and arranged themselves? Yet, so it was; to his eyes the forms mingled and again broke up and re-mingled. A word was formed and then another. It was unconsciously imprinted on Hilary's memory before it changed and vanished; he noticed only the mysterious occurrence which was happening before his eyes. Suddenly he became aware that a sentence had been completed; that words had been written there which he would never have dared to utter; that on the wall before him had appeared in letters as of fire the secret of his heart. He staggered back and drew his eyes with difficulty from the wall to fix them in amazement and fear

upon the Princess. Her face was flushed, her eyes were bright and tender.

"Did you see it?" he asked in a trembling voice.

For a moment she hesitated then she answered, "Yes, I saw it."

There was a brief silence. Hilary looked again at the wall, expecting to see the thought in his mind written there. But the shapes were returning to their original appearance, and the perfume was dying out of the air.

"Come," said the Princess suddenly, "we have been here long enough. My aunt will be distressed. Let us go to her."

She led the way from the room, and Hilary followed her. In another moment they were in a large drawing-room, flooded with sunshine and fragrant with flowers; the Princess' aunt was busied with silks which she had entangled while at her embroidery; the Princess was on her knees beside her, holding a skein of yellow silk upon her hands. Hilary stood a moment utterly bewildered. Had he been dreaming? Was that black room and its terrible atmosphere a phantasy?

He had stayed long enough, and he now took his leave reluctantly. The Princess, who would have no ceremony at the Garden House, rose from her knees and said she would open the gate for him. Hilary flushed with pleasure at this mark of kindness.

The gate she took him to was a narrow one that stood in a thick-set hedge of flowering shrubs. When he had passed through he looked back, and saw the Princess leaning on the gate, framed in gorgeous blossoms. She smiled and held out her hand to him. The richness of her presence intoxicated him, and he lost all sense of the apparently impassable gulf between them.

"You read the words," he said, "and you give me your hand in mine?"

"I read the words," she answered, in a soft voice that thrilled him, "and I give you my hand in yours. Good-bye!"

She had touched his hand for an instant, and now she was gone. Hilary turned to walk through the flowering hedges to the city. But his heart, his thought, his soul remained behind. She had read the words, and she was not angry. She knew of his love for her and she was not angry. She had read his heart and had not taken offence. What might he not hope for?

Then came another thought. She had read the words. Then that black room was no phantasy, but a fact as actual as the sunshine. What were the powers of this strange creature that he loved? He knew not; but he knew that he loved her.

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An overpowering desire carried him daily on that road between the flowery hedges to the Garden House. Only sometimes had he the courage to enter. Most often he lingered at that narrow gate, embosomed in flowers and looked longingly over it. The first time that

he entered after this visit, in which his secret was written before his eyes, he found the Princess standing within the gate. She held out her hand to him saying simply, "I knew you were coming. I have prepared something, and I have presuaded my aunt that no terrible thing will happen if you are in my laboratory for a little while. So come with me."

It was brilliantly lit, this black walled room she called her laboratory. The great vessel stood in the midst of the floor beneath the lamp, and from it rose flame and smoke. A strong and vivid perfume filled the air, and the upper part of the high room was clouded with grey blue smoke, that shone in the light like silver.

In the chair beside it sat a figure: it was that of a beautiful woman. A strange mixture of emotions overpowered Hilary. At the first glance he felt that this figure was the same he had seen the other day; at the second he recognised his mother. He rushed forward to her and became aware that she was lifeless; then he turned passionately upon the Princess with anger and horror in his face.

"What have you done? What have you done?" he cried.

"Nothing," she said, with a smile. "I have done no harm. Do you not see that is only an image? My lay figure, as I told you."

He gave a long look at the inanimate shape that was so perfect a representation of his mother, and then he turned upon the Princess a look of more intense horror than before.

"What are you doing?" he asked, in a low voice.

"No harm!" she answered lightly. "Your mother hates and fears me. I cannot endure that. I am making her love me. I am making her desire your presence here with me."

For a while they stood in silence by the side of the vessel and its flaming contents; then suddenly Hilary cried out: "I cannot bear it! Put an end to this terrible spell!"

"Yes," said the Princess, "I will, but not to its results."

She drew the screen before the seated figure, and threw something into the vessel that instantly quenched the flame.

Then she led Hilary from the room, and they walked up and down beneath the trees, talking of things as lovers talk—things that interested themselves but none other.

When Hilary returned home his mother rose from her couch and held out her hand to him. She drew him to sit beside her.

"Hilary," she said, "something tells me you have been with the Princess Fleta. It is well, and I am glad. She is a good friend for you; ask her if I shall come to see her."

Hilary rose without replying. The dew stood on his brow. For the first time he was conscious of actual fear, and the fear he felt was of the woman he loved.

(To be continued.)

A LAW OF LIFE: KARMA.

THERE is nothing more common to those who know anything about Theosophy than to be asked:—What is Karma? Karma is a Sanskrit word which has to be used by those who discuss the idea it conveys, simply because there is no English word to correspond to it. That is very easy to answer. Then comes the question:—What is the idea which it conveys? Than this there is nothing more difficult to answer, and the reason why this is the case is not far to seek. Let it once be granted that the constitution of man is complex and complicated, and that the soul has existed for ages that seem like an eternity, and existed, moreover, in a garb of flesh which has been changed thousands of times in the course of those ages. Let this be granted, and, in addition, that no action is without its effect in the physical, moral, and spiritual worlds, then, it will be seen, that the answer to the question: "What is Karma," is very difficult, if not well-nigh impossible. Still, some endeavour may be made to give a general idea, though the details of any individual case can hardly be calculated.

Granting the principle of reincarnation, Karma is the *working* of the great law which governs those incarnations; but, taken in its wider sense, Karma may be defined as a manifestation of the One, Universal, Divine Principle in the phenomenal world. Thus, it may be further defined as "the great law of Harmony" which governs the Universe.

But it may be replied that Harmony is not the great law of Nature, but, on the contrary, lack of harmony and discord. And what proof is there that Harmony is the law?

When such proof is required, the answer is at once made:—Too short a view of life and the universe has been taken. The man who denies the existence of harmony in the universe has transgressed the law and is experiencing the punishment. He does this unconsciously to himself, because the law of harmony forms an unconscious impulse to its re-adjustment when it has been broken. No better illustration can be given than in the definition of a fugue, which is:—"A musical composition in contrapuntal style, in which a subject is proposed by one part, and then responded to by the others according to certain rules." Again, in musical chords, the composing notes, if taken by twos and threes, will be found in discord, but, when taken altogether, produce a harmony. Harmony is then the just adaptation of things to each other, and the universe, the personal element of man being eliminated, is essentially an evidence of harmony; otherwise it could not exist, for it would fall to

pieces and no longer be a universe. To those who find only discord around them, the note to Rule 5, in the second part of "Light on the Path," may convey a meaning. No other words can express it better. One reason for the apparent disharmony may be given. The desires of man are, as a rule, devoted to the gain of what may be called his personality. While such is the case in any man, to the exclusion of other interests, that man cannot dive deep into his own heart and perceive the real underlying harmony. He is incapable of understanding or even of perceiving it, because his attention is solely devoted to that which produces discord. Naturally, then, to him all things seem out of joint, the reign of discord is ever present, and he cries out perpetually against the injustice of the world he lives in. But if he will but turn his attention from his personality to the greater span of his life, and endeavour first to see evidence of harmony in those around him and then in himself, he will find that harmony; and his way will be made plain to him.

Granting, then, that it is the Great Law of Harmony or Karma which governs the Universe, and which is the Divine principle under one aspect manifested in Nature, then it is easy to understand that any action in violation of Nature's laws will produce a deviation from the straight line of harmony; consequently the law of harmony will produce an adjusting effect. Now, who is to produce that effect? Nature, or the man who committed the action? Both, or, rather, the latter under the influence of the former. The latter most certainly, unless man is to be regarded simply as a blind puppet. It is possible to compare the situation to that of a man whose progress is contingent upon an exact balance being preserved on a pair of scales in front of him. If his actions disturb the balance of those scales and add weight to one side or the other, it is necessary immediately to add a counter-balancing weight on the opposite side and so restore the balance or harmony. (Of course this is a physical illustration, and can hardly be carried very far on the moral plane.) That is to say that the one Divine principle is divided by man's actions into two opposing forces of good and evil, and man's progress depends on the exertion of his will to preserve harmony and prevent deviation to one side or the other. Evil only exists in contradistinction to good, and the preservation of such harmony as we have and the advance towards Universal Harmony—the abstract divinity—is what all right-minded persons theoretically aspire to.

It has been thought that, in consequence of the attention paid to the classics in education, the word Nemesis would replace Karma with advantage. So perhaps it might have done, had the earliest traditions of Greek mythology been preserved. But the fatal tendency towards anthropomorphism set in very strongly even in the palmy days of Greece, and in consequence Nemesis only pourtrayed the personification of a human passion. Originally the balancing power, independent of Zeus and all the Olympian gods, who carried out her decrees, Nemesis

became simply the avenging deity ; so much was this the case that in a general sense she might have been called the tutelary deity of those envious of their neighbour's happiness. Between these points Nemesis appears as the personification of the moral reverence for law, of the natural fear of committing a wrong action, and hence the personification of conscience. It was after this period that Nemesis was said to direct human affairs, with a view to restore the balance between happiness and unhappiness. But, in earlier times, the idea of Nemesis was divided into those of *Nemesis* and *Adrasteia* (or what Orientalists would call good and evil Karma), for even then the idea of evil was beginning to be attached to Nemesis.

But Nemesis was closely linked to both the *Moirae* (Fates) and the *Eumenides* (Furies), who were all the children of Zeus and Night. The *Moirae* appear generally as divinities of fate in a strict sense, and act independently at the helm of necessity. They direct fate, and watch that the fate assigned to every being *by eternal laws* shall take its course (*Aesch*: *Prometheus Vinctus*, 511-515). Zeus, as well as gods and men, submits to them. They assign their proper functions to the *Erinnyes* who inflict the punishment, and are sometimes called their sisters (*Aesch*: *Eumen*: 335, 962; *Prometheus* 516, 696, 895). These latter were always considered to be more ancient than the Olympian gods, and were therefore not under the rule of Zeus, though they honoured and esteemed him. The crimes which they especially punished were (1), violation of the respect due to old age ; (2), perjury ; (3), murder ; (4), violation of the law of hospitality ; (5), improper conduct towards suppliants ; and the punishment was inflicted not only after death but during life. (It is somewhat curious that these "crimes" are also those actions which entail the heaviest Karma.) No prayers, sacrifices, or tears could move them or protect the object of their persecution. When they feared that he would escape, they called in *Dikè* to their assistance; with whom they were closely connected, as justice was said to be their only object.

Now when the meaning of all these "minor" Greek deities is considered, and further, if it is considered in connection with the definition of Karma, it will be seen that all are so many personifications of the main divisions of the law of ancient Nemesis or Karma. But the one word cannot, in popular estimation, replace the other ; for, as said above, Nemesis has lost its original meaning, and is almost invariably associated with the idea of vengeance. Karma, however, has never lost its essential connection with the law of Harmony, though even in this case there is some tendency to confine it to the law of cause and effects, and to consider what is called evil Karma solely in relation to human life. This is almost inevitable, while the human personality takes the foremost place in the consideration of each man, and his own welfare, in time and eternity, is the goal of his

endeavours. As said above, while this is the case man cannot regard the great laws of the Universe, nor recognise himself as part of it, and thus his life is confined to the world of effects, and can never enter that of causes. Thus it is ignorance of the law of Harmony that leads him to struggle in vain, in this world, for the apparent advantage of surpassing his neighbour, and—worse—to instinctively carry the struggle beyond death, and attempt to advance in favour in the so-called heavenly kingdom.

This is the result of the pernicious doctrine of reward and punishment after death, in heaven or in hell. Nothing could have been found more calculated to circumscribe the view of life as a whole, and concentrate man's attention on temporary matters. It is inevitable that man should regard his soul as something fashioned after his struggling personality, and very similar to it; and this view of his personality was not calculated to agree with the loftiness of the ideas about the soul. From this point of view he either rejected the idea of soul as altogether worthless, or else he transferred his interest to the soul's welfare in Heaven—in either case concentrating his attention on what is inevitably transient. It is as though a man lost sight of the fact of respiration in its component parts of inspiration and expiration; that is to say, that one respiration is taken as the whole, and the millions of other respirations in the course of a human life are lost sight of and forgotten. Thus the man who adapts his life to the ordinary views, with regard to life on earth and life in Heaven, fixes his thoughts and aspirations on what is transient, and desires to intensify that. No truer words were ever spoken than by Christ when he said:—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." It is a loss which man will inevitably experience if he pursues this purblind course of endeavour, for he will lose sight of his *real* soul altogether, and he—as *he*, that is—will never regain it. He follows a flickering Will-o'-the-Wisp, and finds his way only into a treacherous marsh; the result being that the whole of that incarnation is wasted, and a stumbling block, perhaps, placed in the way of the next. This danger is, as said, due to neglect or ignorance of the idea of Karma, and to the purblind view consequently taken of the great scope of human life.

In the *Theosophist*, of July, 1887, Mr. Subba Row deals with the doctrine of Karma as contained in the Bhagavadgita. His lecture contains one of the clearest elucidations of the metaphysical side of the question which it is possible to put in language, so far as the Kosmic aspect of Karma is concerned. In it, and the previous lectures, Mr. Subba Row dealt with three main bases or vehicles * (states of matter) through which the light of the spirit is reflected into the phenomenal world. These vehicles, when traced to their origin, lead to *prakriti*, or matter; as opposed to *purusha*, or spirit.

* Sanskrit Upadhi.

"So Krishna says that all Karma is traceable to Upadhi, and hence to *Prakriti*. *Karma* itself depends upon conscious existence. Conscious existence entirely depends upon the constitution of man's mind. . . . *Upadhi* is the cause of individual existence. Existence itself, I mean living existence, is, however, traceable to this light (of the Logos). All conscious existence is traceable to it, and, furthermore, when spiritual intelligence is developed, it directly springs from it. . . Now it is through the action of this *Karma* that individual existence makes its appearance. On account of this Karma individual existence is maintained, and it is on account of *Karma* that man suffers all the pains and sorrows of earthly existence. Birth, life, and death, and all the innumerable ills to which human nature is subject, are endured by mankind owing to this *Karma*. . . . Thus *Karma*, being the inevitable result of *Prakriti*, and *Prakriti* continuing to exist as long as you are a human being, it is useless to try to get rid of *Karma*. . . . When you renounce this desire (desire to do Karma other than from a sense of duty), *Karma* will become weaker and weaker ln its ability to affect you, till at last you arrive at a condition in which you are not affected by *Karma* at all, and that condition is the condition of *Mukti*."*

"Those philosophers who want to reject all *Karma* pretend to renounce it altogether. But that is an impossible task. No man, so long as he is a human being, can ever give up *Karma* altogether. He is at least bound to do that which the bare existence of his physical body requires, unless, indeed, he means to die of starvation, or otherwise put an untimely end to his life."

"Supposing you do give up *Karma*—that is abstain from it in action, how can you keep control over your own minds? It is useless to abstain from an act, and yet be constantly thinking of it. If you come to the resolution that you ought to give up *Karma*, you must necessarily conclude that you ought not even to think about these things. That being so, let us see in what a condition you will then place yourselves. As almost all our mental states have some connection with the phenomenal world, and are somehow or other connected with *Karma* in its various phases, it is difficult to understand how it is possible for a man to give up all *Karma*, unless he can annihilate his mind, or get into an eternal state of *Sushupti* (*dreamless* slumber). Moreover, if you have to give up all *Karma*, you have to give up good Karma as well as bad, for *Karma*, in its widest sense, is not confined to bad actions. If all the people in the world give up *Karma*, how is the world to exist? Is it not likely that an end will then be put to all good impulses, to all patriotic and philanthropic deeds, that all the good people, who have been and are exerting themselves in doing unselfish deeds for the good of their fellow men, will be prevented from working? If you call upon everybody to give up *Karma*, you will simply create a number of lazy drones, and prevent good people from benefiting their fellow beings."

"And furthermore, it may be argued that this is not a rule of universal applicability. How few are there in the world who can give up their whole *Karma*, and reduce themselves to a condition of eternal inactivity. And if you ask these people to follow this course, they may, instead of giving up *Karma*, simply become lazy, idle persons, who have not really given up anything. What is the meaning of the expression, 'to give up *Karma*?' Krishna says that in abstaining from doing a thing there may be the effects of active *Karma*, and in active *Karma* there may be no real Karmic results. If you kill a man, it is murder, and you are held responsible for it; but suppose you refuse to feed your old parents and they die in consequence of your neglect, do you mean to say that you are not responsible for that *Karma?* You may talk in the most metaphysical manner you please, you cannot get rid of *Karma* altogether."

"Taking all these circumstances into consideration, and admitting the many mischievous consequences that will follow as the result of recommending every

* Liberation or Nirvana.

human being to give up *Karma*, Krishna adds all that is to be found in the teaching that makes the Logos the means of salvation, and recommends man—if he would seek to obtain immortality—a method by following which he is sure to reach it, and not one that may end in his having to go through another incarnation, or being absorbed into another spiritual being whose existence is not immortal."

"The recommendation to practice and obtain self-mastery, Krishna accepts. But he would add to it more effectual means of obtaining the desired end—means sufficient in themselves to enable you to reach that end. He points out that this practise of self-mastery is not only useful for training in one birth, but is likely to leave permanent impulses on a man's soul which come to his rescue in future incarnations." . . .

"Krishna, in recommending his own method, combines all that is good in the five systems, and adds thereto all those necessary means of obtaining salvation that follow as inferences from the existence of the *Logos*, and its real relationship to man and to all the principles that operate in the cosmos. His is certainly more comprehensive than any of the theories from which these various schools of philosophy have started, and it is this theory that he is trying, in the second six chapters of the Bhavadgita, to inculcate."

In the above quoted lecture Karma was considered in its Kosmic and universal aspect, but no attempt was made to consider it in its individual aspect as applied to the various great sections of Being on this planet. The first approach to this is seen in the animal kingdom. Doubtless, the mineral and vegetable kingdoms are under the law of Harmony with Nature; it could not possibly be otherwise for they are closer to what is known as nature and much less individualised. But there is so little individualisation in these kingdoms that it is hardly possible to consider them in relation to the law of harmony, or to that of Cause and Effect on the plane of objectivity. But to anyone who has thought about the question it is plain that the animal kingdom, in its individuals, does come at least under the law of cause and effect. This may practically be called the working of Karma on the physical plane and by some has been called the law of Compensation, this being a term expressive of mechanical and physical energy. The word Karma had better be retained to express the working of the law of harmony on that plane where moral responsibility begins, and where "the law of compensation can be modified by will and reason," and where therefore personal merit and demerit exists. To quote from an article in the Theosophist on the Karma of animals:—

"A piece of iron is attracted to a magnet without having any desire in the matter. If it is exposed to air and water, it may become rusty and cannot prevent it. A plant or a tree may be straight or crooked on account of circumstances over which it has no control. An animal usually follows the instincts of its nature without any merit or demerit for so doing, a child or an idiot may smilingly kick over a lamp which may set a whole city on fire; the cause will have its effect, but the child or the idiot cannot be held responsible for it, because they have not sufficient intelligence to fully control their actions or to judge about the consequences. A person can only be held responsible according to his ability to perceive justice and to distinguish between good and evil. The power to discriminate properly is an attribute of the human mind, and the higher that mind is developed the more it becomes responsible for the effects it

produces. A cat may kill a mouse or an ox gore a man ; and to hold them morally responsible for it would be an act of injustice, cruelty and stupidity. Whether or not a dog may have sufficient reason to incur any moral responsibility is a matter of opinion, and no emphatic affirmation or denial will decide the case : but it is reasonable to suppose that a dog, though he may have sufficient reason to know what is good or bad for himself or for those to whom he is attached, has no moral responsibility."

Thus, though animals may be under the law of compensation, and under the law of harmony or Karma, they *are not* under the law of compensation, or the law of harmony or Karma in the same way as it applies to human beings. With humanity, a fresh element has been introduced—the intellectual, reasoning, and discriminating power. Consequently, while the universal law of harmony or Karma governs the whole Universe, the law of Harmony should be applied to the Universe as a whole, and its manifestations, the laws of Karma and Compensation, should be applied to man and animal respectively.

It is more possible, perhaps, to consider the question in relation to the various grades of humanity so far as we can conceive of it and them. It would be better to commence with the highest and proceed downwards.

All Theosophists, and many who are not, have heard of Mahatmas, and many have speculated very wrongly about them. In this magazine, and in this article, it may be possible to write about them without disrespect, *because* only through these speculations is it possible to understand the law of harmony and its relation to man as Karma, and to divinity as harmony. The word Karma as limited above does not apply to the Mahatma.

"Gazing only upon the eternal the Mahatma feels neither good nor ill, nor does either good or ill come to him. Personally, he cannot either suffer or rejoice, and is incapable of emotion, because he is indifferent to circumstances. But as he developes, his sympathies increase, until at last his sympathies enter into all beings, and with them he rejoices and suffers until they also pass beyond the sense of joy or pain."

"They do not have good or evil Karma. The glory and good fortune and happiness, these go to the good men who look for temporary joys. Karma produces pleasure or pain by the ordering of circumstances. The Mahatma does not feel pleasure and pain, and is not affected by circumstances, therefore he is Karmaless. The law of cause and effect is only called Karma when it concerns temporary and changing circumstances. The acts of the Mahatma generate spiritual energy which goes to create the power that shall be his when he is no longer man, and consequently form an eternal factor in his future ; thus, the Mahatma, being without personal desire, is outside the operation of the law of Karma."

In his real condition he is in harmony with Nature, and its agent, and hence outside Karma. His physical body is however still within its limits of action. But to him this is a very small matter.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, M.B.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF ALL TIME.

THE inner light which guides men to greatness, and makes them noble, is a mystery through all time and must remain so while Time lasts for us; but there come moments, even in the midst of ordinary life, when Time has no hold upon us, and then all the circumstance of outward existence falls away, and we find ourselves face to face with the mystery beyond. In great trouble, in great joy, in keen excitement, in serious illness, these moments come. Afterwards they seem very wonderful, looking back upon them.

What is this mystery, and why is it so veiled, are the burning questions for anyone who has begun to realise its existence. Trouble most often rouses men to the consciousness of it, and forces them to ask these questions when those, whom one has loved better than oneself, are taken away into the formless abyss of the unknown by death, or are changed, by the experiences of life, till they are no longer recognisable as the same; then comes the wild hunger for knowledge. Why is it so? What is it, that surrounds us with a great dim cloud into which all loved things plunge in time and are lost to us, obliterated, utterly taken from us? It is this which makes life so unbearable to the emotional natures, and which developes selfishness in narrow hearts. If there is no certainty and no permanence in life, then it seems to the Egotist, that there is no reasonable course but to attend to one's own affairs, and be content with the happiness of the first person singular. There are many persons sufficiently generous in temperament to wish others were happy also, and who, if they saw any way to do it, would gladly redress some of the existing ills—the misery of the poor, the social evil, the sufferings of the diseased, the sorrow of those made desolate by death—these things the sentimental philanthropist shudders to think of. He does not act because he can do so little. Shall he take one miserable child and give it comfort when millions will be enduring the same fate when that one is dead? The inexorable cruelty of life continues on its giant course, and those who are born rich and healthy live in pleasant places, afraid to think of the horrors life holds within it. Loss, despair, unutterable pain, comes at last, and the one who has hitherto been fortunate is on a level with those to whom misery has been familiarised by a lifetime of experience. For trouble bites hardest when it springs on a new victim. Of course, there are profoundly selfish natures which do not suffer in this sense, which look only for personal comfort and are content with the small horizon visible to one person's sight; for these, there is but little trouble in the world, there

is none of the passionate pain which exists in sensitive and poetic natures. The born artist is aware of pain as soon as he is aware of pleasure; he recognises sadness as a part of human life before it has touched on his own. He has an innate consciousness of the mystery of the ages, that thing stirring within man's soul and which enables him to outlive pain and become great, which leads him on the road to the divine life. This gives him enthusiasm, a superb heroism indifferent to calamity; if he is a poet he will write his heart out, even for a generation that has no eyes or ears for him; if he desires to help others personally, he is capable of giving his very life to save one wretched child from out a million of miserable ones. For it is not his puny personal effort in the world that he considers—not his little show of labour done; what he is conscious of is the over-mastering desire to work with the beneficent forces of super-nature, to become one with the divine mystery, and when he can forget time and circumstances, he is face to face with that mystery. Many have fancied they must reach it by death; but none have come back to tell us that this is so. We have no proof that man is not as blind beyond the grave as he is on this side of it. Has he entered the eternal thought? If not, the mystery is a mystery still.

To one who is entering occultism in earnest, all the trouble of the world seems suddenly apparent. There is a point of experience when father and mother, wife and child, become indistinguishable, and when they seem no more familiar or friendly than a company of strangers. The one dearest of all may be close at hand and unchanged, and yet is as far as if death had come between. Then all distinction between pleasure and pain, love and hate, have vanished. A melancholy, keener than that felt by a man in his first fierce experience of grief, overshadows the soul. It is the pain of the struggle to break the shell in which man has prisoned himself. Once broken then there is no more pain; all ties are severed, all personal demands are silenced for ever. The man has forced himself to face the great mystery, which is now a mystery no longer, for he has become part of it. It is essentially the mystery of the ages, and these have no longer any meaning for him to whom time and space and all other limitations are but passing experiences. It has become to him a reality, profound, indeed, because it is bottomless, wide, indeed, because it is limitless. He has touched on the greatness of life, which is sublime in its impartiality and effortless generosity. He is friend and lover to all those living beings that come within his consciousness, not to the one or two chosen ones only—which is indeed only an enlarged selfishness. While a man retains his humanity, it is certain that one or two chosen ones will give him more pleasure by contact, than all the rest of the beings in the Universe and all the heavenly host; but he has to remember and recognise what this preference is. It is not a selfish thing which has to be crushed out, if the love is the love that gives; freedom from attachments is not a meritorious condition

in itself. The freedom needed is not from those who cling to you, but from those to whom you cling. The familiar phrase of the lover "I cannot live without you" must be words which cannot be uttered, to the occultist. If he has but one anchor, the great tides will sweep him away into nothingness. But the natural preference which must exist in every man for a few persons is one form of the lessons of Life. By contact with these other souls he has other channels by which to penetrate to the great mystery. For every soul touches it, even the darkest. Solitude is a great teacher, but society is even greater. It is so hard to find and take the highest part of those we love, that in the very difficulty of the search there is a serious education. We realise when making that effort, far more clearly what it is that creates the mystery in which we live, and makes us so ignorant. It is the swaying, vibrating, never-resting desires of the animal soul in man. The life of this part of man's nature is so vigorous and strongly developed from the ages during which he has dwelt in it, that it is almost impossible to still it so as to obtain contact with the noble spirit. This constant and confusing life, this ceaseless occupation with the trifles of the hour, this readiness in surface emotion, this quickness to be pleased, amused or distressed, is what baffles our sight and dulls our inner senses. Till we can use these the mystery remains in its Sphinx-like silence.

When the unit thinks only of itself, the whole, which is built of units perishes, and the unit itself is destroyed.

So it is throughout nature on every plane of life. This, therefore, is the first lesson to be learnt.

What the *true* occultist seeks, is not knowledge, or growth, or happiness, or power, for himself; but having become *conscious* that the harmony of which he forms part is broken on the outer plane, he seeks the means to resolve that discord into a higher harmony.

This harmony is Theosophy—Divine or Universal Wisdom—the root whence have sprung all "religions," that is all; "bonds which unite men together," which is the true meaning of the word religion.

Therefore, Theosophy is not *a* "religion," but religion itself, the very "binding of men together" in one Universal Brotherhood.

THE FOUR NOBLE TRUTHS OF BUDDHISM.

WHEN a man immersed in the darkness of modern civilization awakens, however slightly, to the hollowness of his every-day life, he becomes sensible of a feeling of despair, for he is mentally brought face to face with what appears to him to be a meaningless yet cruel destiny. Now to any one so circumstanced, no truer source of consolation and encouragement can be offered than that which is to be found in a proper consideration of the "Four Noble Truths" of Buddhism. But to give this proper consideration to the Truths, or indeed to promote even a preliminary enquiry into their nature is by no means an easy task, because the fundamental ideas which they embody have scarcely any vitality in the present generation; nay more, they involve for the most part a complete inversion of maxims commonly accepted as axiomatic in current thought.

It is, however, in the hopes of doing something towards the elucidation of the matter, that the present exposition is attempted.

The first Noble Truth relates to human suffering. It proclaims that the conscious, separated, life of individual existence necessarily implies pain, sorrow and misery; that so long as a man feels that he is possessed of an *isolated self*, or so long as he regards himself and his fellow men as *detached personalities*, having antagonistic or even independent interests, so long must he suffer and be subject to trouble, grief and disappointment.

This first Noble Truth gives utterance to one aspect of an inexorable law of universal application, a law from whose operations no man can, or has, or ever will escape, until he has learnt and in the fullest sense realized the four Noble Truths.

The first Truth may also be thus expressed: individual existence necessitates and involves change of state, whether manifested as birth growth, decay or death, and all changes of state are accompanied by pain in one form or another on some plane of being; while those who seem in their own eyes to have escaped from pain, or those who imagine that others escape from it, are alike deluded, for all men are overtaken by it soon or late.

The second Noble Truth deals with the cause of pain, and partially explains its meaning. According to this Truth, it is the desire or thirst for the continuance of individual life, with its various sensations and experiences, that constitutes the true basis of all suffering, whatever the outward form it may assume, and to whatever plane of consciousness it may belong. This thirst for life, called in the Sanscrit language

Tanha, gives rise in the mind of man to a delusive belief in the *permanence* and *reality* of that separate personality, which, according to Buddhism, is no more than an ephemeral mode of individual existence; it further leads him to suppose that the numerous mental states which in their aggregate make up the personality, are, in themselves *real;* and hence grows that rooted belief in the absolute reality of the manifold objects of sense, and that longing for their possession, that insatiable longing for the enhancement and for the multiplication of the experiences associated with these objects.

The second Truth, like the first, presents an aspect of the universal law already referred to.

This law, the Sanscrit name for which is Karma, is the governing and controlling power, ordering all individual existence, and by virtue of which Tanha operates.

The third Noble Truth announces the fact that, as the individual man grows strong in spiritual knowledge and charity, so Tanha is gradually dissolved, and there is for him a consequent cessation of sorrow and of pain. The individuality becoming proportionately freed from the bondage of Karma, Tanha is indeed a quite necessary adjunct of man's incipient growth, for it represents the *creative* power which forces the individuality through the earlier stages of its development, yet, while performing this most useful function, being in fact indispensable to the lower nature of man, Tanha, at the same time, forges those Karmic fetters from which the spiritual self struggles desperately to get free.

As the man's spiritual nature is evolved, the unconscious creative energy, in form of Tanha, is gradually replaced by the newly developed powers of the higher self, the *will* becomes more and more completely associated with the spirit, while the man himself, endowed with true Faith, true Hope, and true Love, becomes a conscious co-worker with the Universal or Macrocosmic Will, the "Great Builder."

The fourth Noble Truth assures us that there is a way by which all men may, if they only choose, rapidly accomplish this displacement of Tanha by true Love; this way is called the Noble Eight-fold Path leading to enlightenment.

Thus:—1. Right fundamental Belief, *i.e.*, the right basis mentally and spiritually upon which to establish true knowledge. 2. Right Intention, *i.e.*, goodwill towards all that lives, singleness of purpose, correctness and purity of motive. 3. Right Speech, *i.e.*, the use of becoming language, kindly temperate, fair and profitable; patient yet vigorous; thoughtful, courageous, honest and discriminating. 4. Right Behaviour *i.e.*, active philanthropy. 5. Right means of Livelihood, *i.e.*, honest and useful employment of one's time, paying adequate attention to one's own material needs and helping others to do the same, yet without care for the morrow. 6. Right Endeavour, *i.e.*, putting one's heart in one's

work. 7. Right Loneliness, *i.e.*, self-contained and harmonious within 8. Right Meditation. This is the Sanskrit *Yoga* and signifies union with the divine by practising the contemplation of the reality of being. It is the result of a sustained effort to concentrate the mind upon the universal, eternal and immutable law of life; the first stage of such concentration takes the form of an impartial review or survey of all one's thoughts, actions, desires, sensations and experiences from a thoroughly impersonal standpoint. This Eightfold Path has four stages representing different degrees of advancement towards Buddhahood or the state of perfect enlightenment. The true Buddha or Tathâgata is one who has attained final emancipation from individual existence, whose purified spirit is freed from the last vestige of Tanha, one upon whom Karma has no more hold, for he has reached Para Nirvana, the *Eternal*, the Absolute Being.

ST. GEORGE LANE-FOX.

THE LAST OF A GOOD LAMA.—Whatever may be said against godless Buddhism, its influence, wherever it penetrates, is most beneficent. One finds the Spirit of "Lord Buddha . . . most pitiful, the Teacher of Nirvâna and the Law," ennobling even the least philosophical of the dissenting sects of his religion—the Lamäism of the nomadic Kalmucks. The Caspian Steppes witnessed, only a few months ago, the solemn cremation and burial of a Mongolian saint, whose ashes were watered by as many Christian as Lamaic tears. The high priest to the Russian Calmucks of the Volga died December 26th, 1886, near Vétlyanka, once the seat of the most terrible epidemics. The Ghelungs had chosen the day of ceremony in accordance with their sacred books; the hour was fixed astrologically, and at noon on January 4th, 1887, the imposing ceremony took place. More than 80,000 people assembling from all the neighbouring Cossack *stanitzas* and Calmuck *ooloosses*, formed a procession surrounding the pillar of cremation. The corpse having been fixed in an iron arm-chair, used on such ceremonies, was introduced into the hollow pillar, the flames being fed with supplies of fresh butter. During the whole burning, the crowd never ceased weeping and lamenting, the Russians being most violent in their expressions of sorrow, and with reason. For long years the defunct Lama had been a kind father to all the poor in the country, whether Christian or Lamaist. Whole villages of proletarians had been fed, clothed, and their poll-taxes paid out of his own private income. His property in pasture lands, cattle, and tithes was very large, yet the Lama was ever in want of money. With his death, the poor wretches, who could hardly keep soul in their bodies, have no prospect but starvation. Thus the tears of the Christians were as abundant, if not quite as unselfish, as those of the poor Pagans. Only the year before, the good Lama received 4,000 roubles from a Calmuck *oolooss* (camp) and gave the whole to rebuild a burned down Russian village, and thus saved hundreds from death by hunger. He was never known during his long life to refuse any man, woman, or child, in need, whether Pagan or Christian, depriving himself of every comfort to help his poorer fellow-creatures. Thus died the last of the Lamas of the priestly hierarchy sent to the Astrakhan Calmucks from beyond the "Snowy Range" some sixty years ago. A shameful story is told of how a travelling Christian pilgrim imposed on the good Lama. The Lama had entrusted him with 30,000 roubles to be placed in the neighbouring town; but the Christian pilgrim disappeared, and the money with him.

THE BIRTH OF LIGHT.

Translated from Eliphas Levi's "Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie."

THE "Lucifer" of the Kabalists is not a proscribed and fallen angel, but the spirit which illuminates and regenerates by fire; he is to the angels of peace what the comet is to the peaceful constellations of spring-time.

The fixed star is beautiful, radiant and calm; she drinks in the aromas of Heaven, and looks lovingly on her sisters; clad in her dazzling garments, and her brow adorned with diamonds, she smiles as she sings her morning and her evening hymn; she enjoys an eternal repose which nothing can disturb, and solemnly she treads the path assigned to her among the sentinels of light.

But the wandering comet, all bloodstained, and her tresses unloosed, rushes on from the depths of the sky; she dashes across the track of the peaceful spheres like a chariot of war breaking the ranks of a procession of vestals; she dares to breast the burning sword of the guardians of the sun, and, like a lost spouse who seeks the partner visioned in her lonely night watches, she forces her way even into the tabernacle of the King of Day.

Then she rushes out, breathing forth the fires which consume herself and leaving in her train one long conflagration; the stars pale before her approach, the herded constellations, which browse upon the starry flowers in the vast meadows of the sky, seem to flee from her terrible breath. The grand council of the stars is called, and universal consternation reigns. At last the fairest of the fixed stars is charged to speak in the name of the heavenly concourse, and to propose a truce with the errant messenger.

"My sister," she says, "why troublest thou the harmony of these spheres? What harm have we done thee, and why, instead of wandering at hazard, dost thou not, like us, take up thy settled rank in the Court of the Sun? Why dost thou not join with us in chanting the evening hymn, attired, like us, in a robe of white clasped above the breast by one pure diamond? Why dost thou allow thy tresses, dripping with the sweat of fire, to float across the vapours of the night? If thou wouldst but take thy due place among the daughters of Heaven, how far more lovely thy mien! Thy face no more would be burnt up by the fatigue of thy unheard-of journeys; thy eyes would shine forth clear, and thy features smile with the tints of lily and of rose, like those of thy happy sisters; all the stars would recognise in thee a friend, and far

from fearing thy transit, they would rejoice at thy approach. For thou wouldst be united to us by the indissoluble ties of universal harmony, and thy peaceable existence would be but one voice the more in the anthem of Infinite Love."

But the comet replies :

"Deem not, my sister, that I could stray at chance and disturb the harmony of the spheres. God has traced for me my path, as thine for thee, and if my course appears to thee uncertain and erratic, it is because thy rays cannot reach so far as to embrace the outlines of the great ellipse which has been given me for my career. My burning tresses are the banner of God ; I am the messenger of the Suns, and I bathe me in their fires that I may distribute them on my path to those young worlds which have not yet sufficient heat, and to the declining stars that shiver in their solitude. If I court fatigue in my long journeyings, if my beauty is less mild than thine, if my attire less virginal, I am no less than thee a worthy daughter of the sky. Leave in my hands the awful secret of my destiny, leave to me the horror which encompasses me, and slander me not if thou canst not understand me. None the less, shall I fulfil my appointed task. Happy the stars that take their rest and shine like young queens in the stately concourse of the Universe ; for me, I am cast out, a wanderer, and claim the Infinite as my only fatherland. They accuse me of setting on fire the planets which I warm, and of terrifying the stars which I illume. I am reproached with disturbing the harmony of the worlds, because I do not revolve round their own fixed points, and because I bind them one to the other, setting my face alone toward the only centre of all the Suns. So rest assured, thou fairest star, I will not deprive thee of one ray of thy so peaceful light ; the rather, I will squander on thee my warmth and my own life. Who knows, but I may vanish from the sky when I have consumed myself? My lot will still have been a noble one! For know that in the Temple of God the fires that burn are not all one. Ye are the light of the golden torches, but I, the flame of sacrifice. Let each accomplish her own destiny !"

Her words scarce uttered, the comet shakes her tresses loose, covers herself with her burning shield, and plunges once more into infinite space, where she appears to vanish for evermore.

It is thus that Lucifer appears and disappears in the allegories of the Bible.

One day, so says the book of Job, the sons of God had assembled in the presence of their Lord, and among them came Lucifer.

To him the Lord said : "Whence comest thou ?"

And he replied :

"I have journeyed round the world and travelled throughout it."

This is how a Gnostic gospel, re-discovered in the East by a learned traveller, explains, in treating of the symbolical Lucifer, the genesis of Light.

"Truth which is conscious of itself is living Thought. Truth is the Thought which is contained within itself; and formulated Thought is Speech. When the Eternal Thought sought for a *form* it said: 'Let there be Light.' Therefore this Thought that speaks is the *Word*, and this Word says: 'Let there be Light, because the word itself is the light of the *spirit*.'"

The uncreated light, which is the divine Word, sends forth its rays because it wishes to be manifest, and when it says, "Let there be light," it commands the eyes to open; it creates the *Intelligences*.

And, when God said: "Let there be light," Intelligence was made and light appeared.

Then, the Intelligence which God had breathed forth, like a planet detached from the Sun, took the form of a splendid Angel and the heavens saluted him with the name of Lucifer.

Intelligence awoke and it fathomed its own depths as it heard this apostrophe of the divine Word, "Let there be Light." It felt itself to be free, for God had commanded it so to be, and it answered, raising its head and spreading its wings, "I will not be Slavery."

"Wilt thou be then Sorrow?" said the uncreated voice.

"I will be Liberty," answered the Light.

"Pride will seduce thee," replied the supreme voice, "and thou wilt give birth to Death."

"I must needs combat with Death to conquer Life," said once again the light created.

God then unloosed from his bosom the thread of splendour which held back the superb spirit, and as he watched him dive into the night, cutting in it a path of glory, he loved the child of his thought, and smiling with a smile ineffable, he murmured to himself: "How fair a thing was this Light!"

And Sorrow was the condition imposed upon the free being. If the chief of the angels had not dared confront the depths of night, the travail of God had not been complete, and the created light could not have separated itself from the light unrevealed.

Perhaps Lucifer, in plunging into the night, drew with him a shower of Stars and Suns *by the attraction of his glory?* * * * * * * *

A TRUE THEOSOPHIST.

A VERY large majority of people have no idea whatever about Theosophy, and regard Theosophists as more or less crazy members of a new sect. They naturally deny any superiority to one new sect among so many, and aver that, as a considerable number of sects have been "tried in the balances and found wanting," this one is no better than its predecessors. Theosophists—the real ones—can only reply that they are unsectarian and superior to none. They believe that they have found a good road to the discovery of truth, and wish to share their discovery—if it can be so called—with others.

The very assumption of superiority would be a contradiction in terms to the name itself. But, while giving this emphatic denial with reference to the name "Theosophist," no attempt is made to assert that all members of the Theosophical Society are also Theosophists. True indeed, that when they enter that society, they subscribe to rules and declare their objects to be such that, were they to carry them out thoroughly, no other name than Theosophists would be applicable. Nor does the name imply that, in the studies which Theosophists make their own, it is necessary that the sole and best place should be given to studies of Oriental philosophy. That again would be a contradiction, for it has most emphatically been stated that "there are those who are ignorant of the Eastern wisdom" who are nearer to divine wisdom, than some who have devoted their entire lives to Oriental studies. It is again the old story that, "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Still while holding to the assertion that the study of Oriental wisdom is only one road out of many, it is necessary to remember the analogy which philology may here present to "religion." Just as philology traces all languages to a common root—the Sanskrit or rather pre-Sanskrit—so the religions of the world can also be traced to a common root and birth place, identical with the cradle and birth place of the human race, which ethnology locates on the high plateaux of Central Asia Therefore it is, that the study of Oriental philosophy has something to be urged in its especial favour, because that philosophy has its home nearer to the source of the wisdom religion than any other.

Still more must it be borne in mind, that members of the Theosophical Society are not necessarily Theosophists, for a very considerable number are attracted merely by the name and through curiosity. They either do not understand what they profess, or if they do, they do not practise it. But this is no attempt to run counter to the proverb, that the tree is known by its fruit, although there is some amount of injustice in it

All that is asserted is that, if this argument is used against a Society with aims and aspirations such as the Theosophical Society has, it can be used with even more terrible effect against *all* religions whether Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist, etc. The real reason why this has come to pass, lies in a few words—the cultivation of the individual; and, as a later result of this, in anthropomorphism. It is only those individuals who can "grasp their whole individuality firmly," and by the force of their "awakened spiritual will, reach out to the life beyond individuality"—it is only they, who can shake themselves loose from the curse which has gradually spread over the whole world. It is in consequence of this growth of individualism that the "blessings of civilization" have become the curse of mankind, and every religion, originally altruistic, has become inverted, and the reign of anti-Christ and hypocrisy has superseded that of Christ and truth. No sweeping accusation is made against the whole world in this statement. A dim and misty veil has been thrown over the face of Truth, and it is as though we saw everything outside the principal focus of a lens, and consequently, under full faith that we see the real image, perceive the inverted image. In the time of Elizabeth, for instance, men learnt to cultivate the individual within the circle of the race, and to attempt to unite in patriotism for the benefit of that race or empire. But it is a vain attempt, and the dissociating effects of this culture will soon be evident in the impossibility of the attempt. Originally the attempt was to cultivate the individual, but only with a view to the increase of that race and with that object as paramount. That is to say, that an English soldier would cultivate himself to the uttermost in order that the world should see what English soldiers were. But the time came when the egoistic element appeared in overwhelming force, and the cultivation was devoted to the sole aim of making this or that man stronger than any man of his own race, or any other.

And now another aim has been substituted for the paramount one of patriotism. Mammon has superseded the latter, and the strength of the individual is cultivated and devoted to withstanding the pressure of life, and to getting a start in the great race to worship at the feet of the demon of cupidity. But again, while devoting their own lives and worse—the lives of their neighbours—to this worship, they yet professed to be Christians or members of other religions. They tried to worship two gods—Mammon on six days of the week and the other divinity on Sunday, or any day set apart for his service. But still, in most cases, it was not the divine instinct of search for the divine in their hearts, but a fear of wrath to come. It really was a pharisaical idea of "hedging," to use a term of racing slang, with reference to the race of life. The end of it was that Mammon received the real worship of their hearts, and the other god only lip-service. Thus in the end hypocrisy became almost as paramount as Mammon. Time still passed on, and man almost lost

sight of any idea of an offended and avenging deity, and any germ of spirituality was very nearly dead from want of cultivation. The material needs held him in complete sway, and the spread of physical science helped him mightily. Losing sight of all the subtler side of nature, he immersed himself in gross matter, and utilitarianism was the watchword and rallying cry. In all this change the age of mechanical inventions took no small part. Man can hardly be blamed as an individual nor as a whole. It is part of the great law of evolution, and the working out of the law of the survival of the fittest.

It may be asked what this has to do with the subject of the article; but in justification it is averred that a picture is most clearly seen by its contrast.

Perhaps the best definition of a Theosophist, is that given by the Alchemist, Thomas Vaughan:

"A Theosophist is one who gives you a theory of the works of God, which has not a revelation, but an inspiration of his own for basis."

"A man once abandoning the old pathway of routine and entering on the solitary pathway of independent thought—Godward—he is a Theosophist, an original thinker, a seeker after the Eternal Truth, with an inspiration of his own to solve the Eternal problems."

Such a one as this is the subject of the article. Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, is a true Theosophist, and his words and actions in contradiction and illustration of the foregoing, are taken from an interview with him by Mr. George Kennan (*Century*, June 1887). The interview first describes the surroundings amidst which Count Tolstoi lives, and gives also a description of the Count's appearance.

Apparently the first thing which impressed Mr. Kennan was the sight of "a wealthy Russian noble, and the greatest of living novelists, shaking hands upon terms of perfect equality with a poor, ragged, and not over clean droshky driver," who had been engaged in the streets.

Then follows a description of the rooms, the furniture &c., which was observed during the time that Mr. Kennan's host had retired—not, indeed, to change his coat, but to put one on after a morning's labour in the fields. Mr. Kennan, it seems, had journeyed through Siberia, and had there promised several of the exiles to visit Count Tolstoi on his return, and to tell him of their condition. In the course of conversation on these matters, Mr. Kennan asked Count Tolstoi whether he did not think that resistance to such oppression as the exiles had experienced was justifiable?

"That depends," he replied, "upon what you mean by resistance; if you mean persuasion, argument, protest, I answer yes; if you mean violence—no. I do not believe that violent resistance to evil is ever justifiable under any circumstances."

He then set forth clearly, eloquently, and with more feeling than he had yet shown, the views with regard to man's duty as a member of society which are contained in his

book entitled "My Religion," and which are further explained and illustrated in a number of his recently published tracts for the people. He laid particular stress upon the doctrine of non-resistance to evil, which, he said, is in accordance with both the teachings of Christ and the results of human experience. He declared that violence, as a means of redressing wrongs, is not only futile, but an aggravation of the original evil, since it is the nature of violence to multiply and reproduce itself in all directions. "The Revolutionists," he said, "whom you have seen in Siberia, undertook to resist evil by violence, and what has been the result? Bitterness, and misery, and hatred, and bloodshed! The evils against which they took up arms still exist, and to them has been added a mass of previously non-existent human suffering. It is not in that way that the kingdom of God is to be realised on earth."

For a long time I did not suggest any difficulties or raise any objections. . . . It is one thing to ask a man in a general way whether he would use violence to resist evil, and quite another thing to ask him specifically whether he would knock down a burglar who was about to cut the throat of his mother. Many men would say *yes* to the first question who would hesitate at the second. Count Tolstoi, however, was consistent. I related to him many cases of cruelty, brutality, and oppression which had come to my knowledge in Siberia, and at the end of every recital I said to him, "Count Tolstoi, if you had been there and had witnessed that transaction, would you not have interfered with violence?" He invariably answered "No." I asked him the direct question whether he would kill a highwayman who was about to murder an innocent traveller, provided there were no other way to save the traveller's life. He replied, "If I should see a bear about to kill a peasant in the forest, I would sink an axe in the bear's head; but I would not kill a man who was about to do the same thing." There finally came into my mind a case which, although really not worse than many that I had already presented to him, would, I thought, appeal with peculiar force to a brave, sensitive, chivalrous man.

This was a case of most brutal treatment of a young girl who was exiled to Siberia. At a certain town on her journey the governor ordered that she was to put on the clothing of an ordinary convict. This she declined to do on the ground that administrative exiles had the right to wear their own clothing. Furthermore the clothing supplied to convicts is not always new, and it is quite possible that it is of the filthiest description and full of vermin. She argued that she would have been compelled to change at Moscow had it been necessary, and again declined. The local governor persisted and ordered that force should be used to effect the change. Accordingly, in the presence of nine or ten men, the change of clothing was effected—she was stripped naked, forcibly reclothed, and left bleeding and exhausted after ineffectual resistance.

"Now," I said, "suppose all this had occurred in your presence; suppose that this bleeding, defenceless, half-naked girl had appealed to you for protection, and had thrown herself into your arms; suppose that it had been your daughter, would you still have refused to interfere by an act of violence?"

He was silent. Finally, ignoring my direct question as to what he personally would have done in such a case, Count Tolstoi said, "Even under such circumstances violence would not be justifiable. Let us analyse that situation carefully. I will grant, for the sake of argument, that the local governor who ordered the act of violence was an ignorant man, a cruel man, a brutal man—what you will; but he probably had an idea

that he was doing his duty; he probably believed that he was enforcing a law of the Government to which he owed obedience and service. You suddenly appear and set yourself up as a judge in the case; you assume that he is not doing his duty—that he is committing an act of unjustifiable violence—and then, with strange inconsistency, you proceed to aggravate and complicate the evil by yourself committing another act of unjustifiable violence. One wrong added to another wrong does not make a right; it merely extends the area of wrong. Furthermore, your resistance, in order to be effective—in order to accomplish anything—must be directed against the soldiers who are committing the assault. But those soldiers are not free agents; they are subject to military discipline and are acting under orders which they dare not disobey. To prevent the execution of the orders you must kill or maim two or three of the soldiers—that is, kill or wound the only parties to the transaction who are certainly innocent, who are manifestly acting without malice and without evil intention. Is that just? Is it rational? But go a step further: suppose that you do kill or wound two or three of the soldiers; you may or may not thus succeed in preventing the completion of the act against which your violence is a protest; but one thing you certainly will do, and that is, extend the area of enmity, injustice, and misery. Every one of the soldiers whom you kill or maim has a family, and upon every such family you bring grief and suffering which would not have come to it but for your act. In the hearts of perhaps a score of people you rouse the anti-Christian and anti-social emotions of hatred and revenge, and thus sow broadcast the seeds of further violence and strife. At the time when you interposed there was only one centre of evil and suffering. By your violent interference you have created half-a-dozen such centres. It does not seem to me, Mr. Kennan, that that is the way to bring about the reign of peace and good-will on earth.''

Mr. Kennan had a manuscript written by one of those prisoners who took part in the desperate "hunger-strike" of 1884, with which he had been entrusted to hand on to Count Tolstoi. He read two or three pages of it, and then, alluding to the Nihilists, condemned their methods most heartily. Mr. Kennan appeared rather to sympathise with their motives. Count Tolstoi appears only to do so partially, and, while he earnestly desires a revolution, declines to have anything to do with one brought about by violence. Mr. Kennan objected that violence might close the mouth of the peaceable revolutionist and prevent his teaching and thoughts from ever becoming public.

"But do you not see," replied the Count, "that if you claim and exercise the right to resist by an act of violence what you regard as evil, every other man will insist upon his right to resist in the same way what he regards as evil, and the world will continue to be filled with violence? It is your duty to show that there is a better way."

"But," I objected, "you cannot show anything if somebody smites you on the mouth every time you open it to speak the truth."

"You can at least refrain from striking back," replied the Count; "you can show by your peaceable behaviour that you are not governed by the barbarous law of retaliation, and your adversary will not continue to strike a man who neither resists nor tries to defend himself. It is by those who have suffered, not by those who have inflicted suffering, that the world has been advanced."

I said it seemed to me that the advancement of the world had been promoted not a little by the protests—and often the violent and bloody protests—of its inhabitants against wrong and outrage, and that all history goes to show that a people which tamely submits to oppression never acquires either liberty or happiness.

"The whole history of the world," replied the Count, "is a history of violence, and

you can of course cite violence in support of violence ; but do you not see that there is in human society an endless variety of opinions as to what constitutes wrong and oppression, and that if you once concede the right of any man to resort to violence to resist what he regards as wrong, he being the judge, you authorise every other man to enforce his opinions in the same way, and you have a universal reign of violence?"

Count Tolstoi considers it necssary to labour for and help the poor by whom he is surrounded ; but he is keenly alive to the danger of pauperising them. In doing this he runs counter to the ideas of organised society and the existing traits of human character. He declines to regard these as sacred and immutable, and is doing what he can to change them.

"Count Tolstoi then related with great fulness of detail the history of his change of attitude toward the teaching of Christ, and the steps by which he was brought to see that that teaching, rightly understood, furnishes a reasonable solution of some of the darkest problems of human life. He based upon it not only his opposition to resistance as a means of overcoming evil, but his hostility to courts of justice, established churches, class distinctions, private property, and all civil and ecclesiastical organisation in existing forms. His frequent references to the New Testament, and his insistence on the precepts of Christ as furnishing the only rule for the right government of human conduct, might lead one to regard Count Tolstoi as a devout and orthodox Christian, but, judged by a doctrinal standard, he is very far from being so. He rejects the whole doctrinal framework of the Christian scheme of redemption, including original sin, atonement, the triune personality of God, and the divinity of Christ, and has very little faith in the immortality of the soul. His religion is a religion of this world, and it is based almost wholly upon terrestrial considerations. If he refers frequently to the teachings of Christ, and accepts Christ's precepts as the rules which should govern human conduct, it is not because he believes that Christ was God, but because he regards those precepts as a formal embodiment of the highest and noblest philosophy of life, and as a revelation, in a certain sense, of the Divine will and character. He insists, however, that Christ's precepts shall be understood—and that they were intended to be understood—literally and in their most obvious sense. He will not recognise nor tolerate any softening or modification of a hard commandment by subtle and plausible interpretation. If Christ said, 'Resist not evil,' he meant resist not evil. He did not mean resist not evil if you can help it, nor resist not evil unless it is unbearable ; he meant resist not at all. How unflinchingly Count Tolstoi faces the logical results of his system of belief I have tried to show."

Count Tolstoi's views as to his own action and practice have been recently published in an authorised interview which appeared in a Russian journal. He said :

"People say to me, 'Well, Lef Nikolaivitch, as far as preaching goes, you preach ; but how about your practice?' The question is a perfectly natural one ; it is always put to me, and it always shuts my mouth. 'You preach,' it is said, 'but how do you live?' I can only reply that I do not preach—passionately as I desire to do so. I might preach through my actions, but my actions are bad. That which I say is not preaching ; it is only an attempt to find out the meaning and the significance of life. People often say to me, 'If you think that there is no reasonable life outside the teachings of Christ, and if you love a reasonable life, why do you not fulfill the Christian precepts?' I am guilty and blameworthy and contemptible because I do not fulfill them ; but at the same time I say—not in justification, but in explanation, of my inconsistency—Compare my previous life with the life I am now living, and you will see that I am trying to fulfill. I have not, it is true, fulfilled one eighty-

thousandth part, and I am to blame for it ; but it is not because I do not wish to fulfil all, but because I am unable. Teach me how to extricate myself from the meshes of temptation in which I am entangled—help me—and I will fulfill all. I wish and hope to do it even without help. Condemn me if you choose—I do that myself—but condemn *me*, and not the path which I am following, and which I point out to those who ask me where, in my opinion, the path is. If I know the road home, and if I go along it drunk, and staggering from side to side, does that prove that the road is not the right one? If it is not the right one, show me another. If I stagger and wander, come to my help, and support and guide me in the right path. Do not yourselves confuse and mislead me, and then rejoice over it and cry, 'Look at him! He says he is going home, and he is floundering into the swamp!' You are not evil spirits from the swamp ; you are also human beings, and you also are going home. You know that I am alone—you know that I cannot wish or intend to go into the swamp—then help me! My heart is breaking with despair because we have all lost the road ; and while I struggle with all my strength to find it and keep in it, you, instead of pitying me when I go astray, cry triumphantly, 'See! He is in the swamp with us!'"

In this report of Count Tolstoi, it is impossible not to recognise the generous, just, and sympathetic man—the true Theosophist. He may be mistaken, but he is endeavouring to carry out the precepts of Christ. Not indeed, doctrinal Christianity, but to put in practice the actual precepts of the Master he follows. He does this as far as he can ; and even with this little (as he says) he is accused of quixotism, and is obliged to stay his hand in order to keep up the example he affords. Why is this. For fear of interested relatives and the lunatic asylum. Here we have a man endeavouring to carry out "under an inspiration of his own," the precepts laid down by the last of the world's great teachers. What is the result of his endeavours? That he is in danger of the same fate that the author of "Modern Christianity a civilized Heathenism," threatened Christ with, were he to return in the XIXth century—the lunatic asylum. Nothing is so intolerable to modern minds as an example of what they (unconsciously to themselves) recognise as that which they ought to follow, but do not. Therefore it has to be put out of sight. Since madness has been defined as a mental state which is in contradiction to the average mental state, it is evident that all religious reformers ought to be put away in a lunatic asylum.

It is quite possible to recognise what an extraordinary effect Count Tolstoi's principle of non-resistance to evil would have. Still it is a strictly Christian one. Christ went further, and ordained that the other cheek should be offered to the man who smites. It might be argued that this would result in a tacit acquiescence in evil. But if it be so, the whole of the Count's life is a contradiction to this, and a standing protest against the existence of those who create, or rather perpetuate, this evil. Every reform, this included, is a protest against doing at Rome what Romans do, or the *laisser aller*, which is the indolent curse of human progress. Count Tolstoi desires to see the reign of Christ on Earth, and in this accords well with the Theosophists who desire "Universal Brotherhood." But neither of these can be effected save by the cultivation of the inner

and spiritual man, so that it shall shine through and form the guide to the outer and physical man. But unfortunately the welfare of the latter is taken as the standard at present and humanity, without the spiritual man as a guide, is left to flounder in the ditch into which it has fallen.

Those who desire to follow Count Tolstoi, or to become real working Theosophists, may find something to think about in comparing his words with his actions. He endeavours to "go about doing good," and to help his fellow men on the hard path of life. When it is followed it will be found that to run counter to the spirit of the age, and instead of the indolent *laisser aller*, to work not for self, but for humanity at large, is the hardest task ever set to men. Mankind as a rule does not want an example or to be worked for; both are rude awakenings from the lotus-eating state they desire to be left in. "Let us alone," is their cry, and they resist with violence any attempt to rouse them.

But those who desire a greater unity than that which any race or nation can afford—the unity of the human race—the Universal Brotherhood—cannot leave them alone. There is a power which impels Count Tolstoi to protest against the reign of violence, and he truly replies, that the readiest means of continuing this reign is to meet violence by violence. Therefore he, by his writings, and his words and life, endeavours to place before men the noblest philosophy of life that he recognises, in answer to the appeal which is silently uttered from the hearts of many men and women in the world.

It is a cry of despair at the ignorance which surrounds them and to which the Theosophical Society, *according to its avowed aims*, is an answer. It is best described in the words of Tennyson—

> An infant crying in the night,
> And with no language but a cry.

A. I. R.

A GHOST'S REVENGE

EARLY in the year 187—, the singular and distressing attacks of mental depression from which Sir Selwyn Fox had long been a sufferer, increased in frequency.

His son Gaston (twenty-four years of age, of medicine by calling and letters by choice), whose devotion to his father was intense, urged him to go to London and procure that skilled medical advice which was not to be had in the neighbourhood of the baronet's country seat, in Northumberland. But Sir Selwyn was inflexible in his determination to see no doctor. Affectionate as his manner always was with Gaston, he even showed impatience when pressed on this point; and Gaston, forced to abandon it, fell back on his own skill in an endeavour to assign some tangible cause for his father's malady. But in this he was hopelessly baffled.

Nothing in Sir Selwyn's present state, no circumstance of his past history which was known to Gaston (who had rarely been apart from him since boyhood), excused or explained in any degree the melancholy which clouded his existence. His great fortune placed him beyond suspicion or suggestion of pecuniary embarrassment. All the surroundings of his home were well calculated to administer to the refined pleasures of a man widely known as an amateur of books and art. No entanglement of the affections could be supposed seriously to trouble the peace of one who had passed his meridian, and who, moreover, cherished still the memory of the wife he had long lost. He had friendships which, while they attested his worth, would have been sufficient in themselves to endear most men to life. Yet for months he had worn the air of a man to whom life was fast becoming an unendurable burden.

His own skill and experience failing to open to Gaston any method of coping with a disease whose hidden source and origin he could not divine, he was on the point of writing to a leading London physician of his acquaintance, when a circumstance occurred which saved him from the necessity of this step.

Sir Selwyn was alone in his room one evening when Gaston, who was reading in a room immediately beneath, heard sounds overhead which at once sent him upstairs to learn the cause. He had fancied that his father was speaking in a tone of troubled remonstrance to some unwelcome visitor, though he felt persuaded that no one, unless a servant of the house, could be with him at that hour. Hastening to his father's room, his footsteps were arrested on the threshold by the

spectacle which the half-opened door revealed to him. Sir Selwyn sat motionless and rigid in his chair; his face was colourless, and all the features stiff, while the eyes, dilated and staring, seemed, though they were fixed on space, to hold within their vision some object not perceptible to Gaston. This was the more remarkable that Gaston stood directly in his father's line of sight, though it was certain that Sir Selwyn neither looked at him nor saw him. In a word, it was the gaze of a man who sees, or believes that he sees, an apparition.

Gaston took a step forward; the sound fell on the baronet's ear and broke the spell which held him.

His first look was one of inexpressible shame, succeeded immediately by one of indescribable relief. If detection were painful, as it clearly was, it appeared as though the pain were almost lost in the necessity now forced upon him of disclosing the secret of his misery. Gaston was at his father's side in a moment.

"What is it, father?" he cried. "What is it? You have seen something. Tell me what it is."

Sir Selwyn, in whose expression exhaustion and pain were mingled, fixed his eyes for a while on his son's face before he replied:

"If I should tell you, Gaston, you would not believe it. I do not believe it myself. And yet I see it, and know that it is there."

"I shall believe whatever you tell me, father," answered Gaston.

"Gaston," began the baronet, "you are a doctor, and have read, read widely in all branches of science. Tell me, do you believe that we who are in the body may see and know a spirit from the dead?"

"You believe, father, that you have seen such a spirit?"

"The whole force of my reason cannot persuade me otherwise," answered his father. "All the powers of my mind compel me to deny it, and yet the thing is there before my eyes."

The baronet had by this time regained his usual calm of manner, and his voice was resolute and quiet.

"Is it here now, father?" asked Gaston.

"Yes," answered Sir Selwyn.

"Where, father? Point to me the place where it stands."

"It stands now at my elbow, side by side with you."

Gaston started involuntarily, the baronet's tone bespoke such absolute conviction. He moved a step, and placed himself immediately at his father's elbow.

"Do you see it now, father?" he asked.

"No, for you have taken its place. Yes! I see it again. It is on this side now, exactly opposite to you."

There was in all this so little of the tone and manner of the mere spectre-ridden visionary, that Gaston could not but be impressed, and his alarm for his father's state increased proportionately.

He began to question him in the direct matter-of-fact style of a doctor

with his patient, inquiring into the particular nature of the vision, how often and in what circumstances it presented itself, whether his father were able to connect it with any event of his life, or whether it seemed to be causeless, a mere fabric of the imagination.

His object in this was to bring his father to exert his reason upon the matter, that so, if possible, he might end by convincing himself that he was haunted merely by some spectre of the brain. He was, however, only partially successful, and for this reason, that his father, while denying—and with perfect honesty of convincement—the reality of his vision, remained nevertheless persuaded that his bodily eye beheld it.

"I cannot well remember," went on Sir Selwyn, "how many years it is since this spectre first began to haunt me. In the beginning I thought little of it; my health was more robust then than it has been in late years, and leading a more active life at that time than I am able to do at present, I had greater strength, both of mind and body, to assist me in banishing it from my thoughts and presence. Indeed, I could then at any time rid myself of the vision by a mere exertion of will; but I can do so no longer. It torments me now as it pleases. I am powerless against it."

"Does the form resemble that of anyone whom you have ever known?" asked Gaston.

"Yes," replied Sir Selwyn, after a moment's pause.

"And the person whose spirit you believe this to be is now dead, father?"

"Dead many years," answered Sir Selwyn.

"And what is there in the vision that troubles you so greatly, father?" asked his son.

"Its presence is tormenting," replied Sir Selwyn, "because I feel that there is evil in it; it is malignant, and seems continually to threaten me."

"Is it here still, father?"

"No, since we have been speaking it has vanished. I shall see it no more to-night; but it will return to-morrow, and in the end it will kill me."

"No, father, no," said Gaston affectionately, but gravely. "Let me entreat you not to give way. You see how this vision, whatever it may be, vanishes when you begin to reason upon it. The mere fact of our having discussed it together will enable you to combat it more resolutely. Do this, and the same power will revive by which you dispelled the vision when first it troubled you."

Indeed, the closing words of Sir Selwyn's confession, notwithstanding the quiet assurance with which they were spoken, had practically convinced his son that the case was one of hallucination. They continued talking on the subject until at the baronet's usual hour of retiring, they separated for the night, when Gaston was so far satisfied that his arguments appeared at last to have given his father a somewhat increased measure of self-confidence.

At breakfast the next day, Sir Selwyn assured his son that he had slept well, and both in speech and look he was more cheerful than Gaston had seen him during a considerable period. It seemed, in short, as though the effect of their conversation the previous night had already begun to bear out the son's prediction; nor, at the end of a week, did this good effect appear to have been in any degree dissipated. "I have not seen it once," said Sir Selwyn, in answer to a question from Gaston. Another week passed, and a third, and the baronet declared that there had been no recurrence of the visions. He became very reticent upon the subject, and it was evident that he now shrank from any allusion to it. Gaston, on his side, was only too willing to avoid its mention.

It was at this time that Sir Selwyn received a letter from an old friend of his college days, now holding a high place in the Indian Government, reminding him of a long-promised visit, and begging him to fulfil his word without further delay.

A better invitation, thought Gaston, could not have arrived at a more opportune moment. Their pleasant English home had become charged for the baronet with associations which were wholly painful; a new scene and fresher interests would assist to push to completion the recovery which could not but be long delayed in his present situation. Sir Selwyn himself was of the same mind, and decided at once to accept his friend's invitation.

Then arose in Gaston's mind the question whether, in the circumstances, it were well or advisable that his father should make the journey alone. He thought it not advisable at all, and without plainly telling this to his father, begged that he might accompany him. But Sir Selwyn showed a strong reluctance to accede to this request, which was the more marked that father and son had never yet been separated on any tour of pleasure. Gaston continued to press his point, until he perceived, or thought that he perceived, what was his father's reason for wishing to take this journey alone.

The thing which Sir Selwyn had striven for years to hide from his son he had just been forced to reveal to him. It was the sorrowful secret of his life, a secret which, to the baronet, had something of shame in it, and the revelation had been beyond measure painful to him. If, in one sense, the confession which had been wrung from him had brought father and son more closely together, it had, in another sense, placed a certain something between them of which the presence of Gaston was a constant reminder. With Gaston at his father's side, the secret too was there. When Gaston's delicate intuition had realised this for him, his entreaties to accompany his father were at an end. It was decided that Sir Selwyn should go to India alone, and in a fortnight from the receipt of his friend's invitation he was on his way.

Gaston was desolate at home, and at the end of ten days or so he went to Paris, intending to stay a week there and return to England;

but the weather was pleasant, and from Paris he began to wander, in leasurely fashion, southwards; and before he had quite made up his mind as to where he wanted to go, he found himself in Rome. Rome was chilly, and he had lighted on a bad hotel, so he remained but a few days, and went on to Naples. He would wait to see Rome, he said, until his father was with him.

After a fortnight in Naples, he was on the point of returning home, when he received a cable message from his father, forwarded with letters from England. Sir Selwyn had reached India safely and in good health, and thought it probable that his stay would be of somewhat longer duration than his arrangements on leaving England had contemplated.

The prospect of five or six solitary months in the castle in Northumberland had no relish for Gaston, so he resolved to extend his tour by an excursion to Sicily. Accordingly, he took steamer one evening from Naples to Palermo: the beautiful old city where the traces yet linger of Saracen and Norman; with the tideless sea in front, and the purple hills behind, and between the hills and the sea the little lovely plain of the Shell of Gold. Naples is beautiful, but brutal; a paradise peopled by savages: an Oriental languor softens the life of Palermo, as it tinges with melancholy the national songs; and the rural element which enters so largely into the character of the whole Sicilian people makes them something of Arcadians in a modern Arcady.

Gaston felt the charm of the place in an hour; the sense of want of companionship which had gone with him in his listless wanderings in Italy, here deserted him; he plucked ripe oranges in the garden of the hotel, and they became his lotos fruit, for he resolved that his wanderings should end in Palermo. He would remain here until his father returned from India.

But it chanced that there were few foreign visitors in Palermo that season, and within a week of Gaston's arrival the hotel at which he stayed was emptied of all its guests, except himself and an old German baron, and the baron waited only for a steamer to take him to Malta, on his way to Egypt. An empty hotel in a foreign land is as cheerful an abode as a catacomb, and Gaston cast about for a change of quarters.

Strolling one day in a slumbrous corner of the town, where cypress trees stood sentinels at rusty iron gates, and the air smelled of lemon groves and roses, he was struck by the aspect of a tenantless and apparently deserted villa, walled within a garden, which, untended as it was, retained a certain monastic trimness. A weather-stained board over the iron gate, which was of fine workmanship, announced that the villa was to let. Gaston tried the gate, but it was locked. A broad-hatted priest who was passing at the moment, observing Gaston's interest in the villa, stopped, took a pinch of snuff, and said that if the signor desired to have particulars of the place, he might obtain them from such

a person in a street close at hand, which he indicated. Gaston thanked the father for his courtesy, and went to inquire if he could see the villa, with a view to hiring it for a short time.

At dinner that evening, the baron said that he expected to sail for Malta on the following day, and expressed his regret at leaving Gaston alone in the hotel. Gaston replied that he should be sorry to lose the companionship of the baron, but that he also was about to leave the hotel, and had taken a villa for the remainder of his stay in Palermo. He described the villa, and the baron, who spoke English well, exclaimed with a laugh :

"So! Is that the place? The Villa Torcello then has found a tenant at last!"

"Has it been long without one?"

"Nearly thirty years."

"And what is the reason?"

"How! Did they not tell you? The Villa Torcello is the famous haunted house. Yes, I assure you, a real ghost! Are you not delighted? You may be able to make a story about it, you know, you who write novels."

"And whose is the ghost?" inquired Gaston, whose associations with this subject were by no means pleasant.

"They ought to have told you about it," answered the baron. "Some people do not like ghosts. I do not like them myself, though to be sure I have never seen a ghost. The house, as you know, is called the Villa Torcello, but that was not its original name. Years ago it was called the Villa Verga, after its first owner, Signor Udalrico Verga, a young Sicilian of good family, who was well known and very popular in Palermo. He lived there all alone, and was much visited by a priest, a very handsome young man, a little older than himself, with whom he was on terms of great affection. One morning, thirty years ago—I believe it was in this very month—the gardener of the Signor Verga found his master lying dead in the garden, with a bullet-hole in the temple. There seemed no reason in the world why he should have killed himself, and as no weapon was found near the body, or in any part of the garden, it was concluded that he had been murdered. Suspicion fell on the priest, though for no cause except that he had been more intimate with the Signor Verga than anybody else. They were never known to have had a quarrel, and as for evidence, not a scrap could be produced against the priest, who, they say, showed the deepest grief for his friend. Indeed he died, in great distress of mind, six months afterwards. Some people, who would always regard him as the murderer, said that remorse for his crime killed him ; but though I have heard this story many times since I first visited Palermo, I could never see that there was any reason whatever to suspect the priest."

"And the murder was never brought home to anyone?"

"It has remained a mystery from that day to this," replied the baron. "A year or two after the death of Verga, his brother went to live in the Villa, changing its name to that of a property of his own in Calabria, the name which it still bears. But he could not stay in it, for he said that he saw the spirit of his brother walking in the garden in the evenings, on the path where the body was found. Since he left it, the house has never been occupied. As to the ghost, many stories are told, but the favourite one is that it haunts the place seeking someone to avenge the murder. That is a strange notion, don't you think, Herr Fox?"

The baron added no more to the story, and as he was busy with his letters during the rest of the evening, Gaston only saw him again to bid him good-bye on the following morning.

A day or two afterwards, Gaston settled himself in the Villa Torcello His coming there created a momentary flutter of excitement in the quarter where the villa was situated; but this was not known to Gaston, who had neither friends nor acquaintances in the town.

He wrote to tell his father of his new residence, and to ask him whether he had visited Palermo in the tour he had made in Italy a few years before Gaston's birth. One morning, the post from England brought him some flattering notices of a book he had published shortly before leaving, which made him think that it was time to set to work upon a new story. But the idea he was seeking did not come to him, and the indolent charm of his surroundings favoured no severe exertion of the intellect.

He walked in the town until it grew familiar to him; its avenues, and terraces by the sea, its deep shadowy gardens, its groves of orange trees and lemon; its narrow streets and the multiplied variety of the houses, with their odd and glaring contrasts of colour; its churches, where the religion of the west seems out of harmony with the architectural and decorative fashions of the east.

Sometimes he hired a carriage and drove out into the country, and these excursions were usually prolonged throughout the day. On one such occasion, he was returning late in the afternoon, and the vetturino was guiding his horses in lazy fashion in and out amongst a straggling file of mule-carts laden with wine, in a narrow lane on the outskirts of the town.

"What place is this?" called out Gaston presently, pointing to an old, discoloured building of considerable extent, which lay on the left of the road.

"*Il Convento de' Cappuccini, signor,*" replied the driver, and (never rejecting a chance to rest) pulled up his horses, adding: "The signor no see Il Convento? *Ma, è molto curioso, signor* (but it's a queer place)."

Gaston got down from the carriage, and at that moment a sandalled and brown-robed monk appeared at the entrance to the monastery.

"*Ecco il padre, signor!*" (There's the father), said the driver, pointing to the Capucin, who bowed to Gaston with a courteous indication of readiness to receive him.

Gaston went across, and was presently following the monk through an outer chamber of the monastery, empty and cold, with bare walls and a dark stone floor.

The monk stopped at a heavy wooden door, and taking a key from his girdle, turned to Gaston and said, in a mixture of Italian and broken English, which is here translated:

"The signor probably wishes to see our subterranean chambers. Many foreigners come here to see them. It is a very curious sight; we keep here the bodies of the wealthy Palermitans, whose relatives and friends assemble every year, on the Feast of All Souls, to visit them."

While he was speaking he unlocked the door, which led into a vaulted passage with a flight of stairs beyond. A faint, sickly smell pervaded the corridor, which became stronger and more offensive as they began to descend the steps.

They went down to a dusky place, around which Gaston's eyes wandered for a few moments with no certain gaze, until they grew accustomed to the dimness. The daylight, such feeble daylight as filtered into that dismal magazine of mummies, was fading fast.

The monk took a bit of candle from a ledge and lighted it; at once a strange and weird effect was produced.

Thousands of corpses, and skeletons, and horrible hooded figures which were of neither state, seemed in some manner to be awakened, seemed to rouse themselves, and take cognisance of Gaston and his guide.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NOTE.—The Editors regret that they are unable to publish, as announced, the translation of the "Death of Ivan Ilyitch," by Count Tolstoi, a complete translation having just been issued by Messrs. Vizetelly.

LITERARY JOTTINGS

"BUDDHISM IN CHRISTENDOM, OR JESUS THE ESSENE," by Arthur Lillie, etc.—A queer and rather thickish volume, of a presumably scientific character, by an amateur Orientalist. Contents :—Familiar theories, built on two sacred and time-honoured names, which the author enshrines between garlands of modern gossip and libels on his critics, past and present. A true literary sarcophagus inhuming the decayed bodies of very old, if occasionally correct, theories jumbled up together with exploded speculations.

The volume—title and symbology—is pregnant with the atmosphere of the sacred poetry attached to the names of Gautama the Buddha, and "Jesus the Essene." To find it sprinkled with the heavy drops of personal spite, is like gazing at an unclean fly fallen into the communion-wine of a chalice. One can but wonder and ask oneself, what shall be the next move in literature? Is it a new "Sacred Book of the East," in which one will find the evidence by Policeman Endacott against Miss Cass welcomed and accepted as an historical fact? Or shall it be the Pentecostal tongues of fire examined in the light of the latest improved kerosene lamp?

But a well-informed chronicler at our elbow reports that the author of *Buddhism in Christendom, or Jesus the Essene*, is a strong medium who sits daily for spiritual development? This would account for the wonderfully mixed character of the contents of the volume referred to. It must be so, since it reads just as such a joint production would. It is a curious mixture of "spirit" inspiration, passages bodily taken from the reports of the Society "for *Spookical* Research," as that misguided body was dubbed—for once wittily—by the *Saturday Review*, and various other little defamatory trifles besides. The "spirit guides" are proverbially revengeful and not always wise in their generation. A former work by the same medium having been three or four years ago somewhat painfully mangled by a real Sanskrit and Buddhist scholar in India, the "Spirit Angel" falls foul now of his critics. The wandering Spook tries to run amuck among them, without even perceiving the poor, good soul, that he only blots and disfigures with the corrosive venom of his spite the two noble and sacred characters whom his medium-author undertakes to interpret before ever he has learned to understand them. . . .

This places "Lucifer" under the disagreeable necessity of reviewing the pretentious work at length in one of its future numbers. As the same mistakes and blunders occur in "Buddhism in Christendom" as in "Buddha and Early Buddhism," the magazine must make it its duty, if not altogether its pleasure, to check the volume of 1883 by that of 1887.

It is rumoured that "A CATECHISM ON EVERY-DAY LIFE," by a Theosophical writer, is ready for press. Let us hope it will contain no special theology or dogmas, but only wise advice for practical life, in its application to the ordinary events in the existence of every theosophist. The time has come when the veil of illusion is to be pulled aside entirely, not merely playfully, as hitherto done. For if mere members of the theosophical body have nothing to risk, except, perhaps, an occasional friendly stare and laugh at those who, without any special necessity, as believed, pollute the immaculate whiteness of their respectable society skirts by joining an unpopular movement, real theosophists ought to look truth and fact right in the face. To become a true theosophist—*i.e.* one thoroughly imbued with altruistic feelings, with a willingness to forget self, and readiness to help his neighbour to carry the burden of life—is to become instantaneously transformed into a public target. It is to make oneself a ready thing for heavy "Mrs. Grundy" to sit upon : to become the object of ridicule, slander, and vilification, which will not stop even before an occasional criminal charge. For some theosophists, every move in the *true theosophical direction*, is a forlorn-hope enterprise. All this notwithstanding, the ranks of the "unpopu-

lar" society are steadily, if slowly increasing.

For what does slander and ridicule really matter? When have fools ever been slandered, or rich and influential men and women ostracised, however black and soiled in their hearts, or in their secret lives? Who ever heard of a Reformer's or an orator's course of life running smooth? Who of them escaped from being pelted with dirt by his enemies?

Gautama Buddha, the great Hindu Reformer, was charged by the Brahmins with being a demon, whose form was taken by Vishnu, to encourage men to despise the Vedas, deny the gods, and thus effect their own destruction.

"Say we not well thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?" said the Pharisees to Jesus. "He deceiveth the people. . . . Stone him to death!"

"He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below,"

says the great English poet. The latter is echoed in prose by the king of French poets. Writes Victor Hugo:

"You have your enemies; but who has not? Guizot has enemies, Thiers has enemies, Lamartine has enemies. Have I not been myself fighting for twenty years? Have I not been for twenty years past reviled, betrayed, sold, rended, hooted, taunted, insulted, calumniated? Have not my books been paradied, and my deeds travestied? I also am beset and spied upon, I also have traps laid for me, and I have even been made to fall into them. But what is all that to me? I disdain it. It is one of the most difficult yet necessary things in life to learn to disdain. Disdain protects and crushes. It is a breast plate and a club. You have enemies? Why, it is the story of every man who has done a great deed, created a new idea. It is the cloud which thunders around everything which shines. Do not trouble yourself about it. Do not give your enemies the satisfaction of thinking that they cause you any feeling, be disdainful." *(Choses Vues.)*

"THE LATEST ROMANCE OF SCIENCE," Summarized by a Frenchman.

If the Atomo-mechanical Theory of the Universe has caused considerable embarrassment to our materialists, and brought some of their much beloved scientific speculations to grief (see "Concepts of Modern Physics," by Stallo), the layman must not be ungrateful to the great men for other boons received at their hands. Through the indefatigable labours of the most famous biologists and anthropologists of the day, the mystery which has hitherto enshrouded the origin of man is no more. It has vanished into thin air; thanks to the activity of the *officina* (workshop, in Queen's English), in Haeckel's brain, or, as a Hylo-Idealist would say, in the *vesiculo neurine of his hemispherical ganglia* *—the origin of mankind has to be sought in *that* scientific region, and nowhere else.

Religiously read by the "Animalists" in its English translation in Protestant and Monarchical England, the "Pedigree of Man" is now welcomed with shouts of joy in Roman Catholic Republican France. A summary has just been compiled of it by a French *savant*, who rejoices in the name of Topinard. The summary on that "question of questions" (as Mr. Huxley calls it), is more interesting in reality than the "Pedigree of Man" itself. It is so deliciously fantastic and original, that one comes almost to regret that our numerous and frolicsome ancestors in the Zoological Gardens of Europe and America seem to show no intention of getting up a subscription list among themselves, for the raising of a lasting monument to the great Haeckel. Thus, ingratitude in man must surely be a phenomenon of *atavism;* another suggestive point being thus gained toward further proof of man's descent from the ingrate and heartless, as well as tailless, pithecoid baboon.

Saith the learned Topinard:—

"At the commencement of what geologists call the *Laurentian period* of the Earth, and the fortuitous union of certain elements of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, under conditions which *probably* only took place at that epoch, the first albuminoid clots were formed. From them, and by spontaneous generation,† the first cellules or cleavage masses took their origin. These cellules were then sub-divided and multiplied, arranging themselves in the form of organs, and after a series of transformations, fixed by Mr. Haeckel at nine in number, originated certain vertebrata of the genus *Amphioxus lanceolatus*. The division into sexes was marked out, the spinal marrow and *chorda dorsalis* became visible. At the tenth stage the brain and skull made their appearance, as in the lamprey; at the eleventh, the limbs and jaws were developed . . . . . the earth was then only in the *Silurian* period. At the sixteenth, the adaptation to terrestrial life ceased. At the seventeenth, which corresponds to the *Jurassic* phase of the history of the globe, the genealogy of man is raised to the kangaroo among the marsupials. At the eighteenth, he becomes a lemurian; the

* Dr. Lewins, the Hylo-Idealist, in his appendices to "What is Religion?" by C. N.—"On the Brain Theory of Mind and Matter, the Creed of Physics, Physic and Philosophy." W. Stewart & Co.

† Mark well: when a theosophist or an occultist speaks of "spontaneous generation," because for him there exists no inorganic matter in Kosmos—he is forthwith set down as an *ignoramus*. To prove the descent of man from the animal, however, even spontaneous generation from dead or inorganic matter, becomes an axiomatic and scientific fact.

Tertiary period commences. At the nineteenth, he becomes Catarrhinian, that is to say, an ape with a tail, a Pithecian. At the twentieth he becomes an anthropoid, continuing so throughout the whole of the *Miocene period.* At the twenty-first he becomes a man-ape, he does not possess language, nor in consequence the corresponding brain. Lastly, at the twenty-second, man comes forth . . . . in his inferior types."

Happy, privileged man! Hapless evolution-forsaken baboon! We are not told by science the secret why, while man has had plenty of time to become, say a Plato, a Newton, a Napoleon, or *even* a Haeckel, his poor ancestor should have been arrested in his growth and development. For, as far as is known, the rump of the cynocephalus seems as blue and as callous to-day, as it was during the reign of Psammetichus or Cheops; the macacus must have made as ugly faces at Pliny 18 centuries back, as he does now at a Darwinian. We may be told that in the enormous period of time that must have elapsed since the beginning of evolution, 2,000, or even 10,000, years mean very little. But then, one does not find even the Moneron any better off for the millions of years that have rolled away. Yet, between the gelatinous and thoughtful hermit of the briny deep and man, there must have elapsed quite sufficient time for some trifling transformation. That primordial protoplasmic creature, however, seems to fare no better at the hands of evolution, which has well-nigh forgotten it.

By this time, one would suppose that this ancestor of ours of stage *one*, ought to have reached, to say the least, a higher development: to have become, for instance, the amphibian "sozura" of the "fourteenth stage," so minutely and scientifically described by Mr. Haeckel, and of which De Quatrefages so wickedly says in "The Human Species" (p. 108), that "it (the sozura) is *equally unknown to science.*" But we see quite the reverse. This tender-bodied little one, has remained but a moneron to this very hour; so much so, that Mr. Huxley, fishing him out from the abysmal ocean depths, took pity upon him, and gave him a father. He baptized our archaic ancestor, and named him *Bathybius Haeckelii.* . . .

But all these are mysteries that will, no doubt, be easily explained to the full satisfaction—of science, by any biologist of Haeckel's brain power. As all know, no acrobatic feats, from the top of one tree to another top, by the swiftest of chimpanzees, can ever approach, let alone equal, the rapid evolutions of fancy in his cerebral "officina," whenever Haeckel is called upon to explain the inexplicable. . . .

There is one trifle, however, which seems to have the best of even his capacity for getting out of a scientific dilemma, and this is *the eighteenth stage* of his genealogy, in the "Pedigree of Man." Man's evolution from the Monera, *alias* Bathybius *Haeckelii*, up to tailed and then tailless man, passes through the marsupials, the kangaroo, sarrigue, etc. Thus he writes:—

"*Eighteenth stage.* Prosimiæ allied to the Loris (Stenops) and Makis (Lemur), without marsupial bones, but *with placenta.*" ("*Pedig. of Man.*" p. 77.)

Now it may be perhaps interesting to the profane and the innocent to learn that no such "prosimiæ," with placenta, exists in nature. That it is, in short, another creation of the famous German Evolutionist, and a child of his own brain. For De Quatrefages has pointed out several years ago, that:

"The anatomical investigations of MM. Alphonse Milne, Edwards and Grandidier . . place it beyond all doubt that the prosimiæ of Haeckel have *no decidua and a diffuse placenta.* They are *indeciduata.* Far from *any possibility of their being the ancestors of the apes*, according to the principles laid down by Haeckel himself, they cannot even be regarded as the ancestors of the zonoplacential mammals . . . and ought to be connected with the pachydermata, the edentata and the cetacea." (p. 110.)

But, as that great French *savant* shows, "Haeckel, without the least hesitation, adds his *prosimiæ*," to the other groups in the "Pedigree of Man," and "attributes to them . . . a discoidal placenta." Must the world of the too credulous innocents again accept on faith these two creatures unknown to Science or man, only because "the proof of their existence arises *from the necessity of an intermediate type?*" This necessity, however being one *only* for the greater success of their inventor, Haeckel, that Simian Homer must not bear us ill will, if we do not hesitate to call his "genealogy" of man a romance of Science of the wildest type.

One thing is very suggestive in this speculation. The discovery of the absence of the needed placenta in the so-called *prosimiæ* now dates several years back. Haeckel knows of it, of course. So does Mr. Ed. B. Aveling, D.Sc., his translator. Why is the error allowed to remain uncorrected, and even unnoticed, in the English translation of the "Pedigree of Man," of 1887? Do the "members of the International Library of Science and Freethought," fear to lose some of Haeckel's admirers were these to learn the truth?

Nevertheless Haeckel's scientific "Pedigree of Man," ought to awake and stir up to action the spirit of private enterprise. What a charming *Féerie* could be made of it on the stage of a theatre! A *corps*

de ballet, composed of antediluvian reptiles and giant lizards, gradually, and stage by stage, metamorphosing themselves into kangaroos, lemurs, tailless apes and anthropoid baboons, and finally into a chorus of German biologists!

Such a *Féerie* would leave "Black Crook," and "Alice in Wonder-Land," nowhere. An intelligent manager, alive to his interests, would make his fortune were he but to follow the happy thought.

Nota bene:—The suggestion is copyright.

THE BOOK OF LIFE, by Sidhartha (also) Vonisa; his discoveries from "6215 to 6240, Anno Mundi."

A cross between an *octavo* and *duodecimo*.

This volume, we see, is highly appreciated by the clergy, by whom, at this gloomy day of infidelity, even small favours seem to be thankfully received. The author (profane name unknown) hints, when he does not state plainly, that he is a reincarnation of Gautama Buddha, or Siddartha, as also of a few other no meaner historical personages. The work is a clever steering between the sandbanks of science and theology. Enough is given in careful agreement with the former to make it ignore the more abundant concessions to the gods of the latter —*e.g.*, Biblical chronology. The age of the world is allowed 6240 years from Adam, "seven hundred years after the brown and black races had been created" (p. 53, "Chronology"); the date of the earth's incrustation and globe being left to the imagination of the reader. A chronological table of the principal historical events of the world is published on pages 53-56. Among them the birth of Moses is placed 1572 B.C. The Vedas are shown compiled in India, and the poems of Homer in Greece, "about 1200 B.C." Siddartha or Gautama established Buddhism in India "from 808 to 726," B.C. we are told. Last, but not least, of the world epochs and *divine* signs of the time, comes the for ever memorable event of March 31st, 1885—namely, the "Book of Life, Vonisa, was completely written," and it closes the list. The reader is notified, moreover, at the line beginning with A.D. 6240, that the year 1884 C.E. (Christian Era) is the "beginning of Messianic age and close of Christian age," which might account for the appearance and publication in the year following of the original volume now under review.

The new Messiah declares that "although much of the work consists of discoveries which are original with the author, yet the reader will find in the Analytic Index a few hundred out of the many references which might be given to eminent authorities which were consulted in its preparation." Among these, it seems, one has to include some theosophic writings, as it is stated in the "Book of Life" that—

(*a.*) "Seven great forces were concerned in these vast movements of early creation."

(*b.*) "Seven Ages of the Earth."

(*c.*) "Vayomer Elohim" translated "according to the laws of the Hebrew language," means that "seven forces were used as three-fold factors," and

(*d.*) That the first human beings were incarnated spirits" (pp. 26-27).

The above four declarations have the approval of theosophy. Whether the sentence that follows, namely, that "the work of incarnation (of the *spirits*) took place according to law," and is "the clearest hypothesis *which science has to offer concerning the origin of man*," will meet with the same approval from Messrs. Huxley, Haeckel, and Fiske, of the "Atomo-mechanical Theory," is very doubtful.

Nor is it so sure that the Ethnological department in the Anglo-Indian Bureau of Statistics is quite prepared to alter its census returns in accordance with Siddartha's declaration, on page 29, that—

"One branch of the brown race was the Dravidian, *which still holds its place in Northern India*." (? !)

A new book, bearing the title of SPIRIT REVEALED, is nearly ready for press. It is described as an extraordinary work. Its author is Wm. C. Eldon Serjeant, F.T.S., a writer of articles on the "Coming Reformation," "Sparks from the World of Fire," &c., &c. The work claims to "explain the Nature of the Deity, and to discuss His manifestations on every plane of existence, and to show forth the form of Christ, whose second coming is expected by Christians, and to proclaim the advent of the Messiah according to the belief of the Jews." "Many subjects, involving questions of considerable obscurity in reference to the Deity, to the Scriptures, to men, to animals, and to things generally, are comprehensively treated and explained in accordance with the Word of the Spirit declared at various times through the sons of men."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH: These reports coming out *ad libitum*, without any definite date, cannot be regarded as

periodical. Depending for their circulation chiefly on the consummation of what the learned editors offer as *bonâ fide* psychic and spiritualistic *exposés*—which the public accepts as most kind advertisements of the people so attacked—this publication occupies a position entirely *sui generis*. The "Proceedings" offer to the public a very useful *manual*, something between a text and a guide-book, with practical instructions in diplomatic policy in the domain of the Psychic, in the form of scientific letters and private detective information. Sensitives discern in the "Proceedings" (by *telepathic impact*) the Machiavelian spirit of aristocratic Bismarck, seasoned with an aura strongly impregnated with the plebeian perfumes of honest *mouchards* on duty, but then they are, perhaps, prejudiced. On the other hand, some Russian, spiritualistically inclined members of the S.P.R. have been heard to say, that the "Proceedings" reminded them of those of the happily defunct Third Section of the St. Petersburg Police. Thus, the tutelary "guides" of the learned association of the British Psychists, may one day turn out to be the departed spirits of Russian *gendarmes* after all?

Occasionally when the hunting grounds of this erudite body have afforded a specially successful chase—after mares' nests—a *Supplement* is added to the "Proceedings," the magnitude of the added volume being in inverse ratio to the illumination of its contents, which are generally offered as a premium to materialism.

Hence, the "Proceedings" may be better described as the fluctuating and occasional records of a society bent upon giving the lie to its own name. For "Psychical" research is surely a misnomer, besides being a delusion and a snare for the unwary. LUCIFER would suggest as a truer title, "Society for Hylo-*Pseumatical* Research." This would give the S.P.R. the benefit of an open connection with Dr. Lewins' unparalleled "Hylo-Idealism" *—while it would enable it to sail under its *true* colours.

Whether LUCIFER'S advice be accepted or not, the profound philosophy of the phenomenon baptized "telepathy" and telepathic impact can only be studied scientifically, in our spasmodic contemporary. This new Greek stranger is the crowning work of the Psychic Fathers of our century. It is their "first" and "only" offspring, and is a *genuine* discovery as far as its Hellenic name goes. For, bereft of its Greek appellation, it becomes like America. The genius who *discovered* the phenomenon, is like Columbus on whom the Northmen, and even the Chinamen, had stolen a march centuries before. This phenomenon can only seem *new* when thus disguised under a name solemn and scientific—because incomprehensible to the average profane. Its plain description in English—as transference of thought or sensation from a distance—could never hope to have the same ring of classical learning in it.

Nevertheless, the "Proceedings" with the two additional gigantic volumes of the psychic "Leviathan," called "Phantasms of the Living," are strongly recommended to invalids. They are priceless in cases of obstinate *insomnia*, as the best soporific known. *Directions:* The reader must be careful not to light a match in too close proximity to the said works.

* ὑλη '*matter* as opposed to mind"; therefore *Material-Idealism*—a contradiction in terms exactly parallel to the name "Psychic" and the very "anti-psychic" work of the Society referred to. *Pseuma* should replace *Psyche*, as it seeks for *frauds* and not *soul-action*.

"THE ADVERSARY."

The following books have been received and will be noticed in early numbers of LUCIFER:—

THE HISTORY OF THE ROSICRUCIANS, by Arthur E. Waite, and THE QUABALAH UNVEILED, by S. L. Mac-Gregor Mathers, from Mr. Redway; EARTH'S EARLIEST AGES, by C. H. Pember, from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; THE MYSTERY OF THE AGES, by the Countess of Caithness, from Mr. C. L. H. Wallace; AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE ROSICRUCIANS, by Dr. F. Hartmann, from the Occult Publishing Company, Boston; and NINETEENTH CENTURY COMMON SENSE, from the T. B. Lippincott Company, Boston, U.S.A.

CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING TO ASTROLOGERS.

ASTROLOGICAL NOTES—No. 1.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

WE are told that, before judging a horary figure, we must ascertain if it is radical, and to decide this point several rules have been given. The first is with regard to the number of degrees on the cusp of the ascendant. Lilly says a figure is rarely radical if the first two or last three degrees of a sign ascend. Morrison fixes the limit at the first or second and last two degrees. Pearse gives the limit as the first and last five degrees, and Raphael as the first and last three.

All the laws of nature are harmonious and rational; but in the rule of the first two authorities, this harmony seems absent. Why should the limit be 1 or 2 degrees at the beginning of the sign and 2 or 3 at the end?

Again, as an exception to the above rule, Lilly says that a figure may be radical even when 27° or more ascend, if the number corresponds to his age; and when 1° or 2° ascend, if the querent be very young, and his appearance agrees with the quality of the signs ascending. And here again there is the same want of harmony. Why should the age of the querent have to correspond accurately in one case and only approximately in the other? Furthermore, no astrologers seem to have given a logical explanation of these rules.

On reflecting on this problem I reasoned thus. In ♍ 29° 59′ 59″ ♃ is absolutely without dignity; in ♑ 0° 0′ 1″ he is in his house triplicity, and terms, a threefold dignity. Is it conceivable that this great change of power should be so sudden, as to be accomplished in less than 2 seconds of space? Analogy shows that it is probably otherwise, and that as the planets and cusps of houses have orbs of influence, *so also have the signs.*

If this be true, it supplies the key to the above problem. If only the first or last few degrees of a sign ascend, then the cusp of the ascendant is within the orbs of the adjacent signs, and the house is not ruled solely by the planet which is its proper lord, but also partly by the planet ruling the adjacent sign; and this must hold good under all circumstances, even when the number of the degrees ascending agree with the age of the querent, or the ascending sign and planets therein describe him.

Furthermore, if this be admitted, it also follows, as a logical conclusion, that if the first and last few degrees of a sign are on the cusp of any house, no conclusion can be drawn with certainty from the aspects of the lord of that house.

The exact limits of the orbs of the signs must be decided by experience; I am induced to fix the limits at 2° 30′ and 27° 30′.

NEMO.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

The belief in the power and efficacy of talismans and amulets was, at one period of the world's history, universal. Even during the XVth century, the latest among the innumerable revivals of civilisation, the majority of learned and cultured men had a profound conviction of their reality. But such ideas are now scouted by popular opinion, because the philosophy underlying them is not understood. LUCIFER, therefore, would certainly confer a boon on many by throwing light on the following points:—

(1). Wherein does the power of a talisman lie? (2). How far does its efficacy depend on the signs traced upon it, and how far on the power and knowledge of the maker? (3). Granting that will-power and knowledge are the main factors in imparting to the talisman its power, how does that power remain attached to it after the death of the man who made it.

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THEOSOPHICAL AND MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS

THE THEOSOPHIST, a magazine of Oriental Philosophy, Art, Literature, and Occultism. Conducted by H. P. Blavatsky, and H. S. Olcott, Permanent President of the T. S. Vol. VIII., Nos. 94 and 95, July and August, 1887. Madras, India. In London, George Redway, 15, York Street, Covent Garden.

This journal is the oldest of the periodicals of the Theosophical Society, and has a distinct feature of its own: a number of Hindoo, Buddhist, and Parsi contributors among the most learned of British India. No journal is thus more reliable in the occasional information given in it upon the sacred tenets and scriptures of the East, since it is derived first hand, and comes from native scholars, well versed in their respective cults. From time to time *The Theosophist* has respectfully corrected mistakes—sins of omission and commission—by Western Orientalists, and will continue to perform its proposed task by issuing admirable articles.

As a marked instance of this, the four "Lectures on the Bhagavid Gita," by a native scholar, Mr. T. Subba Rao, may be cited. Begun in the February number, they are now concluded in the July issue. No better, abler, or more complete exposition on that most philosophical, as the least understood, of the sacred books of the East, has ever been given in any work, past or present. In the June and July numbers, the "Ha-Khoshe-Cah, a Vision of the Infinite," by Dr. Henry Pratt, a erudite Kabalist in England, is published.

Some very interesting articles on the "Norse Mythology," by the learned Swedish scholar, Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregard (the Astor Library, New York), may also be found in the last numbers.

The Theosophist is the journal of the Theosophical Society *par excellence;* the Minutes and records of the Society's work, being given monthly in its "Supplements."

No evil wisher of the said Society, rushing into publicity with denunciations, and occasionally libellous attacks upon that body, ought—if he is a fair-minded and *honest* opponent, of course—to publish anything without first making himself well acquainted with the contents of *The Theosophist*, and especially with the *Supplements* attached to that journal.

This advice is given in all kindness to our traducers—the learned as the ignorant—for their direct benefit, though at an evident disadvantage to theosophy. For, as so many of our critics have been lately making fools of themselves, in their alleged *exposés* of our doctrines, it is to the advantage of our Society to let them go on undisturbed, and thus turn the laugh on the enemy. Two graphic instances may be cited. In "Buddhism in Christendom; or, Jesus the Essene," by an impolite dabbler in Orientalism, the septenary doctrine of the Occultists is disfigured out of recognition, and is met by the unanimous hearty laugh of those who know something of the subject. Its unlucky author has evidently never opened a serious theosophical work, unless, indeed, the doctrine is too much above his head. As a refreshing contrast one finds, in "Earth and Its Earliest Ages," by G. H. Pember, an author, who has most conscientiously studied and understood the fundamental doctrines of Theosophy.

Thus, notwithstanding his attempt to connect it with the coming Antichrist, and show its numerous writers pledged to the work of Satan, "the Prince of the Powers of the Air,"* the volume published by that learned and fair-minded gentleman is a true pearl in the *anti*-Theosophical literature. The correct enunciation

* Spiritualists, mystics, and metaphysical Orientalists need not feel jealous, as they are made to share the same fate, and are raised to the same dignity with the Theosophists. The writers of "The Perfect Way," Mrs. Dr. Kingsford and Mr. E. Maitland, stand arm-in-arm with the humble writer of "Isis Unveiled" before the throne of Satan. Mr. Ed. Arnold, of "The Light of Asia," and the late Mr. Kenealy, of the "Book of God," are seen radiating in the same lethal light of brimstone and sulphur. Mr. C. C. Massey is shown stuck deep in Antichristian Metaphysics; our kind Lady Caithness is pointed out in the coils of the "Great Beast" of Romanism, and charged with "Goddess worship;" and even—ye Powers of mystical Perception!—Mr. Arthur Lillie's Buddhist Monotheism is taken *au grand serieux!*

of knowledge of the tenets he disapproves, as a sincere orthodox Christian, is remarkable ; and his language, dignified, polite, and entirely free from any personality can but call forth as courteous a reply from those he arraigns. He has evidently read, and, what is more, *understood*, what he found in the *Theosophist*, and other mystic volumes. It shall, therefore, be the pleasure and duty of LUCIFER, who bears no malice for the personal attack, to review this interesting volume in its October issue, hoping to see as kind a notice of "Earth and Its Earliest Ages" in the *Theosophist* of Madras.

THE PATH ; "a magazine devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, Theosophy in America, and the study of Occult Science, Philosophy, and Aryan Literature." Edited by William Q. Judge. Price ten shillings per annum. New York, U. S. A. P. O. Box, 2659, etc. George Redway, 15 York Street, Covent Garden, London.

A most excellent and theosophical monthly, full of philosophical literature by several well-known mystics and writers. The best publication of its kind in the United States, and one that ever fulfils what it promises, giving more food for thought than many of the larger periodicals. Its August number is very interesting and fully up to its usual mark.

Jasper Niemann continues his excellent reflections in "Letters on the True." Mr. E. D. Walker, in an article upon "The Poetry of Reincarnation in Western Literature," cites the verses of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Dean Alford, Addison, H. Vaughan, Browning, etc., in proof of the fact that these poets were tinctured, if not imbued, with the philosophy of reincarnation. B. N. Acle continues *Notes on the Astral Light*, from Eliphas Levi. He cites the startling and lurid enunciation of that epigrammatical occultist, who says that "He who dies without forgiving his enemy, hurls himself into Eternity armed with a dagger, and devotes himself to the horror of eternal murder." "*The Symbolism of the Equilateral Triangle*," by Miss Lydia Bell, shows how much wisdom can be extracted from a little symbol when you know how to look for it there.

S. B. makes some very pertinent remarks upon *Theosophical Fiction*, the growth of which is one sign of the times. "A true picture of life, either real or potential, which is found in a work of fiction, makes such reading one of the best sources of learning." Thanks to the education which it is receiving from the more solid literature of theosophy, the public is becoming more critical, and has already formed a "standard of probability" for marvellous phenomena, which acts as a healthy check upon outside writers of fiction, who are therefore no longer able to trust entirely "to their imagination for their acts, and to their memory for their fancies." Novel readers now like their supernatural not to be *unnaturally* supernatural, even if they do have to take it in minute doses, disguised in their favourite draught of love, murder and small talk. *The Higher Carelessness* (No. 7 of *Thoughts in Solitude*), by "Pilgrim," is full of deep and beautiful reflections. This writer, like "American Mystic" whose article on the puzzling question, "*Am I my Brother's Keeper*," comes next, has advanced some way upon the path of knowledge, and the thoughts of both of them have a special interest for contemplative and self-examining readers. "American Mystic," by-the-bye, gives a new and striking turn to a phrase too often misunderstood. "Resist not evil" he quotes and explains that resistance, fierce and personal, to evil befalling oneself, is what is meant. *Christianity—Theosophy*, by Mr. Wm. H. Kembal, seeks to show that the fundamental aim of both, namely the Brotherhood of Humanity, is the same, and that they can and ought to unite their forces.

Julius, in *Tea Table Talk*, is as crisp, weird, and slyly-sentimental as ever.

LE LOTUS : "Revue des Hautes Etudes Théosophiques. Tendant à favorises le rapprochement entre l'Orient et l'Occident." Sous l'inspiration de H. P. Blavatsky (nominally ; but edited, in reality, by our able brother, F. K. Gaboriau, F.T.S.). Georges Carré, 112 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris. Subscription 15 fr. per annum.

An excellent monthly, presenting yet another aspect of theosophy ; inspired by the desire to benefit the struggling masses of humanity, and to diffuse the true spirit of solidarity among men. The August number, besides translations of selected articles from the *Theosophist*, of special interest to its French readers, contains a capital article on "Freemasons and Theosophists," the continuation of a series of studies on "Initiation," and a discussion of the much-vexed question whether the "Will to Live" spoken of in the "Elixir of Life" is selfish or not. In

the last few pages, the serious character of the journal is relieved by those brilliant sparkles of French wit to which that language lends itself so admirably.

Brief notes on books, articles in the press, pamphlets, &c., give ample scope for caustic raillery, as well as appreciative comment, and the editor ought to be specially congratulated on this department of his review.

L'AURORE: Revue mensuelle sous la direction de Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar. George Carré, 112 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris. Subscription, 15fr. per annum.

The Mystic and Catholic Journal of Aristocratic France, somewhat tinged with humanitarianism, and showing the influence of the higher phases of modern spiritualism. The subject of reincarnation is its principal feature, and a mystical romance, *Amour Immortel*, gives its various phases. *L'Aurore* is admirably conducted. Its articles are always in good taste, and perfectly adapted to the special public it appeals to.

THE OCCULT WORD: A monthly journal in the interest of Theosophy. Mrs. J. W. Cables, 40, Ambrose Street, Rochester, N. Y., U.S.A. Subscription, 1 dollar per annum.

Brought out more in the style of a newspaper, this journal is another proof of the vitality of the Theosophic movement. It is more Christian in its tone and phraseology, and shows less traces of the influence of Eastern thought, than the publications already mentioned. Some thoughts in it are remarkably good, and its tendency most excellent. A most worthy little periodical.

THE OCCULTIST: A monthly journal of Psychological and Mystical Research. Edited by Mr. J. Thomas, F.T.S. London agent, E. W. Allen, 4 Ave Maria Lane, E.C. Subscription, 1 shilling per annum.

As its price indicates, a tiny and unambitious publication of four pages, but one that contains, from time to time, thoughtful and suggestive articles. Its existence testifies to the devotion of its proprietor and editor to the cause of truth.

THE SPHINX: "A monthly journal, devoted to the historical and experimental proof of the supersensuous conception of the world on a monistic basis." Edited by Hübbe Schleiden, Dr. J. U. Th. Griebens Verlag, Leipzig; and George Redway, London. Subscription, 12s. 6d. per annum.

As its title page implies, a learned and philosophical journal, doing its work with true German thoroughness and permeated with a real spirit of earnest investigation. It appeals, mainly, to thinkers and students—a numerous class in Germany, but somewhat sparsely represented in England. Dr. Carl Du Prel, the leader of the new school of transcendental philosophy in that country, is its leading contributor. But it contains from time to time articles of great interest to students of occultism.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE "LONDON LODGE" OF THE T. S., NOS. 12 AND 13.—Two able and interesting papers by Mr. A. P. Sinnett; the first on "Buddha's Teaching," the second on "The Relations of the Lower and Higher Self." Dealing with Buddhism, Mr. Sinnett exposes several of the current misconceptions regarding Buddhist doctrines. Notably among these stand the utterly false ideas, current in the West, that Buddha recognised no conscious existence for the individual after death, and that Nervana is synonymous with annihilation. Mr. Sinnett draws a happy comparison between these misconceptions and the strange blindness shown by European scholars in accepting the allegorical legend that Buddha's death was occasioned by eating roast *boar*, as a literal fact.

In his second paper, Mr. Sinnett follows up a line of thought originated by him in an earlier number of the "Transactions." He explains his views with clearness, and adds considerably to the details of the outline sketched in his previous paper. But, as LUFICER hopes shortly to deal with this subject at length, it is unnecessary to enter into a detailed examination of Mr. Sinnett's views at present.

THE ESOTERIC: "A Magazine of Advance and Practical Esoteric Thought." Boston, U.S.A. Subscription 6s. per annum.

Principal feature—the identification of each issue with one of the signs of the Zodiac, which are held to be "important and real divisions of time or states of man's life." Contents—eighteen short articles, occupying 62 pages, the substance of which has been mainly gleaned from various mystic authors, and harmonizes well with some Theosophical teachings.

From the Note Book of an Unpopular Philosopher

THE ESOTERIC VALUE OF CERTAIN WORDS AND DEEDS IN SOCIAL LIFE.

A definition of *Public Opinion.* The gathering of a few fogies positively electrified by fanaticism and force of habit, who act on the many noodles negatively electrified by indifference. The acceptation of uncharitable views on "suggestion" by "telepathic impact" (what ever that may mean). The work of unconscious psychology.

Sympathetic grief.—The expression thereof in Society, for one's sorrow, is like a solemn funeral procession, in which the row of mourning coaches is long, indeed, but the carriages of which are all empty.

Mutual exchange of compliments.—Expressions of delight and other acting in cultured society are the fig-leaves of the civilised Adams and Eves. These "aprons" to conceal truth are fabricated incessantly in social Edens, and their name is—*politeness.*

Keeping the Sabbath. — Throwing public contumely on, and parading one's superiority over Christ, "one greater than the temple" and Sabbath, who stood for his disciples' rights to "break" the Sabbath, for the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for Sabbath (Matt. xii. and Mark ii., etc.).

Attending Divine Service.—Breaking the express commandment of Jesus. Becoming "as the hypocrites are," who love to pray in Synagogue and Temples, "that they may be seen of men."(Matt.vi.)

Taking the Oath, on the Bible.—A Christian law, devised and adopted to perpetuate and carry out the unequivocal commandment of the Founder of Christianity, "Swear not at all, neither by heaven nor by the earth" (Matt. v.). As the heaven and the earth are supposed to have been created *only* by God, a book written by *men* thus received the prerogative over the former.

Unpopularity.—We hate but those whom we envy or fear. Hatred is a concealed and forced homage rendered to the person hated; a tacit admission of the superiority of the unpopular character.

The true value of *back-biting and slander.* A proof of the fast coming triumph of the victim chosen. The bite of the fly when the creature feels its end approaching.

A Few Illustrations to the Point from Schopenhauer.

Socrates was repeatedly vilified and thrashed by the opponents of his philosophy, and was as repeatedly urged by his friends to have his honour avenged in the tribunals of Athens. Kicked by a rude citizen, in the presence of his followers, one of these expressed surprise for his not resenting the insult, to which the Sage replied:

"Shall I then feel offended, and ask the magistrate to avenge me, if I also happen to be kicked by an ass?"

To another remark whether a certain man had abused and called him names, he quietly answered:

"No; for none of the epithets he used can possibly apply to me." (From Plato's "Georgics")

"The famous cynic, Cratus, having received from the musician Nicodromus a blow which caused his face to swell, coolly fixed a tablet upon his brow, inscribed with the two words, "*Nicodromus facit.*" The flute player hardly escaped with his life from the hands of the populace, which viewed Cratus as a household god.

Seneca, in his work "*De Constanta Sapientis*," treats most elaborately of insults in words and deeds, or *contumelia*, and then declares that no Sage ever pays the smallest attention to such things.

—"Well, yes!" the reader will exclaim, "but these men were all of them *Sages!*"

—"And you, are you then only *fools?* Agreed!"

LUCIFER

VOL. I. LONDON, OCTOBER 15TH, 1887. No. 2.

THE LADY OF LIGHT.

(*Written for* LUCIFER.)

STAR of the Day and the Night!
Star of the Dark that is dying;
Star of the Dawn that is nighing,
Lucifer, Lady of Light! *

* *

Still with the purest in white,
Still art thou Queen of the Seven;
Thou hast not fallen from Heaven
Lucifer, Lady of Light!

* *

How large in thy lustre, how bright
The beauty of promise thou wearest!
The message of Morning thou bearest,
Lucifer, Lady of Light!

* *

Aid us in putting to flight
The Shadows that darken about us,
Illumine within, as without, us,
Lucifer, Lady of Light!

* *

Shine through the thick of our fight;
Open the eyes of the sleeping;
Dry up the tears of the weeping,
Lucifer, Lady of Light!

* *

Purge with thy pureness our sight,
Thou light of the lost ones who love us,
Thou lamp of the Leader above us,
Lucifer, Lady of Light!

* *

Shine with transfiguring might,
Till earth shall reflect back as human
Thy Likeness, Celestial Woman,
Lucifer, Lady of Light!

* *

With the flame of thy radiance smite
The clouds that are veiling the vision
Of Woman's millennial mission,
Lucifer, Lady of Light!

* *

Shine in the Depth and the Height,
And show us the treasuries olden
Of wisdom, the hidden, the golden,
Lucifer, Lady of Light!

GERALD MASSEY.

* The reader well versed in symbology and theogony is, of course, aware that every god and goddess of the ancient pantheons is androgynous in his or her genealogy. Thus our Lucifer, the "Morning Star," being identical with Venus, is, therefore, the same as the Chaldean Istar, or the Jewish Astoreth, to whom the Hebrews offered cakes and buns, addressing her as the Lady of Light and the Queen of Heaven. She is the "great star," *Wormwood*, whom the misanthropical St. John sees falling down to the earth in *Revelation* (Chapter viii.), as her great rival is *Aima*, the fruitful mother, or the third Sephiroth Binah (IHVH ALHIM, or the female Jah-hovah), the "woman with child," in Chapter xii. of the same.

Oct-1888

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

IT is intensely interesting to follow season after season the rapid evolution and change of public thought in the direction of the mystical. The educated mind is most undeniably attempting to free itself from the heavy fetters of materialism. The ugly caterpillar is writhing in the agonies of death, under the powerful efforts of the psychic butterfly to escape from its science-built prison, and every day brings some new glad tidings of one or more such mental births to light.

As the New York "Path" truly remarks in its September issue, when "Theosophical and kindred topics . . . . are made the texts for novels," and, we may add, scientific essays and *brochures*, "the implication is that interest in them has become diffused through all social ranks." That kind of literature is "paradoxically proof that Occultism has passed beyond the region of careless amusement and entered that of serious enquiry." The reader has but to throw a retrospective glance at the publications of the last few years to find that such topics as Mysticism, Magic, Sorcery, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Mesmerism, or, as it is now called, Hypnotism, all the various branches in short of the *Occult* side of nature, are becoming predominant in every kind of literature. They visibly increase in proportion to the efforts made to discredit the movements in the cause of truth, and strangle enquiry—whether on the field of theosophy or spiritualism—by trying to besmear their most prominent heralds, pioneers and defenders, with tar and feathers.

The key-note for mystic and theosophic literature was Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." It was followed by his "Zoroaster." Then followed "The Romance of Two Worlds," by Marie Corelli; R. Louis Stephenson's "Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll;" "The Fallen Idol," by Anstey; "King Solomon's Mines" and the thrice famous "She," by Rider Haggard; "Affinities" and "The Brother of the Shadow," by Mrs. Campbell Praed; Edmund Downey's "House of Tears," and many others less noticeable. And now there comes a fresh outburst in Florence Marryat's "Daughter of the Tropics," and F. C. Philips' "Strange Adventures of Lucy Smith." It is unnecessary to mention in detail the literature produced by avowed theosophists and occultists, some of whose works are very remarkable, while others are positively scientific, such as S. L. Macgregor Mathers' "Kabbalah Unveiled," and Dr. F. Hartmann's "Paracelsus," "Magic, White and Black," &c. We have also to note the fact that theosophy has now crossed the Channel, and is making its way into French literature. "La France" publishes a strange

romance by Ch. Chincholle, pregnant with theosophy, occultism and mesmerism, and called "*La Grande Pretresse*," while *La Revue politique et litteraire* (19 Feb. 1887, *et seq.*) contained over the signature of Th. Bentzon, a novel called *Emancipée*, wherein esoteric doctrines and adepts are mentioned in conjunction with the names of well-known theosophists. A sign of the times!

Literature—especially in countries free from government censorship—is the public heart and pulse. Besides the glaring fact that were there no demand there would be no supply, current literature is produced only to please, and is therefore evidently the mirror which faithfully reflects the state of the public mind. True, Conservative editors, and their submissive correspondents and reporters, still go on slashing occasionally in print the fair faces of mystic spiritualism and theosophy, and some of them are still found, from time to time, indulging in a *brutal* personal attack. But they do no harm on the whole, except perhaps to their own editorial reputations, as such editors can never be suspected of an exuberance of culture and good taste after certain ungentlemanly personal attacks. They do good on the contrary. For, while the theosophists and spiritualists so attacked, may view the Billingsgate poured upon them in a true Socratean spirit, and console themselves with the knowledge that none of the epithets used can possibly apply to them, on the other hand, *too much* abuse and vilification generally ends by awakening the public sympathy for the victim, in the right-minded and the impartial, at any rate.

In England people seem to like fair play on the whole. It is not *bashi-boozook*-like actions, the doughty deeds of those who delight in mutilating the slain and the wounded, that can find sympathy for any great length of time with the public. If—as maintained by our lay enemies and repeated by some *naïf* and too sanguine missionary organs—Spiritualism and Theosophy are "dead as a door-nail" (*sic, vide* American Christian periodicals),—aye, "dead and buried," why, in such case, good Christian fathers, not leave the dead at rest till "Judgment Day"? And if they are not, then editors—the profane as well as the clerical—why should you still fear? Do not show yourselves such cowards if you have the truth on your side. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*, and "murder will out," as it always has, sooner or later. Open your columns to *free* and fearless discussion, and do as the theosophical periodicals have ever done, and as LUCIFER is now preparing to do. The "bright Son of the morning" fears no light. He courts it, and is prepared to publish any inimical contributions (couched, of course, in decent language), however much at variance with his theosopical views. He is determined to give a fair hearing in any and every case, to both contending parties and allow things and thoughts to be judged on their respective merits. For why, or what should one dread when fact and truth are one's only aim? *Du choc des opinions jaillit la verité* was said by a French philosopher. If Theosophy and

Spiritualism are no better than "gigantic frauds and will-o'-the-wisps of the age" why such *expensive* crusades against both? And if they are not, why should Agnostics and searchers after truth in general, help bigoted and narrow-minded materialists, sectarians and dogmatists to hide our light under a bushel by mere brutal force and usurped authority? It is easy to surprise the good faith of the fair-minded. Still easier to discredit that, which by its intrinsic strangeness, is already unpopular and could hardly be credited in its palmiest days. "We welcome no supposition so eagerly as one which accords with and intensifies our own prejudices" says, in "Don Jesualdo," a popular author. Therefore, *facts* become often cunningly concocted "frauds;" and self-evident, glaring lies are accepted as gospel truths at the first breeze of Don Basilio's *Calumnia*, by those to whose hard-crusted pre-conceptions such slander is like heavenly dew.

But, beloved enemies, "the light of Lucifer" may, after all, dispel some of the surrounding darkness. The mighty roaring voice of denunciation, so welcome to those whose little spites and hates and mental stagnation in the grasp of the social respectabilily it panders to, may yet be silenced by the voice of truth—"the still small voice"—whose destiny it ever was to first preach in the desert. That cold and artificial light which still seems to shine so dazzlingly over the alleged iniquities of professional mediums and the supposed sins of commission and omission of *non-professional* experimentalists, of free and independent theosophists, may yet be extinguished at the height of all its glory. For it is not quite the perpetual lamp of the alchemist philosopher. Still less is it that "light which never shone on sea or land," that ray of divine intuition, the spark which glimmers latent in the spiritual, never-erring perceptions of man and woman, and which is now awakening—for its time is at hand. A few years more, and the Aladdin's lamp, which called forth the ministering genius thereof, who, making three salutes to the public, proceeded forthwith to devour mediums and theosophists, like a juggler who swallows swords at a village fair, will get out of order. Its light, over which the anti-theosophists are crowing victory to this day, shall get dim. And then, perhaps, it will be discovered that what was claimed as a direct ray from the source of eternal truth was no better than a penny rush-light, in whose deceitful smoke and soot people got hypnotized, and saw everything upside down. It will be found that the hideous monsters of fraud and imposture had no existence outside the murky and dizzied brains of the Aladdins on their journey of discovery. And that, finally, the good people who listened to them, had been all the time seeing sights and hearing things under unconscious and mutual *suggestion*.

This is a scientific explanation, and requires no black magicians or *dugpas* at work; for "suggestion" as now practised by the sorcerers of science is—*dugpaship* itself, *pur sang*. No Eastern "adept of the *left* hand" can do more mischief by his infernal art than a grave hypnotiser

of the Faculty of Medicine, a disciple of Charcot, or of any other scientific *light* of the first magnitude. In Paris, as in St. Petersburg, crimes have been committed under "suggestion." Divorces have occurred, and husbands have nearly killed their wives and their supposed co-respondents, owing to tricks played on innocent and respectable women, who have thus had their fair name and all their future life blasted for ever. A son, under such influence, broke open the desk of an avaricious father, who caught him in the act, and nearly shot him in a fit of rage. One of the keys of Occultism is in the hands of science—cold, heartless, materialistic, and crassly ignorant of the other truly psychic side of the phenomenon: hence, powerless to draw a line of demarcation between the physiological and the purely spiritual effects of the disease inoculated, and unable to prevent future results and consequences of which it has no knowledge, and over which it has, therefore, no control.

We find in the "Lotus" of September, 1887, the following:—

A French paper, the *Paris*, for August 12th, contains a long and excellent article by G. Montorgueil, entitled, *The Accursed Sciences*, from which we extract the following passage, since we are, unfortunately, unable to quote the whole:—

"Some months ago, already, in I forget what case, the question of 'suggestion' was raised and taken account of by the judges. We shall certainly see people in the dock accused of occult malpractices. But how will the prosecution go to work? What arguments will it bring to bear? The crime by 'suggestion' is the ideal of a crime without proof. In such a case the gravest charges will never be more than presumptions, and fugitive presumptions. On what fragile scaffolding of suspicions will the charge rest? No examination, but a moral one, will be possible. We shall have to resign ourselves to hearing the Solicitor-general say to the accused: 'Accused, it appears from a perquisition made into your brain, etc.'

Ah, the poor jurymen! it is they who are to be pitied. Taking their task to heart, they already have the greatest difficulty in separating the true from the false, even in rough and ready cases, the facts of which are obvious, all the details of which are tangible and the responsibilities clear. And we are going to ask them on their soul and conscience to decide questions of black magic! Verily their reason will not hold out through the fortnight; it will give way before that and sink into thaumaturgy.

We move fast. The strange trials for sorcery will blossom anew; somnabules who were merely grotesque will appear in a tragic light; the coffee grounds, which so far only risked the police court, will hear their sentence at the assizes. The evil eye will figure among criminal offences. These last years of the XIXth century will have seen us step from progress to progress, till we reach at last this judicial enormity: a second Laubardemont prosecuting another Urbain Grandier."

Serious, scientific, and political papers are full of earnest discussions on the subject. A St. Petersburg "Daily" has a long *feuilleton* on the "Bearing of *Hypnotic Suggestions* upon Criminal Law." "Cases of Hypnotism with criminal motives have of late begun to increase in an ever progressing ratio," it tells its readers. And it is not the only newspaper, nor is Russia the only country where the same tale is told. Careful investigations and researches have been made by distinguished lawyers and medical authorities. Data have been assiduously collected

and have revealed that the curious phenomenon,—which sceptics have hitherto derided, and young people have included among their evening *petits jeux innocents*,—is a new and terrible danger to state and society.

Two facts have now become patent to law and science :—

(I.) *That, in the perceptions of the hypnotised subject, the visionary representations called forth by "suggestion," become real existing actualities, the subject being, for the moment, the automatic executor of the will of the hypnotiser; and—*

(II.) *That the great majority of persons experimented upon, is subject to hypnotic suggestion.*

Thus Liébeault found only *sixty* subjects intractable out of the *seven hundred* he experimented upon ; and Bernheim, out of 1,014 subjects, failed with only *twenty-six*. The field for the natural-born *jadoo-wala* (sorcery-mongers), is vast indeed ! Evil has acquired a play-ground on which it may now exercise its sway upon many a generation of unconscious victims. For crimes undreamt of in the waking state, and felonies of the blackest dye, are now invited and encouraged by the new "accursed science." The real perpetrators of these deeds of darkness may now remain for ever hidden from the vengeance of human justice. The hand which executes the criminal suggestion is only that of an irresponsible automaton, whose memory preserves no trace of it, and who, moreover, is a witness who can easily be disposed of by compulsory suicide—again under "suggestion." What better means than these could be offered to the fiends of lust and revenge, to those dark Powers—called human passions—ever on the look out to break the universal commandment: "Thou shalt not steal, nor murder, nor lust after thy neighbour's wife ?" Liébeault *suggested* to a young girl that she should poison herself with prussic acid, and she swallowed the supposed drug without one moment's hesitation ; Dr. Liégois *suggested* to a young woman that she owed him 5,000 francs, and the subject forthwith signed a cheque for the amount. Bernheim *suggested* to another hysterical girl a long and complicated vision with regard to a criminal case. Two days after, although the hypnotiser had not exercised any new pressure upon her in the interim, she repeated distinctly the whole suggested story to a lawyer sent to her for the purpose. Had her evidence been seriously accepted, it would have brought the accused to the guillotine.

These cases present two dark and terrible aspects. From the moral stand point, such processes and *suggestions* leave an indelible stain upon the purity of the subject's nature. Even the innocent mind of a ten year old child can thus be innoculated with vice, the poison-germ of which will develop in his subsequent life

On the judicial aspect it is needless to enter in great detail Suffice to say that it is this characteristic feature of the hypnotic state—the absolute surrender of will and self-consciousness to the hypnotiser—

which possesses such importance, from its bearing upon crime, in the eyes of legal authorities. For if the hypnotiser has the subject entirely at his beck and call, so that he can cause him to commit any crime, acting, so to say, invisibly within him, then what are not the terrible "judicial mistakes" to be expected? What wonder then, that the jurisprudence of one country after the other has taken alarm, and is devising, one after the other, measures for repressing the exercise of hypnotism! In Denmark it has just been forbidden. Scientists have experimented upon sensitives with so much success that a hypnotised victim has been jeered and hooted through the streets on his way to commit a crime, which he would have completed unconsciously, had not the victim been warned beforehand by the hypnotiser.

In Brussels a recent and sad case is well-known to all. A young girl of good family was seduced while in a hypnotised state by a man who had first subjected her to his influence at a social gathering. She only realised her condition a few months later, when her relatives, who divined the criminal, forced her seducer to make the only possible reparation—that of marrying his victim.

The French Academy has just been debating the question:—how far a hypnotised subject, from a mere victim, can become a regular tool of crime. Of course, no jurist or legislator can remain indifferent to this question; and it was averred that the crimes committed under *suggestion* are so unprecedented that some of them can hardly be brought within the scope of the law. Hence the prudent legal prohibition, just adopted in France, which enacts that no person, save those legally qualified to exercise the medical profession, shall hypnotise any other person. Even the physician who enjoys such legal right is permitted to hypnotise a person only in the presence of another qualified medical man, and with the written permission of the subject. Public *séances* of hypnotism are forbidden, and they are strictly confined to medical *cliniques* and laboratories. Those who break this law are liable to a heavy fine and imprisonment.

But the keynote has been struck, and many are the ways in which this *black art* may be used—laws notwithstanding. That it will be so used, the vile passions inherent in human nature are sufficient guarantee.

Many and strange will be the romances yet enacted; for truth is often stranger than fiction, and what is thought fiction is still more often truth.

No wonder then that occult literature is growing with every day. Occultism and sorcery are in the air, with no true philosophical knowledge to guide the experimenters and thus check evil results. "Works of *fiction*," the various novels and romances are called. "Fiction" in the arrangement of their characters and the adventures of their heroes and heroines—admitted. Not so, as to the *facts* presented. These are *no fictions*, but true *presentiments* of what lies in the bosom of the future, and much of which is already born—nay corroborated by *scientific*

experiments. Sign of the times! Close of a psychic cycle! The time for phenomena with, or through mediums, whether professional or otherwise, is gone by. It was the early season of the blossoming, of the era mentioned even in the Bible; * the tree of Occultism is now preparing for "fruiting," and the Spirit of the Occult is awakening in the blood of the new generations. If the old men only "dream dreams," the young ones see already visions, † and—record them in novels and works of fiction. Woe to the ignorant and the unprepared, and those who listen to the syrens of materialistic science! For indeed, indeed, many will be the unconscious crimes committed, and many will be the victims who will innocently suffer death by hanging and decapitation at the hands of the righteous judges and the *too innocent* jurymen, both alike ignorant of the fiendish power of "SUGGESTION."

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* "It shall come to pass that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams; your young men shall see visions" (Joel ii. 28).

† It is curious to note that Mr. Louis Stevenson, one of the most powerful of our imaginative writers, stated recently to a reporter that he is in the habit of constructing the plots of his tales in *dreams*, and among others that of Dr. Jekyll. "I dreamed," he continued, "the story of 'Olalla' . . . and I have at the present moment two unwritten stories which I have likewise dreamed. . . . Even when fast asleep I know that it is I who am inventing." . . . But who knows whether the idea of "invention" is not also "a dream"!

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

THE first necessity for obtaining self-knowledge is to become profoundly conscious of ignorance; to feel with every fibre of the heart that one is *ceaselessly* self-deceived.

The second requisite is the still deeper conviction that such knowledge—such intuitive and certain knowledge—can be obtained by effort.

The third and most important is an indomitable determination to obtain and face that knowledge.

Self knowledge of this kind is unattainable by what men usually call "self-analysis." It is not reached by reasoning or any brain process; for it is the awakening to consciousness of the Divine nature of man.

To obtain this knowledge is a greater achievement than to command the elements or to know the future.

COMMENTS ON "LIGHT ON THE PATH."

BY THE AUTHOR; (*continued*).

"Before the ear can hear, it must have lost its sensitiveness."

THE first four rules of Light on the Path are, undoubtedly, curious though the statement may seem, the most important in the whole book, save one only. Why they are so important is that they contain the vital law, the very creative essence of the astral man. And it is only in the astral (or self-illuminated) consciousness that the rules which follow them have any living meaning. Once attain to the use of the astral senses and it becomes a matter of course that one commences to use them; and the later rules are but guidance in their use. When I speak like this I mean, naturally, that the first four rules are the ones which are of importance and interest to those who read them in print upon a page. When they are engraved on the man's heart and on his life, unmistakably then the other rules become not merely interesting, or extraordinary, metaphysical statements, but actual facts in life which have to be grasped and experienced.

The four rules stand written in the great chamber of every actual lodge of a living Brotherhood. Whether the man is about to sell his soul to the devil, like Faust; whether he is to be worsted in the battle, like Hamlet; or whether he is to pass on within the precincts; in any case these words are for him. The man can choose between virtue and vice, but not until he is a man; a babe or a wild animal cannot so choose. Thus with the disciple, he must first become a disciple before he can even see the paths to choose between. This effort of creating himself as a disciple, the re-birth, he must do for himself without any teacher. Until the four rules are learned no teacher can be of any use to him; and that is why "the Masters" are referred to in the way they are. No real masters, whether adepts in power, in love, or in blackness, can affect a man till these four rules are passed.

Tears, as I have said, may be called the moisture of life. The soul must have laid aside the emotions of humanity, must have secured a balance which cannot be shaken by misfortune, before its eyes can open upon the super-human world.

The voice of the Masters is always in the world; but only those hear it whose ears are no longer receptive of the sounds which affect the personal life. Laughter no longer lightens the heart, anger may no longer enrage it, tender words bring it no balm. For that within, to which the ears are as an outer gateway, is an unshaken place of peace in itself which no person can disturb.

As the eyes are the windows of the soul, so are the ears its gateways or doors. Through them comes knowledge of the confusion of the world. The great ones who have conquered life, who have become more than disciples, stand at peace and undisturbed amid the vibration and kaleidoscopic movement of humanity. They hold within themselves a certain knowledge, as well as a perfect peace; and thus they are not roused or excited by the partial and erroneous fragments of information which are brought to their ears by the changing voices of those around them. When I speak of knowledge, I mean intuitive knowledge. This certain information can never be obtained by hard work, or by experiment; for these methods are only applicable to matter, and matter is in itself a perfectly uncertain substance, continually affected by change. The most absolute and universal laws of natural and physical life, as understood by the scientist, will pass away when the life of this universe has passed away, and only its soul is left in the silence. What then will be the value of the knowledge of its laws acquired by industry and observation? I pray that no reader or critic will imagine that by what I have said I intend to depreciate or disparage acquired knowledge, or the work of scientists. On the contrary, I hold that scientific men are the pioneers of modern thought. The days of literature and of art, when poets and sculptors saw the divine light, and put it into their own great language—these days lie buried in the long past with the ante-Phidian sculptors and the pre-Homeric poets. The mysteries no longer rule the world of thought and beauty; human life is the governing power, not that which lies beyond it. But the scientific workers are progressing, not so much by their own will as by sheer force of circumstances, towards the far line which divides things interpretable from things uninterpretable. Every fresh discovery drives them a step onward. Therefore do I very highly esteem the knowledge obtained by work and experiment.

But intuitive knowledge is an entirely different thing. It is not acquired in any way, but is, so to speak, a faculty of the soul; not the animal soul, that which becomes a ghost after death, when lust or liking or the memory of ill-deeds holds it to the neighbourhood of human beings, but the divine soul which animates all the external forms of the individualised being.

This is, of course, a faculty which indwells in that soul, which is inherent. The would-be disciple has to arouse himself to the consciousness of it by a fierce and resolute and indomitable effort of will. I use the word indomitable for a special reason. Only he who is untameable, who cannot be dominated, who knows he has to play the lord over men, over facts, over all things save his own divinity, can arouse this faculty. "With faith all things are possible." The sceptical laugh at faith and pride themselves on its absence from their own minds. The truth is that faith is a great engine, an enormous power, which in fact can accomplish all

things. For it is the covenant or engagement between man's divine part and his lesser self.

The use of this engine is quite necessary in order to obtain intuitive knowledge; for unless a man believes such knowledge exists within himself how can he claim and use it?

Without it he is more helpless than any drift-wood or wreckage on the great tides of the ocean. They are cast hither and thither indeed; so may a man be by the chances of fortune. But such adventures are purely external and of very small account. A slave may be dragged through the streets in chains, and yet retain the quiet soul of a philosopher, as was well seen in the person of Epictetus. A man may have every worldly prize in his possession, and stand absolute master of his personal fate, to all appearance, and yet he knows no peace, no certainty, because he is shaken within himself by every tide of thought that he touches on. And these changing tides do not merely sweep the man bodily hither and thither like driftwood on the water; that would be nothing. They enter into the gateways of his soul, and wash over that soul and make it blind and blank and void of all permanent intelligence, so that passing impressions affect it.

To make my meaning plainer I will use an illustration. Take an author at his writing, a painter at his canvas, a composer listening to the melodies that dawn upon his glad imagination; let any one of these workers pass his daily hours by a wide window looking on a busy street. The power of the animating life blinds sight and hearing alike, and the great traffic of the city goes by like nothing but a passing pageant. But a man whose mind is empty, whose day is objectless, sitting at that same window, notes the passers-by and remembers the faces that chance to please or interest him. So it is with the mind in its relation to eternal truth. If it no longer transmits its fluctuations, its partial knowledge, its unreliable information to the soul, then in the inner place of peace already found when the first rule has been learned—in that inner place there leaps into flame the light of actual knowledge. Then the ears begin to hear. Very dimly, very faintly at first. And, indeed, so faint and tender are these first indications of the commencement of true actual life, that they are sometimes pushed aside as mere fancies, mere imaginings.

But before these are capable of becoming more than mere imaginings, the abyss of nothingness has to be faced in another form. The utter silence which can only come by closing the ears to all transitory sounds comes as a more appalling horror than even the formless emptiness of space. Our only mental conception of blank space is, I think, when reduced to its barest element of thought, that of black darkness. This is a great physical terror to most persons, and when regarded as an eternal and unchangeable fact, must mean to the mind the idea of annihilation rather than anything else. But it is the obliteration of one sense only;

and the sound of a voice may come and bring comfort even in the profoundest darkness. The disciple, having found his way into this blackness, which is the fearful abyss, must then so shut the gates of his soul that no comforter can enter there nor any enemy. And it is in making this second effort that the fact of pain and pleasure being but one sensation becomes recognisable by those who have before been unable to perceive it. For when the solitude of silence is reached the soul hungers so fiercely and passionately for some sensation on which to rest, that a painful one would be as keenly welcomed as a pleasant one. When this consciousness is reached the courageous man by seizing and retaining it, may destroy the "sensitiveness" at once. When the ear no longer discriminates between that which is pleasant or that which is painful, it will no longer be affected by the voices of others. And then it is safe and possible to open the doors of the soul.

"Sight" is the first effort, and the easiest, because it is accomplished partly by an intellectual effort. The intellect can conquer the heart, as is well known in ordinary life. Therefore, this preliminary step still lies within the dominion of matter. But the second step allows of no such assistance, nor of any material aid whatever. Of course, I mean by material aid the action of the brain, or emotions, or human soul. In compelling the ears to listen only to the eternal silence, the being we call man becomes something which is no longer man. A very superficial survey of the thousand and one influences which are brought to bear on us by others will show that this must be so. A disciple will fulfil all the duties of his manhood; but he will fulfil them according to his own sense of right, and not according to that of any person or body of persons. This is a very evident result of following the creed of knowledge instead of any of the blind creeds.

To obtain the pure silence necessary for the disciple, the heart and emotions, the brain and its intellectualisms, have to be put aside. Both are but mechanisms, which will perish with the span of man's life. It is the essence beyond, that which is the motive power, and makes man live, that is now compelled to rouse itself and act. Now is the greatest hour of danger. In the first trial men go mad with fear; of this first trial Bulwer Lytton wrote. No novelist has followed to the second trial, though some of the poets have. Its subtlety and great danger lies in the fact that in the measure of a man's strength is the measure of his chance of passing beyond it or coping with it at all. If he has power enough to awaken that unaccustomed part of himself, the supreme essence, then has he power to lift the gates of gold, then is he the true alchemist, in possession of the elixir of life.

It is at this point of experience that the occultist becomes separated from all other men and enters on to a life which is his own; on to the path of individual accomplishment instead of mere obedience to the genii which rule our earth. This raising of himself into an individual

power does in reality identify him with the nobler forces of life and make him one with them. For they stand beyond the powers of this earth and the laws of this universe. Here lies man's only hope of success in the great effort ; to leap right away from his present standpoint to his next and at once become an intrinsic part of the divine power as he has been an intrinsic part of the intellectual power, of the great nature to which he belongs. He stands always in advance of himself, if such a contradiction can be understood. It is the men who adhere to this position, who believe in their innate power of progress, and that of the whole race, who are the elders brothers, the pioneers. Each man has to accomplish the great leap for himself and without aid ; yet it is something of a staff to lean on to know that others have gone on that road. It is possible that they have been lost in the abyss ; no matter, they have had the courage to enter it. Why I say that it is possible they have been lost in the abyss is because of this fact, that one who has passed through is unrecognizable until the other and altogether new condition is attained by both. It is unnecessary to enter upon the subject of what that condition is at present. I only say this, that in the early state in which man is entering upon the silence he loses knowledge of his friends, of his lovers, of all who have been near and dear to him ; and also loses sight of his teachers and of those who have preceded him on his way. I explain this because scarce one passes through without bitter complaint. Could but the mind grasp beforehand that the silence must be complete, surely this complaint need not arise as a hindrance on the path. Your teacher, or your predecessor may hold your hand in his, and give you the utmost sympathy the human heart is capable of. But when the silence and the darkness comes, you lose all knowledge of him ; you are alone and he cannot help you, not because his power is gone, but because you have invoked your great enemy.

By your great enemy, I mean yourself. If you have the power to face your own soul in the darkness and silence, you will have conquered the physical or animal self which dwells in sensation only.

This statement, I feel, will appear involved ; but in reality it is quite simple. Man, when he has reached his fruition, and civilization is at its height, stands between two fires. Could he but claim his great inheritance, the encumbrance of the mere animal life would fall away from him without difficulty. But he does not do this, and so the races of men flower and then droop and die and decay off the face of the earth, however splendid the bloom may have been. And it is left to the individual to make this great effort ; to refuse to be terrified by his greater nature, to refuse to be drawn back by his lesser or more material self. Every individual who accomplishes this is a redeemer of the race. He may not blazon forth his deeds, he may dwell in secret and silence ; but it is a fact that he forms a link between man and his divine part ; between the known and the unknown ; between the stir of the market-

place and the stillness of the snow-capped Himalayas. He has not to go about among men in order to form this link; in the astral he *is* that link, and this fact makes him a being of another order from the rest of mankind. Even so early on the road towards knowledge, when he has but taken the second step, he finds his footing more certain, and becomes conscious that he is a recognised part of a whole.

This is one of the contradictions in life which occur so constantly that they afford fuel to the fiction writer. The occultist finds them become much more marked as he endeavours to live the life he has chosen. As he retreats within himself and becomes self-dependent, he finds himself more definitely becoming part of a great tide of definite thought and feeling. When he has learned the first lesson, conquered the hunger of the heart, and refused to live on the love of others, he finds himself more capable of inspiring love. As he flings life away it comes to him in a new form and with a new meaning. The world has always been a place with many contradictions in it, to the man; when he becomes a disciple he finds life is describable as a series of paradoxes. This is a fact in nature, and the reason for it is intelligible enough. Man's soul "dwells like a star apart," even that of the vilest among us; while his consciousness is under the law of vibratory and sensuous life. This alone is enough to cause those complications of character which are the material for the novelist; every man is a mystery, to friend and enemy alike, and to himself. His motives are often undiscoverable, and he cannot probe to them or know why he does this or that. The disciple's effort is that of awaking consciousness in this starry part of himself, where his power and divinity lie sleeping. As this consciousness becomes awakened, the contradictions in the man himself become more marked than ever; and so do the paradoxes which he lives through. For, of course man creates his own life; and "adventures are to the adventurous" is one of those wise proverbs which are drawn from actual fact, and cover the whole area of human experience.

Pressure on the divine part of man re-acts upon the animal part. As the silent soul awakes it makes the ordinary life of the man more purposeful, more vital, more real, and responsible. To keep to the two instances already mentioned, the occultist who has withdrawn into his own citadel has found his strength; immediately he becomes aware of the demands of duty upon him. He does not obtain his strength by his own right, but because he is a part of the whole; and as soon as he is safe from the vibration of life and can stand unshaken, the outer world cries out to him to come and labour in it. So with the heart. When it no longer wishes to take, it is called upon to give abundantly.

"Light on the Path" has been called a book of paradoxes, and very justly; what else could it be, when it deals with the actual personal experience of the disciple?

To have acquired the astral senses of sight and hearing; or in other

words to have attained perception and opened the doors of the soul, are gigantic tasks and may take the sacrifice of many successive incarnations. And yet, when the will has reached its strength, the whole miracle may be worked in a second of time. Then is the disciple the servant of Time no longer.

These two first steps are negative; that is to say they imply retreat from a present condition of things rather than advance towards another. The two next are active, implying the advance into another state of being.*

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(To be continued.)

* The correspondence with reference to these "Comments" will be found in the Correspondence columns.

WILL AND DESIRE.

WILL is the exclusive possession of man on this our plane of consciousness. It divides him from the brute in whom instinctive desire only is active.

DESIRE, in its widest application, is the one creative force in the Universe. In this sense it is indistinguishable from Will; but we men never know desire under this form while we remain only men. Therefore Will and Desire are here considered as opposed.

Thus Will is the offspring of the Divine, the God in man; Desire the motive power of the animal life.

Most men live in and by desire, mistaking it for will. But he who would achieve must separate will from desire, and make his will the ruler; for desire is unstable and ever changing, while will is steady and constant.

Both will and desire are absolute *creators*, forming the man himself and his surroundings. But will creates intelligently—desire blindly and unconsciously. The man, therefore, makes himself in the image of his desires, unless he creates himself in the likeness of the Divine, through his will, the child of the light.

His task is twofold: to awaken the will, to strengthen it by use and conquest, to make it absolute ruler within his body; and, parallel with this, to purify desire.

Knowledge and will are the tools for the accomplishment of this purification.

A LAW OF LIFE: KARMA.

(Continued.)

IN illustration of the Mahatmic condition, it may be well to quote some extracts from "Five Years of Theosophy," on pp. 215, *et seq.*

"The principal object of the Yogi is to realise the oneness of existence, and the practice of morality is the most powerful means to that end. The principal obstacle to this realization is the inborn habit of man of always placing himself at the centre of the Universe. Whatever a man might act, think, or feel, the irrepressible personality is sure to be the central figure. This, as will appear on reflection, is that which prevents every individual from filling his proper sphere in existence, where he only is in place, and no other individual is. The realization of this harmony is the practical objective aspect of the 'Grand Problem.' . . . . It availeth nothing to intellectually grasp the notion of your being everything . . . . . if it is not realized in daily life. To confuse 'meum and tuum' in the vulgar sense is but to destroy the harmony of existence by a false assertion of 'I,' and is as foolish as the attempt to nourish the legs at the expense of the arms. You cannot be one with Nature, unless all your acts, thoughts, and feelings, synchronize with the onward march of Nature. What is meant by a Brahmajnani being beyond the reach of Karma, can be realised only by a man who has found out his exact position in harmony with the one Life in Nature; that man can see how a Brahmajnani can act only in unison with Nature, and never in discord with it."

"To use the phraseology of old occult writers, the Brahmajnani is a real co-worker with Nature. . . . Many have fallen into the error of supposing that a human being can escape the operation of the law of Karma by adopting a condition of masterly inactivity, entirely losing sight of the fact that even a rigid abstinence from physical acts does not produce inactivity on the higher astral and spiritual planes. . . . Such a supposition is nothing short of a delusion. . . . There is a tendency in every department of Nature for an act to repeat itself. The Karma acquired in the last preceding birth is always trying to forge fresh links in the chain, and thereby lead to continued material existence. This tendency can only be counteracted by unselfishly performing all the duties pertaining to the sphere in which a person is born. Such a course can alone produce purification of the mind, without which the capacity of perceiving spiritual truths can never be acquired."

Such a moral standard as this may be considered as the main working factor in the existence of a Mahatma. He exists by, through, and in harmony, and, as Mahatma, is harmony itself. It is impossible to carry these «speculations» further, for beyond the fact that these considerations

are in analogy with the great law of nature, ordinary human intelligence can gain nothing from them. The Mahatma is a Mahatma, and only those who have reached that supreme condition can describe it, and even then it is doubtful whether words would express it. The word Mahatma has been used with some hesitation, as it might possibly require an article of great length to give the least idea of what it means. But some idea of the true position of these exalted beings (known in India and Tibet by this name) may be gathered from the foregoing pages if any conception of the connection of humanity with the law of Karma, and also of liberated humanity with the law of harmony, can be obtained.

In the preceding pages especial reference has been made to the fact that the Mahatma, as such, has no Karma, but it is by no means intended to convey the idea that all who enter Occultism, and even those who have progressed a very long way on the Path of Life, are Mahatmas. Nay, more! There are many of them who are very holy, and even exalted, beings, but who are still subject to the law of Karma, as applied to ordinary humanity. But they have acquired self-mastery to an extraordinary degree, and their whole attention is "fixed on the eternal." Thus, so far as they are concerned, they generate no new Karma in the restricted sense, but only progress towards Universal Harmony.

To put it shortly, they exhaust their old Karma of past lives, and devote themselves to the production of Harmony.

It is important to bear this in mind when the attention is turned to the Karmic condition of ordinary humanity. For we are at once brought face to face with the old and much disputed question between free-will and predestination.

At this point, therefore, it will be necessary to enter, at some length, on this question, because it has been supposed that the idea of Karma is identical, or nearly so, with that of predestination. Consequently, it will be necessary to attempt a definition of what Free-will and Will are. Will, to the ordinary man, is known according to his experience as the power to do or not to do an action. So far, he is perfectly right, but, as usual, man limits the action of his will to the physical plane, and takes no account of even the mental plane. Even if he does not commit an action, he cannot help thinking about it, because he has desired to do it —even if he has repressed that desire. Nothing is more common than to hear anyone say, "I can't help my likes and dislikes," or, in other words, their attractions and repulsions, desires and the reverse. Consequently, until a man can control his desires, those desires control his will, and, consequently, predestination appears to rule the day. Thus we find that it is desire which impels man onward on his course, and governs that course to a very large extent, and this is the principle which is at its highest development in mankind as a rule. Now if it be granted that the human personality—a transient thing—has been constituted by

man's vanity as the centre of the Universe, it is plain that the combination of this principle of desire with the pronounced personality, will only serve to intensify this personality and bind man fast to it. Man thus constituted is a prisoner, and, more often than not, is so attached to his prison that he prefers to flutter his wings against the bars of his cage, instead of endeavouring to escape. But are there any means of escape:—it may be asked? Desire binds man fast to his personality, and intensifies one personality against another. Hence it is productive of strife and discord, and militates strongly against the law of universal harmony, or Karma, in this aspect. Thus desire and Karma would seem to be in complete opposition, and desire cannot be said to be a consequence of Karma. But really this is a confusion of terms, for all this only exists in the world of effects and not in that of causes. Desire is an effect of the accentuated personality, and in its turn produces that personality. This constitutes the prison, and the only means of escape from this prison of discord is the endeavour to produce harmony in its place. Thus, therefore, we have a definition of will as being not only that which represses a desire, but also an emanation of the one divine principle, and proceeding from the divine in man. In one sense, this will, this harmonizer of the discord, is identical with Karma. As a consequence, we can see that Karma produces punishment. That punishment arises from the fact that the assertion of both desire and will in any man makes him the battle-field of two opposing forces—the desire to do anything, and thus gratify the desire, and the will to repress it. Thus man must be a co-worker with nature and the law of harmony. He has to repress the Typhonic principle of desire and dissipate its energy. If he does not, it will bind him more firmly to his "personal centre," accentuate his punishment, and hang like a millstone round his neck in the shape of Karmic effects, which generate fresh tendencies and desires.

The real function of will is to promote harmony between man and the great law by repressing desire. Liberation from the *effects* of Karma will come to the man who grasps his whole individuality firmly (not merely his personality), and, by the force of his awakened *spiritual* will, recognises this individuality as not himself, but as a thing to use in passing beyond the life of the individuality.

Thus the direction of will should be towards realizing one's aspirations, and so give man "a glimpse into the eternal;" the lower consciousness will mirror these aspirations, even unconsciously to itself, and then itself aspires and is elevated if all is in accord.

But this is not free-will in the ordinary sense of the term; and it does not seem possible that such should exist in view of the ideas of Karmic effects and of reincarnation. It is in these two that lie all the objections to free-will, because too short a view has been taken of human life. In the dim vistas of time, and the countless incarnations which have taken place in them, it will at once be seen that the individual

being has generated innumerable causes, the effects of which are still to be experienced. Thus it is free-will that man has, but not in the ordinary sense; it is free-will limited by countless other free-wills around him—limited too and circumscribed by his own acts. Man makes himself a prisoner, and believes himself free. He is right in his belief in a measure, for in virtue of the will he is free—to aspire and soar into the sublime heights of his own higher nature. He is a prisoner and predestined when he confines himself to his personality. Karma is at once his gaoler and his liberator, and the decision lies in the intensity of his aspirations, and is therefore in his own hands. Thus from the personal view predestination is true, but not from that of the spirit, which is free. From the latter view, and to a reasoning mind, the Calvinistic doctrine sounds little short of blasphemy. It is most certainly a contradiction in terms to speak of God as an all-wise, all-powerful and entirely just God, and then to speak of predestination as one of his laws, a law which, in face of the above qualities, and with that of mercy in addition, dooms countless millions to an eternity of pain and suffering as punishment, and that too before they are even born. When the apparent injustice of the lives of men is viewed and argued, it is because men forget what they have done in previous lives, in which they have violated the law in a very material direction, which leads them into these positions and from which they have to escape.

Thus the aspirations of man constitute that which sets man free, and which therefore represent his free-will. It is then well to endeavour to trace these aspirations in man with regard to Karma. The second section of the third part of "Light on the Path," speaks on this point with no uncertain voice. The Occultist must pluck and eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and step on either the good or the evil path. And to do this knowingly produces great Karmic results. The mass of men walk waveringly, uncertain as to their goal, their standard of life is indefinite; the Occultist cannot be half-hearted, nor can he return when he has passed the threshold. "The individuality has approached the state of responsibility by reason of growth; it cannot recede from it." The one means of escape from Karma is for the Occultist to live in the Eternal. But below this—the threshold—many men aspire. On this point, we may quote, "Five Years of Theosophy," p. 226.

"The unintelligent aspiration towards goodness propagates itself and leads to good lives in the future; the intelligent aspiration propagates itself in the same way, plus the propagation of intelligence; and this distinction shows the gulf of difference which may exist between the growth of a human soul, which merely drifts along the stream of time, and that of one which is consciously steered by an intelligent purpose throughout. The human Ego, which acquires the habit of seeking for knowledge, becomes invested, life after life, with the

qualifications which ensure the success of such a search, until the final success, achieved at some critical period of its existence, carries it right up into the company of those perfected Egos, which are the fully developed flowers only expected from a few of the thousand seeds."

"Now it is clear that a slight impulse in a given direction, even on the physical plane, does not produce the same effect as a stronger one; so exactly in this matter of engendering habits which are required to persist in their operation through a succession of lives it is quite obvious that the strong impulse of a very ardent aspiration towards knowledge will be more likely than a weaker one to triumph over the so-called accidents of nature."

These considerations bring us to the question of those habits of life which are more immediately associated with the pursuit of occult science. It will be quite plain that the generation within his own nature of affinities in the direction of spiritual progress is a matter which has very little to do with the outer circumstances of a man's daily life. It cannot be dissociated from what may be called the outer circumstances of his moral life, for an occult student, whose moral nature is consciously ignoble, and who combines the pursuit of knowledge with the practice of wrong, becomes by that condition of things a student of sorcery rather than of true Occultism.

Thus so far traced Karma in one of its aspects is, "the ethical law of causation." This law descends in its action below the moral plane, and is observed as the law of compensation on the physical plane. Thus the physical, intellectual and emotional planes, are all affected by Karma. The key to the situation is the mind; and, as we have seen, the liberation of the mind must be the most difficult task. If the powers of the mind are concentrated on the attainment of the highest ideal, Karma has no basis in which to inhere and consequently the tendency to commit actions from lower motives is annihilated. Even repentance, from this point of view, is a mistake, as it necessarily draws the mind back to the actions and motives repented of. Consequently by the exertion of free will, in the aspiration to realize the ideal, man becomes his own Saviour; and the true way to do this is to look neither for reward nor punishment; to detach the mind from all considerations below that of the spiritual life, and to live only in the Eternal.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, M.B.

"The great watch-word of the True is this:—in last analysis all things are divine."—(*Jasper Niemand in the "Path"*).

A GHOST'S REVENGE.

(Conclusion.)

GASTON paused at the entrance to the chamber, and even detected himself in taking an involuntary step backwards, for the singular illusion was heightened by the circumstance that many of the figures which were suspended perpendicularly from the walls, and had fallen a little forward, looked as though they were trying to let themselves down. But the monk, nothing concerned, went stolidly on down the long narrow chamber, which had other chambers, or corridors, leading out of it in several directions. To speak more correctly, there was a series of vaults, branching several ways, some of which were shut off from the rest by open-work screens or gates of wool.

The walls on either side were piled high with coffins, the greater number of which had one of their sides of glass, exposing to view the hideous shrouded tenants. By whatever art it had been sought to preserve these bodies from decay, Nature had declared in every instance that it should not be, and no ghastlier assemblage of mummified and mouldering corpses could have mocked the grief of the relatives who should have given their dead to the grave. On the blackened and distorted faces of some, it was not difficult to read a look of supplication which the parted and fleshless lips seemed striving to translate in this way: "Take us away from this dreadful place and hide us in the decent earth."

They lay there, all of them, in their coffins, in wrappings of linen, silk, and velvet; men, and women, and children, and little infants; priests, nobles, merchants—a world of dead ones; hundreds and thousands of them.

Upon the faces of some, decay seemed working with a kind of fantastic cruelty: punching a hole in the cheek or forehead; pushing one eye from its socket, and leaving the other; stripping the skin from one side of the face, and leaving it like a bit of wrinkled parchment on the other.

Some were made to laugh from ear to ear; some had the corners of the mouth drawn down and the features twisted, as though pain haunted them in death; others looked defiant, derisive, amazed, indignant. The majesty of death had fled from all of them, mockery and shame had come to take its place. The worms were being avenged on these who should have gone to feed them. Silent and rotting, they had no part in either world; and shrinking continually within their coffins, they cried mutely on decay to hasten his work, and give them the boon of nothingness.

Above the line of coffins, on both sides of the chamber, hundreds of clothed and hooded creatures—skeletons in all except the face, which for the most part retained its covering of dried and tarnished skin—were suspended from the walls. Each had a ticket pinned to its dress, bearing the name and the date of death.

It was these figures on the walls which gave the chamber its most dreadful aspect. Some were suspended by the neck, like suicides left there for an example. Others in various gruesome fashions parodied the attitudes of life. There was a grotesque group composed of three figures which had tumbled together in such a manner that the two on either side appeared to whisper into the ears of the third. Some had the neck awry, the head on one side, in a listening or questioning attitude; of others the head had sunk forward on the narrow breast. The jaw of some had dropped, and protruded a row of teeth, with a savage or jeering air.

Every variety of grimace and grin was shown on those appalling faces; and as Gaston passed down the chamber fingers poked at him from gaping sleeves; he was laughed at, mocked at, scowled at; and when he looked behind him, all these skeletons were laughing, mocking, and scowling at one another. Many of the faces were little else but grinning mouths, and to those whose mouths stood wide open his imagination gave voices, so that the vaults seemed filled with the cries and laughter of the dead.

The monk went steadily on in front of him, waving his candle to and fro; and as the smell was nauseate and oppressed the nostrils, he spat occasionally upon the floor.

His bit of candle burnt itself out before he had taken Gaston completely round, and he returned to fetch another, leaving Gaston in a corner of the vault where the light was a mere glimmer. Right opposite to him in this place was a massive coffin with rich chasings, whose grisly inmate was wrapped from head to foot in a mantle of black velvet. Every particle of flesh had melted from the face, the hair had fallen from the head, the eyeless sockets stared from the depths of the velvet hood. The skeleton was richly dight and finely housed; it was Death himself lying in state.

The monk came up with a fresh candle, and Gaston stooped down and peered into the coffin. Above the figure's head was affixed a miniature on ivory, which represented a young man in the first prime of life, of a refined and beautiful countenance. In the folds of the mantle a card had tumbled, and stooping lower, Gaston read on it the name of Udalrico Verga. There was a small round hole in the skull, just over the left temple.

"*Ucciso*, signor!" (Murdered!) said the monk, behind him.

The Italian word sounded softly in the lips of the monk; but there was the tell-tale hole in the forehead.

This then was the hero and the victim of that old tragedy; this was the end of him! But for his punctured skull, he might have changed places with any of the least repulsive of his skeleton companions. But his little bullet-hole marked him out from all of them. Curiously, the hood had slipped off from the left side of the skull, and as this was the side next to the spectator, the bullet-hole compelled attention to itself at once.

The story of the murder which the baron had told to Gaston, and with which his thoughts had many times been occupied in the Villa Torcello, came before him again; and looking at the stark remains of the victim of that forgotten crime, he felt a sudden and irresistible longing to know its secret. If he could win it from the coffin there! But the grim rest within would be disturbed no more. And the young man pictured there beside the skeleton? Murder had no meaning for him; he had not come to know it when he was pictured thus. The face impressed Gaston strangely. He looked at it long, till he began to fancy that behind its delicate beauty he saw the tokens of a latent sensuality. But it was a face of singular sweetness, and if any evil were there, it existed only in the colourless form of a suggestion.

And the priest, who had died a suspect? Was *he* here, and did death whisper anything against him? No, the monk said; the priest was a native of Syracuse, and after his death his body had been carried there.

Gaston had seen enough; the chamber and its horrid tenants had given him a sense of physical sickness; and, above all, some curious malign influence seemed to issue from the coffin of Udalrico Verga, which was working its way into his brain.

The words of the Baron came into his mind: "They say the spirit haunts the place, seeking some one to avenge the murder."

Placing a five-franc note in the hand of the monk, he left the chamber and the monastery at once; and entering the carriage, he was driven home.

By morning he had shaken off the morbid effects of his visit to the Capucins'; but his imagination had become the seat of a vague and indefinable oppression. This, at length, when analysed, resolved itself into a certain feeling of injury on account of Udalrico Verga. The wonderful amiableness, joined to an almost womanly beauty, of the face he had seen imaged in the coffin, had touched his sympathies; and now the memory of it began to lay hold on his affections. For what cause, and by whose hand, had the young Udalrico died so brutally?

The tale of the murder stuck in his mind; it possessed him; it would not be dislodged. And the tale, though begun a whole generation since, was still unfinished. It told that Verga had been murdered; but who had murdered him?

This question uttered itself again and again; it grew importunate One evening in particular it became a kind of clamour in his ears;

when, walking by moonlight in the garden of the villa, he was suddenly conscious that a presence other than his own was with him. Turning about, he beheld vividly, at a distance from him of twelve or fifteen paces, the figure of a young and elegant man. The view of this figure which his eyes took in, and the impression which it made upon his mind, were so distinct, that, but for a single circumstance, he would have suspected nothing abnormal in the appearance. The features were those of Udalrico Verga.

His reason still urging him to reject the testimony of his sight, Gaston advanced nearer to the figure. It remained motionless, outlined distinctly in the moonlight, on the path bordered by a row of pepper trees where the body of Verga had been found. Again Gaston went forward; he could now by stretching out his hand almost have touched the figure; his eyes looked straight into the eyes of the man whom he knew to have lain for thirty years in his coffin. While gazing fixedly and with fascination upon this creature from the grave, which, though he knew it to be bodiless, seemed full real to him, Gaston felt his senses being subdued; and, before he could exert will enough to repel an influence which flowed in upon him as it were waves of blinding light, he was rapt out of himself, and held for the space of a minute or so in what is best described as a magnetic sleep or trance. He remained upright and rigid; his brain a whirl of excitement, with an accompanying painful consciousness; the body of the emotion being a confused and very indefinite feeling of fear—whether for himself or for some other person, he did not know. This feeling becoming slightly more definite, he knew that the fear he felt was not for himself, but for another; yet who that other was, he could not tell. It was the same when a voice said plainly in his ear, that what had been begun must be finished; the voice was piercing in its clearness, and he knew that it was the voice of one dear to him; but whose, he could not divine.

This curious sleep lasted, as I have said, for about a minute; and when Gaston awoke he was standing precisely as he had been when seized in the trance. He looked for the apparition; it was not there. He moved to the path, placed himself on the very spot where, but a minute before, the form in the likeness of Udalrico Verga had stood. There was nothing. He looked round him; from this path he could see over the whole garden; it slept motionless in the moonlight, and his was the only figure in it. Gaston returned to the house in a condition of extreme nervous excitement.

In this condition, and almost before he had reached the room in which he usually sat, the story of the murder was flashed in upon his mind; he read it as plainly as if it were traced in English characters on the wall before him. Fancying himself still under some abnormous influence, which when it passed away would carry the story with it, he at once sat down and committed an abstract of it to paper.

All that night, the story swam in his brain, and rising early next morning, he resolved—or rather was impelled—to commence writing it immediately. He did so, and in the full light of day the wraith of Udalrico Verga stood beside him, and he plainly saw it, during the whole time his pen was at work. But the vision had no longer any weakening or retarding effect upon his brain ; rather its effects were quickening and coercive ; and these effects increased, till it became a certainty to him that from the visible presence of the spirit of Verga he drew the main strength of his inspiration. The story grew under his pen to an elaborate romance, upon which, sustained throughout by an elation of mind that allowed little repose to the body, he was at work during many weeks.

In all this time, he never passed beyond the grounds of the villa, and when, by-and-bye, his face began to show marks of the mental and bodily stress to which his task subjected him, the peasant people of the town, who saw him walking in the garden sometimes of an evening, used to say :

" There is the English signor who went to live in the Villa Torcello eleven weeks ago ; he used to go out every day, but it is nine weeks since he passed the gate. He cannot get out any more. He has seen the ghost of the Signor Verga, and it keeps him there. He grows like a ghost himself."

But the story was finished at length, and Gaston sent the manuscript to his publishers in London. The ghost of Verga, which had remained visibly before him during the whole period of composition, vanished on the day the work was ended, and was never seen by him again. He went out every day as he had done formerly, and exercise brought back the colour to his face, and restored the tone of his mind. At this time he thought no more about the story than that it was a strange one, which had come to him in a strange manner, and that it ought to bring him the fame in fiction which he coveted.

A letter from Sir Selwyn, in which he said that he was on the point of starting for home, determined Gaston to return thither at once, that he might have everything in readiness for his father's coming.

On the evening before his departure, while sorting a bundle of papers, he came upon a portion of manuscript of his story which he remembered having set aside as needing to be re-cast. He took it up and began to read it.

The tragedy which formed the climax of the romance, had this feature, that the man who was murdered had (unconsciously, and by a singular operation of fate) planned his own death in planning that of the friend whom he falsely believed to have betrayed him in love. The chapter upon which Gaston had lighted, was devoted to a minute analysis of the character of the man whom blind force of circumstance had driven to an act of murder which his affection for its victim had rendered abhorrent in the highest degree.

So remote from the ordinary had been the conditions under which the story was composed, and so small (it had seemed to Gaston) was the share of its inspiration which his own brain could claim, that now, within a few weeks of its composition, he read it almost as the work of another.

This exotic notion, that his own was not his own, deepened as he read further into the chapter, for something was there which disquieted him. Some shadowy unembodied likeness, and yet no likeness, but a faint whispering of resemblance; some voiceless hint that was but the failure of an echo. He turned back, and read again. It was not there, he had deceived himself. He shut the page, his mind at ease.

In a week from this time, he was home again, awaiting the coming of his father. Sir Selwyn landed in England a month later, and Gaston, who received him at the vessel's side, was shocked at his appearance. Sir Selwyn's handsome face seemed not so much to have aged as to have withered; the body, too, was shrunken, and desiccated, as though the vital fluids were exhausted. The nervous irritation of manner which had characterised an earlier stage of the disease, had given way to a species of torpor, in which even speech seemed an effort. It was the mental and bodily paralysis of melancholia in its acutest form.

The journey home was a sad one. What little Sir Selwyn said, told the story of the renewal of his sufferings, which dated from the day that he had written to Gaston of his intention to return to England. "But I am persuaded," he said in conclusion, "that it draws near the end."

Strangely enough, however, as Gaston thought, and quite contrary to his expectations, the sight of his beautiful home revived Sir Selwyn's spirits. They dined together, and the baronet showed a brighter face over his wine. He sent for his bailiff, and spent an hour or more discussing the affairs of his estate. Afterwards, he walked with Gaston through the gardens and park, and began, for the first time, to talk of his travels. Then he questioned Gaston about his Italian tour, and said:

"What did you do with yourself all those weeks in Palermo? You mentioned no writing; but I am sure your pen was not idle so long."

"No," said Gaston. "I wrote a famous story there. I did not mean to tell you of it until it was published. It was to be a surprise, for this is the book that is to make me famous."

"Come, that sounds well!" said Sir Selwyn. "But you are beginning to be famous already. What could have been better than the reviews of your last book which you sent me?"

"Oh, but this one will do twice as much for me!" laughed Gaston.

"I am glad you feel that. No one could be more delighted than I am to hear it. Have you dedicated it to me, Gaston?"

"Otherwise, my dear father, it would be no book of mine."

"Thank you, Gaston. You know how dear your fame is to me."

In another month, during which Sir Selwyn's health, with some fluctuations, had shown, on the whole, a disposition towards improvement, Gaston's romance was published.

On the day on which some copies were forwarded to him from the publishers, he had gone on business to the neighbouring town, and did not return until late in the evening.

Sir Selwyn's valet, an old and devoted servant who had been with his master for many years, met him at the door, pale, and terrified.

"Sir Selwyn has been taken strangely ill, sir," he said. "We can none of us tell what is the matter with him. He rang his bell an hour ago, and when I went upstairs he was looking like a ghost, sitting up quite stiff in his arm-chair, with one of your new books in his hand. It seemed like a dead man speaking when he asked how soon you could return, and said that no doctor was to be sent for. He would not let me stay with him either, and, indeed, though I've known Sir Selwyn these forty years, I believe I should have been almost afraid to do so sir, he looked so terrible. I remained close outside; but there's not been a sound in his room ever since, sir."

Fears which, even in thought, he dared not shape, came like a wave upon Gaston, as he hurried to his father's room.

Death, or his image, sat there, in Sir Selwyn's chair; or rather, the baronet's aspect, as Gaston beheld him, grey and rigid, was like the phantom Life-in-Death; as though a corpse had been galvanised for a moment into a ghastly appearance of life. The jaw had begun to fall and the eyes were large and glassy; but the regular rising and falling of the breast showed that mechanical life was not yet extinct. Open on the ground beside Sir Selwyn lay Gaston's new romance.

The spirit had all but taken its departure; but when Gaston bent over his father and pleaded for recognition, there was a faint twitching of the brow, and a half-convulsive movement of the whole body, as though the spirit were trying to force an entrance again; and Sir Selwyn, by an effort, fixed his eyes on his son's face. His voice struggled in his throat, and he said, with a pause between every word:

"When I knelt beside him—for I still loved him—he said: 'You have killed me, but I will never leave you, and one day I will come back from the grave and kill *you*.' He has kept his word. This is not your book, Gaston, *it-is-Udalrico's*. This is my——"

The voice stopped. Sir Selwyn was dead. The Ghost of Udalrico Verga was avenged.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

THE problem of the origin of evil can be philosophically approached only if the archaic Indian formula is taken as the basis of the argument. Ancient wisdom alone solves the presence of the universal fiend in a satisfactory way. It attributes the birth of Kosmos and the evolution of life to the breaking asunder of primordial, manifested UNITY, into plurality, or the great illusion of form. HOMOGENEITY having transformed itself into Heterogeneity, contrasts have naturally been created: hence sprang what we call EVIL, which thenceforward reigned supreme in this "Vale of Tears."

Materialistic Western philosophy (so mis-named) has not failed to profit by this grand metaphysical tenet. Even physical Science, with Chemistry at its head, has turned its attention of late to the first proposition, and directs its efforts toward proving on irrefutable data the homogeneity of primordial matter. But now steps in materialistic Pessimism, a teaching which is neither philosophy nor science, but only a deluge of meaningless words. Pessimism, in its latest development, having ceased to be pantheistic, and having wedded itself to materialism, prepares to make capital out of the old Indian formula. But the atheistic pessimist soars no higher than the terrestrial homogeneous plasm of the Darwinists. For him the *ultima thule* is earth and matter, and he sees, beyond the *prima materia*, only an ugly void, an empty nothingness. Some of the pessimists attempt to poetize their idea after the manner of the whitened sepulchres, or the Mexican corpses, whose ghastly cheeks and lips are thickly covered with rouge. The decay of matter pierces through the mask of seeming life, all efforts to the contrary notwithstanding.

Materialism patronises Indian metaphora and imagery now. In a new work upon the subject by Dr. Mainländer, "Pessimism and Progress," one learns that Indian Pantheism and German Pessimism are *identical*; and that it is the breaking up of homogeneous matter into heterogeneous material, the transition from uniformity to multiformity, which resulted in so unhappy a universe. Saith Pessimism:—

> "This (transition) is precisely the original mistake, the *primordial sin*, which the whole creation has now to expiate by heavy suffering; it is just that *sin*, which, having launched into existence all that lives, plunged it thereby into the abysmal depths of evil and misery, to escape from which there is but one means possible, *i.e.*, by putting *an end to being itself*."

This interpretation of the Eastern formula, attributing to it the first idea of escaping the misery of life by "putting an end to being"—whether that being is viewed as applicable to the whole Kosmos, or only to individual life—is a gross misconception. The Eastern pantheist, whose

philosophy teaches him to discriminate between Being or ESSE and conditioned existence, would hardly indulge in so absurd an idea as the postulation of such an alternative. He knows he can put an end to *form* alone, not to *being*—and that only on this plane of terrestrial illusion. True, he knows that by killing out in himself *Tanha* (the unsatisfied desire for existence, or the "*will* to live")—he will thus gradually escape the curse of re-birth and *conditioned* existence. But he knows also that he cannot kill or "put an end," even to his own little life except as a personality, which after all is but a change of dress. And believing but in One Reality, which is eternal *Be-ness*, the "*causeless* CAUSE" from which he has exiled himself unto a world of forms, he regards the temporary and progressing manifestations of it in the state of *Maya* (change or illusion), as the greatest evil, truly; but at the same time as a process in nature, as unavoidable as are the pangs of birth. It is the only means by which he can pass from limited and conditioned lives of sorrow into eternal life, or into that absolute "Be-ness," which is so graphically expressed in the Sanskrit word *sat*.

The "Pessimism" of the Hindu or Buddhist Pantheist is metaphysical, abstruse, and philosophical. The idea that matter and its Protean manifestations are the source and origin of universal evil and sorrow is a very old one, though Gautama Buddha was the first to give to it its definite expression. But the great Indian Reformer assuredly never meant to make of it a handle for the modern pessimist to get hold of, or a peg for the materialist to hang his distorted and pernicious tenets upon! The Sage and Philosopher, who sacrificed himself for Humanity by *living for it, in order to save it*, by teaching men to see in the sensuous existence of matter misery alone, had never in his deep philosophical mind any idea of offering a premium for suicide; his efforts were to release mankind from too strong an attachment to life, which is the chief cause of Selfishness—hence the creator of mutual pain and suffering. In his personal case, Buddha left us an example of fortitude to follow: in living, not in running away from life. His doctrine shows evil immanent, *not in matter* which is eternal, but in the illusions created by it: through the changes and transformations of matter generating life—because these changes are conditioned and such life is ephemeral. At the same time those evils are shown to be not only unavoidable, but necessary. For if we would discern good from evil, light from darkness, and appreciate the former, we can do so only through the contrasts between the two. While Buddha's philosophy points, in its dead-letter meaning, only to the dark side of things on this illusive plane; its esotericism, the hidden soul of it, draws the veil aside and reveals to the Arhat all the glories of LIFE ETERNAL in *all the Homogeneousness of Consciousness and Being*. Another absurdity, no doubt, in the eyes of materialistic science and even modern Idealism, yet a *fact* to the Sage and esoteric Pantheist.

Nevertheless, the root idea that evil is born and generated by the ever increasing complications of the homogeneous material, which enters into form and differentiates more and more as that form becomes physically more perfect, has an esoteric side to it which seems to have never occurred to the modern pessimist. Its dead-letter aspect, however, became the subject of speculation with every ancient thinking nation. Even in India the primitive thought, underlying the formula already cited, has been disfigured by Sectarianism, and has led to the ritualistic, purely dogmatic observances of the *Hatha Yogis*, in contradistinction to the philosophical Vedantic *Raja Yoga*. Pagan and Christian exoteric speculation, and even mediæval monastic asceticism, have extracted all they could from the originally noble idea, and made it subservient to their narrow-minded sectarian views. Their false conceptions of matter have led the Christians from the earliest day to identify woman with Evil and matter—notwithstanding the worship paid by the Roman Catholic Church to the Virgin.

But the latest application of the misunderstood Indian formula by the Pessimists in Germany is quite original, and rather unexpected, as we shall see. To draw any analogy between a highly metaphysical teaching, and Darwin's theory of physical evolution would, in itself, seem rather a hopeless task. The more so as the theory of natural selection does not preach any conceivable extermination of *being*, but, on the contrary, a continuous and ever increasing development of *life*. Nevertheless, German ingenuity has contrived, by means of scientific paradoxes and much sophistry, to give it a semblance of philosophical truth. The old Indian tenet itself has not escaped litigation at the hands of modern pessimism. The happy discoverer of the theory, that the origin of evil dates from the protoplasmic *Amœba*, which divided itself for procreation, and thus lost its immaculate homogeneity, has laid claim to the Aryan archaic formula in his new volume. While extolling its philosophy and the depth of ancient conceptions, he declares that it ought to be viewed "as the most profound truth *precogitated* and *robbed* by the ancient sages from modern thought"!!

It thus follows that the deeply religious Pantheism of the Hindu and Buddhist philosopher, and the occasional vagaries of the pessimistic materialist, are placed on the same level and identified by "modern thought." The impassable chasm between the two is ignored. It matters little, it seems, that the Pantheist, recognising no reality in the manifested Kosmos, and regarding it as a simple illusion of his senses, has to view his own existence also as only a bundle of illusions. When, therefore, he speaks of the means of escaping from the sufferings of objective life, his view of those sufferings, and his motive for putting an end to existence are entirely different from those of the pessimistic materialist. For him, pain as well as sorrow are illusions, due to attachment to this life, and ignorance. Therefore he strives after eternal, changeless life, and abso-

lute consciousness in the state of Nirvana ; whereas the European pessimist, taking the "evils" of life as *realities*, aspires when he has the time to aspire after anything except those said mundane *realities*, to annihilation of "being," as he expresses it. For the philosopher there is but one real life, *Nirvanic bliss*, which is a state differing in kind, not in degree only, from that of any of the planes of consciousness in the manifested universe. The Pessimist calls "Nirvana" superstition, and explains it as "cessation of life," life for him beginning and ending on earth. The former ignores in his spiritual aspirations even the integral homogeneous unit, of which the German Pessimist now makes such capital. He knows of, and believes in only the direct cause of that unit, eternal and *ever living*, *because the ONE uncreated*, or rather not evoluted. Hence all his efforts are directed toward the speediest reunion possible with, and return to his *pre*-primordial condition, after his pilgrimage through this illusive series of visionary lives, with their unreal phantasmagoria of sensuous perceptions.

Such pantheism can be qualified as "pessimistic" only by a believer in a personal Providence ; by one who contrasts its negation of the reality of anything "created"—*i.e.* conditioned and limited--with his own blind and unphilosophical faith. The Oriental mind does not busy itself with extracting evil from every radical law and manifestation of life, and multiplying every phenomenal quantity by the units of very often imaginary evils : the Eastern Pantheist simply submits to the inevitable, and tries to blot out from his path in life as many "descents into rebirth" as he can, by avoiding the creation of new *Karmic* causes. The Buddhist philosopher knows that the duration of the series of lives of every human being—unless he reaches Nirvana "artificially" ("takes the kingdom of God by violence," in Kabalistic parlance), is given, allegorically, in the *forty-nine days* passed by Gautama the Buddha under the Bo-tree. And the Hindu sage is aware, in his turn, that he has to light the *first*, and extinguish the *forty-ninth fire* * before he reaches his final deliverance. Knowing this, both sage and philosopher wait patiently for the natural hour of deliverance ; whereas their unlucky copyist, the European Pessimist, is ever ready to commit, as to preach, suicide. Ignorant of the numberless heads of the hydra of existences he is incapable of feeling the same philosophical scorn for life as he does for death, and of, thereby, following the wise example given him by his Oriental brother.

Thus, philosophical pantheism is very different from modern pes-

*This is an esoteric tenet, and the general reader will not make much out of it. But the Theosophist who has read "Esoteric Buddhism" may compute the 7 by 7 of the *forty-nine* "days," and the *forty-nine* "fires," and understand that the allegory refers esoterically to the seven human consecutive root-races with their seven subdivisions. Every monad is born in the first and obtains deliverance in the last seventh race. Only a "Buddha" is shown reaching it during the course of one life.

simism. The first is based upon the correct understanding of the mysteries of being; the latter is in reality only one more system of evil added by unhealthy fancy to the already large sum of real social evils. In sober truth it is no philosophy, but simply a systematic slander of life and being; the bilious utterances of a dyspeptic or an incurable hypochondriac. No parallel can ever be attempted between the two systems of thought.

The seeds of evil and sorrow were indeed the earliest result and consequence of the heterogeneity of the manifested universe. Still they are but an illusion produced by the law of contrasts, which, as described, is a fundamental law in nature. Neither good nor evil would exist were it not for the light they mutually throw on each other. *Being*, under whatever form, having been observed from the World's creation to offer these contrasts, and evil predominating in the universe owing to *Ego*-ship or selfishness, the rich Oriental metaphor has pointed to existence as expiating the mistake of nature; and the human soul (psüche), was henceforth regarded as the scapegoat and victim of *unconscious* OVER-SOUL. But it is not to Pessimism, but to Wisdom that it gave birth. Ignorance alone is the willing martyr, but knowledge is the master of natural Pessimism. Gradually, and by the process of heredity or *atavism*, the latter became innate in man. It is always present in us, howsoever latent and silent its voice in the beginning. Amid the early joys of existence, when we are still full of the vital energies of youth, we are yet apt, each of us, at the first pang of sorrow, after a failure, or at the sudden appearance of a black cloud, to accuse *life* of it; to feel *life* a burden, and often to curse our being. This shows pessimism in our blood, but at the same time the presence of the fruits of ignorance. As mankind multiplies, and with it suffering—which is the natural result of an increasing number of units that generate it—sorrow and pain are intensified. We live in an atmosphere of gloom and despair, but this is because our eyes are downcast and rivetted to the earth, with all its physical and grossly material manifestations. If, instead of that, man proceeding on his life-journey looked—not heavenward, which is but a figure of speech—but *within himself* and centred his point of observation on the *inner* man, he would soon escape from the coils of the great serpent of illusion. From the cradle to the grave, his life would then become supportable and worth living, even in its worst phases.

Pessimism—that chronic suspicion of lurking evil everywhere—is thus of a two-fold nature, and brings fruits of two kinds. It is a natural characteristic in physical man, and becomes a curse only to the ignorant. It is a boon to the spiritual; inasmuch as it makes the latter turn into the right path, and brings him to the discovery of another as fundamental a truth; namely, that all in this world is only *preparatory* because transitory. It is like a chink in the dark prison walls of earth-life, through which breaks in a ray of light from the eternal home, which, illuminating

the *inner* senses, whispers to the prisoner in his shell of clay of the origin and the dual mystery of our being. At the same time, it is a tacit proof of the presence in man of that *which knows, without being told*, viz:— that there is another and a better life, once that the curse of earth-lives is lived through.

This explanation of the problem and origin of evil being, as already said, of an entirely metaphysical character, has nothing to do with physical laws. Belonging as it does altogether to the spiritual part of man, to dabble with it superficially is, therefore, far more dangerous than to remain ignorant of it. For, as it lies at the very root of Gautama Buddha's ethics, and since it has now fallen into the hands of the modern Philistines of materialism, to confuse the two systems of "pessimistic" thought can lead but to mental suicide, if it does not lead to worse.

Eastern wisdom teaches that spirit has to pass through the ordeal of incarnation and life, and be baptised with matter before it can reach experience and knowledge. After which only it receives the baptism of soul, or self-consciousness, and may return to its original condition of a god, *plus* experience, ending with omniscience. In other words, it can return to the original state of the homogeneity of primordial essence only through the addition of the fruitage of Karma, which alone is able to create an absolute *conscious* deity, removed but one degree from the absolute ALL.

Even according to the letter of the Bible, evil must have existed before Adam and Eve, who, therefore, are innocent of the slander of the original sin. For, had there been no evil or sin before them, there could exist neither tempting Serpent nor a Tree of Knowledge of *good and evil* in Eden. The characteristics of that apple-tree are shown in the verse when the couple had tasted of its fruit: "The eyes of them both were opened, and *they knew*" many things besides knowing they were naked. Too much knowledge about things of matter is thus rightly shown an evil.

But so it is, and it is our duty to examine and combat the new pernicious theory. Hitherto, pessimism was kept in the regions of philosophy and metaphysics, and showed no pretensions to intrude into the domain of purely physical science, such as Darwinism. The theory of evolution has become almost universal now, and there is no school (save the Sunday and missionary schools) where it is not taught, with more or less modifications from the original programme. On the other hand, there is no other teaching more abused and taken advantage of than evolution, especially by the application of its fundamental laws to the solution of the most compound and abstract problems of man's many sided existence. There, where psychology and even philosophy "fear to tread," materialistic biology applies its sledge-hammer of superficial analogies, and prejudged conclusions. Worse than all, claiming man to be only a higher animal, it maintains this right as undeniably pertaining to

the domain of the science of evolution. Paradoxes in those "domains" do not rain now, they pour. As "man is the measure of all things," therefore is man measured and analyzed by the animal. One German materialist claims spiritual and psychic evolution as the lawful property of physiology and biology; the mysteries of embryology and zoology alone, it is said, being capable of solving those of consciousness in man and the origin of his soul.* Another finds justification for suicide in the example of animals, who, when tired of living, put an end to existence by starvation.†

Hitherto pessimism, notwithstanding the abundance and brilliancy of its paradoxes, had a weak point—namely, the absence of any real and evident basis for it to rest upon. Its followers had no living, guiding thought to serve them as a beacon and help them to steer clear of the sandbanks of life—real and imaginary—so profusely sown by themselves in the shape of denunciations against life and being. All they could do was to rely upon their representatives, who occupied their time very ingeniously if not profitably, in tacking the many and various evils of life to the metaphysical propositions of great German thinkers, like Schopenhauer and Hartmann, as small boys tack on coloured tails to the kites of their elders and rejoice at seeing them launched in the air. But now the programme will be changed. The Pessimists have found something more solid and authoritative, if less philosophical, to tack their jeremiads and dirges to, than the metaphysical *kites* of Schopenhauer. The day when they agreed with the views of this philosopher, which pointed at the Universal WILL as the perpetrator of all the World-evil, is gone to return no more. Nor will they be any better satisfied with the hazy "Unconscious" of von Hartmann. They have been seeking diligently for a more congenial and less metaphysical soil to build their pessimistic *philosophy* upon, and they have been rewarded with success, now that the cause of Universal Suffering has been discovered by them in the fundamental laws of physical development. Evil will no longer be allied with the misty and uncertain Phantom called "WILL," but with an actual and obvious fact: the Pessimists will henceforth be towed by the Evolutionists.

The basic argument of their representative has been given in the opening sentence of this article. The Universe and all on it appeared in consequence of the "breaking asunder of UNITY into *Plurality*." This rather dim rendering of the Indian formula is not made to refer, as I have shown, in the mind of the Pessimist, to the one Unity, to the Vedantin abstraction—Parabrahm: otherwise, I should not certainly have used the words "breaking up." Nor does it concern itself much with Mulaprakriti, or the "Veil" of Parabrahm; nor even with the first manifested primordial matter, except inferentially, as follows from Dr. Mainländer's exposition, but chiefly with terrestrial *protoplasm*. Spirit

* Haeckel. † Leo Bach.

or deity is entirely ignored in this case; evidently because of the necessity for showing the whole as "the lawful domain of physical Science."

In short, the time-honoured formula is claimed to have its basis and to find its justification in the theory that from "a few, perhaps one, single form of the very simplest nature" (Darwin), "all the different animals and plants living to-day, and all the organisms that have ever lived on the earth," have gradually developed. It is this axiom of Science, we are told, which justifies and demonstrates the Hindu philosophical tenet What is this axiom? Why, it is this: Science teaches that the series of transformations through which the seed is made to pass—the seed that grows into a tree, or becomes an *ovum*, or that which develops into an animal—consists in every case in nothing but the passage of the fabric of that seed, from the homogeneous into the heterogeneous or compound form. This is then the scientific verity which checks the Indian formula by that of the Evolutionists, identifies both, and thus exalts ancient wisdom by recognizing it worthy of modern materialistic thought.

This philosophical formula is not simply corroborated by the individual growth and development of isolated species, explains our Pessimist; but it is demonstrated in general as in detail. It is shown justified in the evolution and growth of the Universe as well as in that of our planet. In short, the birth, growth and development of the whole organic world in its integral totality, are there to demonstrate ancient wisdom. From the universals down to the particulars, the organic world is discovered to be subject to the same law of ever increasing elaboration, of the transition from unity to plurality as "the fundamental formula of the evolution of life." Even the growth of nations, of social life, public institutions, the development of the languages, arts and sciences, all this follows inevitably and fatally the all-embracing law of "the breaking asunder of unity into plurality, and the passage of the homogeneous into multiformity."

But while following Indian wisdom, our author exaggerates this fundamental law in his own way, and distorts it. He brings this law to bear even on the historical destinies of mankind. He makes these destinies subservient to, and a proof of, the correctness of the Indian conception. He maintains that humanity as an integral whole, in proportion as it develops and progresses in its evolution, and separates in its parts—each becoming a distinct and independent branch of the unit—drifts more and more away from its original healthy, harmonious unity. The complications of social establishment, social relations, as those of individuality, all lead to the weakening of the vital power, the relaxation of the energy of feeling, and to the destruction of that integral unity, without which no inner harmony is possible. The absence of that harmony generates an inner discord which becomes the cause of the greatest mental misery. Evil has its roots in the very nature of the evolution of life and its complications. Every one of its steps forward is at the same time a step taken toward the dissolution of its energy, and

leads to passive apathy. Such is the inevitable result, he says, of every progressive complication of life; because evolution or development is a transition from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, a scattering of the whole into the many, etc. etc. This terrible law is universal and applies to all creation, from the infinitesimally small up to man for, as he says, it is a fundamental law of nature.

Now, it is just in this one-sided view of physical nature, which the German author accepts without one single thought as to its spiritual and psychic aspect, that his school is doomed to certain failure. It is not a question whether the said law of differentiation and its fatal consequences may or may not apply, in certain cases, to the growth and development of the animal species, and even of man; but simply, since it is the basis and main support of the whole new theory of the Pessimistic school, whether it is really a *universal* and fundamental law? We want to know whether this basic formula of evolution embraces the whole process of development and growth in its entirety; and whether, indeed, it is within the domain of physical science or not. If it is "nothing else than the transition from the homogeneous state to the heterogeneous," as says Mainländer, then it remains to be proved that the given process "produces that complicated combination of tissues and organs which forms and completes the perfect animal and plant."

As remarked already by some critics on "Pessimism and Progress," the German Pessimist does not doubt it for one moment. His supposed discovery and teaching "rest wholly on his certitude that development and the fundamental law of the complicated process of organization represent but one thing: the transformation of unity into plurality." Hence the identification of the process with dissolution and decay, and the weakening of all the forces and energies. Mainländer would be right in his analogies were this law of the differentiation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous to really represent the fundamental law of the evolution of life. But the idea is quite erroneous—metaphysically as well as physically. Evolution does not proceed in a straight line; *no more* than any other process in nature, but journeys on *cyclically*, as does all the rest. The cyclic serpents swallow their tails like the Serpent of Eternity. And it is in this that the Indian formula, which is a Secret Doctrine teaching, is indeed corroborated by the natural Sciences, and especially by biology.

This is what we read in the "Scientific Letters" by an anonymous Russian author and critic.

"In the evolution of isolated individuals, in the evolution of the organic world, in that of the Universe, as in the growth and development of our planet—in short wherever any of the processes of progressive complexity take place, there we find, apart from the transition from unity to plurality, and homogeneity to heterogeneity a *converse transformation—the transition from plurality to unity, from the heterogeneous to the homogeneous.* . . . . Minute observation of the given process of progressive complexity has shown, that what takes place in it is not alone the separation of parts, but also their mutual absorption. . . . . While one portion of the cells merge into each

other and unite into one uniform whole, forming muscular fibres, muscular tissue, others are absorbed in the bone and nerve tissues, etc. etc. The same takes place in the formation of plants. . . . ."

In this case material nature repeats the law that acts in the evolution of the psychic and the spiritual: both descend but to re-ascend and merge at the starting-point. *The homogeneous formative mass or element differentiated in its parts, is gradually transformed into the heterogeneous; then, merging those parts into a harmonious whole, it recommences a converse process, or reinvolution, and returns as gradually into its primitive or primordial state.*

Nor does Pessimism find any better support in pure Materialism, as hitherto the latter has been tinged with a decidedly optimistic bias. Its leading advocates have, indeed, never hesitated to sneer at the theological adoration of the "glory of God and all his works." Büchner flings a taunt at the pantheist who sees in so "mad and bad" a world the manifestation of the Absolute. But, on the whole, the materialists admit a balance of good over evil, perhaps as a buffer against any "superstitious" tendency to look out and hope for a better one. Narrow as is their outlook, and limited as is their spiritual horizon, they yet see no cause to despair of the drift of things in general. The *pantheistic* pessimists, however, have never ceased to urge that a despair of conscious being is the only legitimate outcome of atheistic negation. This opinion is, of course, axiomatic, or ought to be so. If "in this life only is there hope," the tragedy of life is absolutely without any *raison d'être* and a perpetuation of the drama is as foolish as it is futile.

The fact that the conclusions of pessimism have been at last assimilated by a certain class of atheistic writers, is a striking feature of the day, and another sign of the times. It illustrates the truism that the void created by modern scientific negation cannot and can never be filled by the cold prospects offered as a *solatium* to optimists. The Comtean "enthusiasm of Humanity" is a poor thing enough with annihilation of the Race to ensue, "as the solar fires die slowly out"—if, indeed, *they do die* at all—to please physical science at the computed time. If all present sorrow and suffering, the fierce struggle for existence and all its attendant horrors, go for nothing in the long run, if MAN is a mere ephemeron, the sport of blind forces, why assist in the perpetuation of the farce. The "ceaseless grind of matter, force and law," will but hurry the swarming human millions into eternal oblivion, and ultimately leave no trace or memory of the past, when things return to the nebulosity of the fire-mist, whence they emerged. Terrestrial life is no object in itself. It is overcast with gloom and misery. It does not seem strange, then, that the Soul-blind negationist should prefer the pessimism of Schopenhauer to the baseless optimism of Strauss and his followers, which, in the face of their teachings, reminds one of the animal spirits of a young donkey, after a good meal of thistles.

One thing is, however, clear: the absolute necessity for some solution, which embraces the facts of existence on an optimistic basis. Modern Society is permeated with an increasing cynicism and honeycombed with disgust of life. This is the result of an utter ignorance of the operations of Karma and the nature of Soul-evolution. It is from a mistaken allegiance to the dogmas of a mechanical and largely spurious theory of Evolution, that Pessimism has risen to such undue importance. Once the basis of the Great Law is grasped—and what philosophy can furnish better means for such a grasp and final solution, than the esoteric doctrine of the great Indian Sages—there remains no possible *locus standi* for the recent amendments to the Schopenhauerian system of thought or the metaphysical subtleties, woven by the "philosopher of the Unconscious." The reasonableness of *Conscious* Existence can be proved only by the study of the primeval—now esoteric—philosophy. And it says "there is neither death nor life, for both are illusions; being (or *be-ness*) is the only reality." This paradox was repeated thousands of ages later by one of the greatest physiologists that ever lived. "Life is Death" said Claude Bernard. The organism lives because its parts are ever dying. The survival of the fittest is surely based on this truism. The life of the superior whole requires the death of the inferior, the death of the parts depending on and being subservient to it. And, as life is death, so death is life, and the whole great cycle of lives form but ONE EXISTENCE—*the worst day of which is on our planet.*

He who KNOWS will make the best of it. For there is a dawn for every being, when once freed from illusion and ignorance by Knowledge; and he will at last proclaim in truth *and all Consciousness* to Mahamaya:—

"BROKEN THY HOUSE IS, AND THE RIDGE-POLE SPLIT!
DELUSION FASHIONED IT!
SAFE PASS I THENCE—DELIVERANCE TO OBTAIN." . . .

H. P. B.

"Man will regain his lost Eden on that day when he can look at every desire in the broad, quiet light of this question:—How can I give desire such vent as shall conduce to the benefit of other men?"—(*Jasper Niemand in the "Path"*).

THE GREAT PARADOX.

PARADOX would seem to be the natural language of occultism. Nay more, it would seem to penetrate deep into the heart of things, and thus to be inseparable from any attempt to put into words the truth, the reality which underlies the outward shows of life.

And the paradox is one not in words only, but in action, in the very conduct of life. The paradoxes of occultism must be lived, not uttered only. Herein lies a great danger, for it is only too easy to become lost in the intellectual contemplation of the path, and so to forget that the road can only be known by treading it.

One startling paradox meets the student at the very outset, and confronts him in ever new and strange shapes at each turn of the road. Such an one, perchance, has sought the path desiring a guide, a rule of right for the conduct of his life. He learns that the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end of *life* is selflessness; and he feels the truth of the saying that only in the profound unconsciousness of self-forgetfulness can the truth and reality of being reveal itself to his eager heart.

The student learns that this is the one law of occultism, at once the science and the art of living, the guide to the goal he desires to attain. He is fired with enthusiasm and enters bravely on the mountain track. He then finds that his teachers do not encourage his ardent flights of sentiment; his all-forgetting yearning for the Infinite—on the outer plane of his actual life and consciousness. At least, if they do not actually damp his enthusiasm, they set him, as the first and indispensable task, *to conquer and control his body.* The student finds that far from being encouraged to live in the soaring thoughts of his brain, and to fancy he has reached that ether where is true freedom—to the forgetting of his body, and his external actions and personality—he is set down to tasks much nearer earth. All his attention and watchfulness are required on the outer plane; he must never forget himself, never lose hold over his body, his mind, his brain. He must even learn to control the expression of every feature, to check the action of each muscle, to be master of every slightest involuntary movement. The daily life around and within him is pointed out as the object of his study and observation. Instead of forgetting what are usually called the petty trifles, the little forgetfulnesses, the accidental slips of tongue or memory, he is forced to become each day more conscious of these lapses. till at last they seem to poison the air he breathes and stifle him, till he seems to lose sight and touch of the great world of freedom towards

which he is struggling, till every hour of every day seems full of the bitter taste of self, and his heart grows sick with pain and the struggle of despair. And the darkness is rendered yet deeper by the voice within him, crying ceaselessly, "forget thyself. Beware, lest thou becomest self-concentrated—and the giant weed of spiritual selfishness take firm root in thy heart; beware, beware, beware!"

The voice stirs his heart to its depths, for he feels that the words are true. His daily and hourly battle is teaching him that self-centredness is the root of misery, the cause of pain, and his soul is full of longing to be free.

Thus the disciple is torn by doubt. He trusts his teachers, for he knows that through them speaks the same voice he hears in the silence of his own heart. But now they utter contradictory words; the one, the inner voice, bidding him forget himself utterly in the service of humanity; the other, the spoken word of those from whom he seeks guidance in his service, bidding him *first* to conquer his body, his outer self. And he knows better with every hour how badly he acquits himself in that battle with the Hydra, and he sees seven heads grow afresh in place of each one that he has lopped off.

At first he oscillates between the two, now obeying the one, now the other. But soon he learns that this is fruitless. For the sense of freedom and lightness, which comes at first when he leaves his outer self unwatched, that he may seek the inner air, soon loses its keenness, and some sudden shock reveals to him that he has slipped and fallen on the uphill path. Then, in desperation, he flings himself upon the treacherous snake of self, and strives to choke it into death; but its ever-moving coils elude his grasp, the insidious temptations of its glittering scales blind his vision, and again he becomes involved in the turmoil of the battle, which gains on him from day to day, and which at last seems to fill the whole world, and blot out all else beside from his consciousness. He is face to face with a crushing paradox, the solution of which must be lived before it can be really understood.

In his hours of silent meditation the student will find that there is one space of silence within him where he can find refuge from thoughts and desires, from the turmoil of the senses and the delusions of the mind. By sinking his consciousness deep into his heart he can reach this place—at first only when he is alone in silence and darkness. But when the need for the silence has grown great enough, he will turn to seek it even in the midst of the struggle with self, and he will find it. Only he must not let go of his outer self, or his body; he must learn to retire into this citadel when the battle grows fierce, but to do so without losing sight of the battle; without allowing himself to fancy that by so doing he has won the victory. That victory is won only when all is silence without as within the inner citadel. Fighting thus, from within that silence, the student will find that he has solved the first great paradox.

But paradox still follows him. When first he thus succeeds in thus retreating into himself, he seeks there only for refuge from the storm in his heart. And as he struggles to control the gusts of passion and desire, he realises more fully what mighty powers he has vowed himself to conquer. He still feels himself, apart from the silence, nearer akin to the forces of the storm. How can his puny strength cope with these tyrants of animal nature?

This question is hard to answer in direct words; if, indeed, such an answer can be given. But analogy may point the way where the solution may be sought.

In breathing we take a certain quantity of air into the lungs, and with this we can imitate in miniature the mighty wind of heaven. We can produce a feeble semblance of nature: a tempest in a tea-cup, a gale to blow and even swamp a paper boat. And we can say: "I do this; it is *my* breath." But we cannot blow our breath against a hurricane, still less hold the trade winds in our lungs. Yet the powers of heaven are within us; the nature of the intelligences which guide the world-forces is blended with our own, and could we realise this and forget our outer selves, the very winds would be our instruments.

So it is in life. While a man clings to his outer self—aye, and even to any one of the forms he assumes when this "mortal coil" is cast aside—so long is he trying to blow aside a hurricane with the breath of his lungs. It is useless and idle such an endeavour; for the great winds of life must, sooner or later, sweep him away. But if he changes his altitude *in himself*, if he acts on the faith that his body, his desires, his passions, his brain, are not himself, though he has charge of them, and is responsible for them; if he tries to deal with them as parts of nature, then he may hope to become one with the great tides of being, and reach the peaceful place of safe self-forgetfulness at last.

"FAUST."

"Fear is the slave of pain and Rebellion her captive; Endurance her free companion and Patience her master. And the husband of Pain is Rapture. But the souls are few in whom that marriage is consummated. (L. S. C.).

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT:

*THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.**

(Continued.)

By Mabel Collins,

Author of "The Prettiest Woman in Warsaw," &c., &c.,
And Scribe of "The Idyll of the White Lotus," and "Through the Gates of Gold."

CHAPTER III.

IN a chapel of the great Cathedral in the city there was at certain hours always a priest who held there his confessional.

To him went Hilary some days later. In the interim he had not seen the Princess. His soul had been torn hither and thither, to and fro. His passion for the beautiful girl held him fast, while his horror of the magician repelled him from her. He went to the Cathedral in the afternoon determined that he would reveal all his distress to the priest. Father Amyot was in his confessional, but some one was with him, for the curtain was drawn. Hilary knelt down at the small altar of the chapel there to wait. Presently there was a slight sound; he turned his head to see if the confessional was now free. The Princess Fleta stood beside him, her eyes fixed on him; it was she who at this instant only had risen from her knees in the confessional. Hilary, amazed and dumb with wonder, could only gaze upon her. She kept her strange and fascinating eyes fixed on his for a moment and then turned and with swift, soft steps left the chapel. Hilary remained kneeling motionless before the altar, his mind absorbed in what was hardly so much thought as amazement. Fleta was not then what he thought her. If she were sensitive to religious impressions she could not be the cold magician which she had appeared to him to be when he recollected the last scene in the laboratory. Perhaps after all she used her power generously and for good. He began to see her in another light. He began to worship her for her goodness as well as for her strong attractions. His heart leaped with joy at the thought that her soul was as beautiful as her body. He rose from his knees and turned instinctively and without thought to follow her. As he did so he passed Father Amyot, who seeing that no one else came immediately to the confessional, had left it and flung himself at full

* The sub-title, "a tale of love and magic," having been simultaneously used by myself, Mr. Joseph Hutton, and another author, I think it best to change mine for one certainly less pretty, but equally descriptive. Is not this simultaneous use also a "sign of the times"?

length upon the ground before the altar. He wore a long robe of coarse white cloth, tied at the waist with a black cord ; a hood of the same cloth covered his shaven head. He was like a skeleton, perfectly fleshless and emaciated. His face lay sideways on the stone ; he seemed unconscious, so profound was his abstraction. The eyes were open but had no sight in them. They were large grey blue eyes, full of a profound melancholy which gave them an appearance as if tears stood in them. This melancholy affected Hilary strangely ; it touched his heart, made thrill and vibrate some deeply sensitive cord in his nature. He stood gazing a moment at the prostrate figure, and then with a profound obeisance left the chapel.

The Princess Fleta had her horse waiting for her. She was a constant and daring rider, and seldom entered the city except on horseback, to the amazement of the court ladies, who in the city rode in carriages that they might dress beautifully. But Fleta had no vanity of this kind. Probably no other girl of her age would have willingly adopted the hideous dress of the witch and worn it before so many curious eyes. Her own beauty and her own appearance was a subject of but the slightest thought to her. She would walk down the fashionable promenade in her riding habit among the magnificent toilettes of the Court ladies. This she was doing now while a servant led her horse up and down. Hilary watched her from a distance, unable to summon courage to approach her in the midst of such a throng of personages. But presently Fleta saw him and came with her swift light step towards him. "Will you walk with me?" she asked. "There is no one here to be my companion but you."

"And why is that?" asked Hilary, as with flushed face and eager steps he accompanied her.

"Because there are none that sympathise with me. You alone have entered my laboratory."

"But would not any of these be glad to come if you would admit them?"

Not one would have the courage, except perhaps some few wild spirits who would dare anything for mere excitement. And they would not please me."

Hilary was silent. Her words showed him very plainly that he pleased her. But there was a chill in his nature which now asserted itself. Here in the midst of so many people her hold on him was lessened, and he doubted her more than ever. Was she merely playing with him for her own amusement? Her high position gave her this power and he could not resent it, for even to be her favourite for a day would be accounted by any man an honour and a thing to boast of. And Hilary was being signalled out for public honour. He felt the envious glances of the men whom he met, and immediately a cold veil fell on his heart. He desired no such envy. To his mind love was a thing sacred. His scorn of life and doubt of human nature awakened

at this moment of triumph. He did not speak, but the Princess answered his thought.

"We will go away from here," she said. "In the country you are a creature of passion. Here you become a cynic."

"How do you know my heart?" he asked.

"We were born under the same star," she answered quietly.

"That is no sufficient answer," he replied. "It conveys no meaning to me, for I know nothing of the mysterious sciences you study."

"Come then with me," she answered, "and I will teach you."

She signed to her servant, who brought her horse; she mounted and rode away with merely a smile to Hilary. She knew that in spite of the chill that was on him he would hunger for her in her absence and soon follow. And so he did. The pavements appeared empty though crowds moved over them; the city seemed lifeless and dull, though it was one of the gayest in the world. He turned from the streets, and walking into the country, found himself very soon at the narrow wicket gate of the Princess Fleta's Garden House.

She was wandering up and down the avenue between the trees. Her dress was white now, and very long and soft, falling in great folds from her shoulders. As she moved slowly to and fro, the dancing sunlight playing on her splendid form, it seemed to Hilary that he saw before him not a mere woman, but a priestess. Her late visit to the Cathedral recurred to him; if the religious soul was in her, might she not, indeed, spite of her strange acts, be no magician, but a priestess? He returned to his former humour and was ready to worship at her feet. She greeted him with a smile that thrilled him; her eyes read his very soul, and her smile brought to it an unutterable joy. She turned and led the way to the house and Hilary followed her.

She opened her laboratory door, and immediately Hilary became aware of the strong odour of some powerful incense. The dim smoke was still in the room but the flame had all died away in the vessel. By the side of the vessel lay a prostrate figure. Hilary uttered a cry of amazement and of horror as he recognised Father Amyot. He turned such a look of dismay upon the Princess that she answered his thought in a haughty tone which she had never before used in addressing him.

"It is not time yet to ask me the meaning of what you may see here. Some day, perhaps, when you know more, you may have the right to question me: but not now. See, I can change this appearance that distresses you, in a moment."

She raised the prostrate figure, and flung off from it the white robe that resembled Father Amyot's. Beneath, it was clothed in a dull red garment such as Hilary had first seen it in. With a few swift touches of her hand the Princess changed the expression of the face. Father Amyot was gone, and Hilary saw sitting in the chair before him that unindividualised form and face which at his visit to the laboratory had

affected him with so much horror. The Princess saw the repugnance still in his face, and with a laugh opened the screen with which she had hidden the figure before.

"Now," she said, "come and sit beside me on this couch."

But before she left the great vessel she threw in more incense and lit it. Already Hilary was aware that the fumes of that which had been already burned had affected his brain. The red figures moved upon the black wall, and he watched them with fascinated eyes.

They shaped themselves together not, this time, into words, but into forms. And the wall instead of black became bright and luminous. It was as though Hilary and Fleta sat alone before an immense stage. They heard the spoken words and saw the gestures and the movements of these phantasmal actors as clearly and with as much reality as though they were creatures of flesh and blood before them. It was a drama of the passions; the chief actors were Hilary and Fleta themselves. Hilary almost forgot that the real Fleta was at his side, so absorbed was he in the action of the phantasmal Fleta.

He was bewildered, and he could not understand the meaning of what he saw, clearly though the drama was enacted in front of him. He saw the orchard full of blossoming trees; he saw the splendid savage woman. He knew that he himself and this Fleta at his side, were in some strange way playing a part under this savage guise; but how or what it was he could not tell. Fleta laughed as she watched his face. "You do not know who you are," she cried. "That is a great loss and makes life much more difficult. But you will know by and bye if you are willing to learn. Come, let us look at another and a very different page of life."

The stage grew dark and moving shadows passed to and fro upon it, great shadows that filled Hilary's soul with dread. At last they drew back and left a luminous space where Fleta herself was visible. Fleta, in this same human shape that she wore now, yet strangely changed. She was much older and yet more beautiful; there was a wonderful fire in her brilliant eyes. On her head was a crown, and Hilary saw that she had great powers to use or abuse—it was written on her face. Then something drew his eyes down and he saw a figure lying helpless at her feet—why was it so still?—it was alive!—yes, but it was bound and fettered, bound hand and foot.

"Are you afraid?" broke out Fleta's voice with a ring of mocking laughter in it. "Surely you are not afraid—why should I not reign? why should you not suffer? You are a cynic; is there anything good to be expected?"

"Perhaps not," said Hilary. "It may be that you are heartless and false. And yet, as I stand here now, I feel that though you may betray me by and bye, and take my life and liberty from me, yet I love your very treachery."

Fleta laughed aloud, and Hilary stood silent, confused by the words he had spoken hastily without pausing to think whether they were fit to speak or not. Well, it was done now. He had spoken of his love. She could refuse ever to see him again and he would go into the outer darkness.

"No," she said, "I shall not send you away. Do you not know, Hilary Estanol, that you are my chosen companion? Otherwise would you be here with me now? The word love does not alarm me; I have heard it too often. Only I think it very meaningless. Let us put it aside for the present. If you let yourself love me you must suffer; and I do not want you to suffer yet. When pain comes to you the youth will go from your face; you do not know how to preserve it, and I like your youth."

Hilary made no answer. It was not easy to answer such a speech, and Hilary was not in the humour for accomplishing any thing difficult. His brain was confused by the fumes of the incense and by the strange scenes so mysteriously enacted before his eyes. He scarcely knew what Fleta this was that stood beside him. And yet he knew he loved her though he distrusted her! With each moment that he passed by her side he worshipped her more completely, and the disbelief interfered less and less with his proud joy in being admitted to her intimacy.

"Now," said Fleta, "I want you to do a new thing. I want you to exercise your will and compel my servants who have been pleasing us with phantasies, to show us a phantasy of your own creation. You can do this very well, if you will. It only needs that you shall not doubt you can do it. Ah! how quickly does the act follow the thought!" She uttered the last words with a little cry of amused pleasure. For the dim shadows had rapidly masked the stage and then again withdrawn, leaving the figure of Fleta very clearly visible, beautiful and passionate, her face alight with love, held clasped in Hilary's arms, her lips pressed close to his.

The real Fleta who sat beside him rose now with a shake of her head, and a laugh which was not all gay. The shadows closed instantly over the stage, and a moment later the illusion was all destroyed and the solid wall was there before Hilary's eyes. He had become so accustomed to witness the marvellous inside this room that he did not pause to wonder; he followed Fleta as she crossed to the door, and tried to attract her attention.

"Forgive me, my Princess," he murmured over and over again.

"Oh, you are forgiven," she said at last lightly. "You have not offended, so it is easy for me to forgive. I do not think a man can help what is in his heart; at all events, no ordinary man can. And you, Hilary, have consented to be like the rest. Are you content?"

"No!" he answered, instantly. And as he spoke he understood for the first time the fever that had stirred him all through his short bright

life. "Content! How should I be? Moreover, is not our star the star of restlessness and action?"

For the first time, Fleta turned on him a glance of real tenderness and emotion. When he said the words "our star," it seemed as if he had touched her heart.

"Ah!" she said, "How sorely I long for a companion!"

Then she turned from him very abruptly, and almost before he knew she had moved she had opened the door, and was standing outside waiting for him. "Come!" she said impatiently. He followed her immediately, for he had no choice but to do so; yet he was disappointed. He was more deeply disappointed when he found that she led the way with swift steps into the room where her aunt sat. Arrived there, Fleta threw herself into a chair, took up a great golden fan and began to fan herself, while she talked about the gossip of the Court. The change was so sudden that for some moments Hilary could not follow her. He stood bewildered, till the aunt pushed a low chair towards him; and he felt then that the old lady was not surprised at his manner, but only sorry for him. And then suddenly the cynic re-asserted itself in his heart. A thought that bit like flame suddenly started into life. Had the bewildered emotion that had been, as he knew, visible on his face, been seen on others before; was Fleta not only playing with him, but playing with him as she had played with many another lover? The thought was more hateful than any he had ever suffered from; it wounded his vanity, which was more tender and delicate than his heart.

Fleta gave him no opportunity of anything but talk such as seemed in her stately presence too trivial to be endured, and so at last he rose and went his way. Fleta did not accompany him to the gate this time. She left him to go alone, and he felt as if she had withdrawn her favour in some degree; and yet perhaps that was foolish, he told himself, for after all, both he and she had said too much to-day.

Fleta was betrothed. She had been betrothed at her christening. Before long her marriage would take place; and then that crown seen in the vision would be placed on her head. Had it needed the vision to bring that fact to his mind, asked Hilary of himself? If so, 'twas time, he bitterly added, for Fleta was not a woman who was likely to give up a crown for the sake of love! His heart rose fiercely within him as he thought of all this. Why had she tempted him to speak of love? For surely he never would have dared to so address her had she not tempted him; so he thought.

If he could have seen Fleta now! As soon as he left the room she had risen and slowly moved back to her laboratory. Entered there, she drew away a curtain which concealed a large mirror let deep into the wall. She did this resolutely, yet as if reluctantly. Immediately her gaze became fixed on the glass. She saw Hilary's figure within it moving on his way towards the city. She read his thoughts and his heart. At

last she dropped the curtain with a heavy sigh, and let her arms fall at her side with a gesture that seemed to mean despair; certainly it meant deep dejection. And presently some great tears dropped upon the floor at her feet.

None, since Fleta was born, had seen her shed tears.

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER AMYOT on the next morning sent a message to Hilary praying him to come and see him. This Hilary did at once, and in much perplexity as to what the reason of such a summons could be. He went straight to the Cathedral, for there he knew the ascetic priest passed all his time. He found him, as he expected, prostrate before the altar, and almost in the same attitude he had seen him in yesterday. Horribly too it reminded him of the attitude of that figure lying on the floor of Fleta's laboratory when he had entered it. He had to touch Father Amyot to attract his attention; then at once the priest rose and led the way out of the Cathedral into the cloisters, which joined it to the monastery close at hand. He went on, without speaking, his head drooped. Hilary could but follow. At last they reached a bare cell in which was no furniture but a crucifix and a perpetual lamp burning before it, and against the wall a bench.

Here Father Amyot sat down, and he motioned with his hand to Hilary to sit beside him.

Then he fell into a profound reverie; and Hilary watching him, wondered much what was in his mind. Was Fleta even now working her spells upon him and moulding his thoughts according to her will?

It almost seemed like it, for her name was the first word he uttered "The Princess Fleta," he commenced, "is about to go upon a long and dangerous journey."

Hilary started and turned his face away, for he knew that he had turned pale. Was she really going to leave the city! How unexpected! how terrible!

"In a very short time," went on Father Amyot, "the Princess will be married and she has a mission which she desires to accomplish before her wedding, and she says that you can assist her in this. It is for the fulfilment of this mission that she is undertaking the journey I speak of; supposing you should agree to help her you would have to accompany her."

Hilary made no answer. He had no answer ready. His breath was taken away and he could not recover it all in an instant. The whole thing seemed incredible; he felt it to be impossible; and yet a conviction was already falling on him that it would take place.

"Of course," resumed Father Amyot, seeing that Hilary was not disposed to speak, "you will want to know your errand, you will want to

know why you are going on this journey. This it will be impossible for you to know. The Princess does not choose to inform any one of what her errand is."

"Not even the person whom she says can help her?" exclaimed Hilary in amazement.

"Not even you."

"Well," said Hilary rising with a gesture of indignation, "let her find some one else to go blindly in her wake. I am not the man."

So saying he walked across the cell to the doorway, forgetting even to say good-bye to Father Amyot.

But the priest's voice arrested him

"You would travel alone, save for one attendant."

Hilary turned and faced the priest in amazement.

"Oh, impossible!" he exclaimed, "——yet it is true."

To Hilary the cynic, the thing suddenly assumed an intelligible form. Fleta wanted to take a journey in which she would prefer a companion because of its danger; yet she could not give her confidence to any one. She proposed to herself to use his love for her; she offered him her society as a bribe to take care of her, to ask no questions and tell no tales. The idea did not please him.

"I have heard of princesses risking anything, relying on the power of their position; I have heard that the royal caprice is not to be measured by the reason of other men and women. Perhaps it is so. But Fleta! I thought her different even from her own family."

These were the first thoughts that came into his mind. His ready conclusion was that Fleta was willing that he should be her lover if he would be her servant also. But immediately afterwards came the fair vision of Fleta herself in her white robes, and with the face of a priestess. Her purpose was inscrutable, like herself. He confessed this as he stood there, surging doubts in his mind. And then suddenly a fragrance came across his sense—a strong perfume, that he associated with Fleta's dress—and next a breath of incense. His brain grew dizzy; he staggered back and leaned against the wall. He no longer appeared to himself to be in Father Amyot's cell—he was in Fleta's laboratory, and her hand touched his face, her breath was on his brow. Ah, what madness of joy to be with her! To travel with her, to be her associate and companion to pass all the hours of the day by her side. Suddenly he roused himself, and, starting forward, approached Father Amyot.

"I will go," he said.

"It will cost you dear," said the priest. "Think again before you decide."

"It is useless to think," cried Hilary. "Why should I think? I feel—and to feel is to live."

Father Amyot seemed not to hear his words. He was apparently already buried in prayer. Evidently he had said all that he intended to

say; and Hilary, after a glance at him, turned and left the cell. He knew the priest's moods too well to speak again, when once that deep cloud of profound abstraction had descended on his face.

He went away, passing back as he had come, through the Cathedral. At the high altar he paused an instant, and then knelt and murmured a prayer. It was one he had learned, and he scarce attached any meaning to the familiar words. But it comforted him to feel that he had prayed, be it never so meaningless a prayer. For Hilary had been reared in all the habits of the devout Catholic.

Then he went out and took his way towards the Garden House, walking with long strides. He was determined to know the truth, and that at once. Amid all the brilliant men who crowded her father's Court was he indeed the only one who could touch her heart? An hour ago he would have laughed at any one who had told him he had touched it; yet now he believed he had. And what intoxication that belief was! For the first time he began to feel the absolute infatuation of love. And looking back it seemed to him that an hour ago he had not loved Fleta—that he had never loved her till this minute.

He found her standing at the gate, among the flowers. She was dressed in white, and some crimson roses were fastened at her neck. Her face was like a child's, full of gaiety and gladness. Hilary's heart bounded with the delight it gave him to see her like this. She opened the gate for him, and together they walked towards the house.

"I have been to see Father Amyot," said Hilary. "He sent for me this morning."

"Yes," answered Fleta, quietly. "He had a message to you from me. Are you willing to undertake a tiresome task for one you know so little?"

"My Princess," murmured Hilary, bending his head as he spoke.

"But not your Queen," said Fleta, with a laugh full of the glorious insolence only possible to one who had the royal blood in her veins, and knew that a crown was waiting for her.

"Yes, my Queen," said Hilary.

"If you call me that," said Fleta, quickly, and in a different tone, "you recognise a royalty not recognised by courtiers."

"Yes," replied Hilary simply.

"The royalty of power," added Fleta, significantly, and with a penetrating look into his eyes.

"Call it what you will," answered Hilary, "you are my Queen. From this hour I give allegiance."

"Be it so," said Fleta, with a light girlish laugh, "Be ready then, to-morrow at noon. I will tell you where to meet me. I will send a message in the morning."

Suddenly a recollection crossed Hilary's mind which had hitherto been blotted out from it. "My mother," he said.

"Oh," said Fleta, "I have been to see Madame Estanol. My father goes into the country to-day and she believes you go with him. She is glad you should join the Court."

"Strange," said Hilary, unthinkingly, "for she has always set her face against it." Then the smile on Fleta's face made him think his words foolish.

"It is as my Queen orders. Seemingly, men and women obey her even in their inmost hearts."

"No," said Fleta, with a sigh, "that is just what they do not! It is that power which I have yet to obtain. They obey me, yes, but against the dictates of their inmost hearts. If you really loved me, we could obtain that power; but you are like the others. You do not love me with your inmost heart!"

"I do not!" exclaimed Hilary, in amazement, stunned by her words.

"No," she answered, mournfully, "you do not. If you really loved me you would not calculate chances and risks, you would not consider whether I am profligate or virtuous, whether I am my father's daughter or a child of the stars! I tell you, Hilary Estanol, if you were capable of loving me truly, you might find your way to the gods with me and even sit among them. But it is not so with you. You vacillate even in your love. You cannot give yourself utterly. That means grief to you, for you cannot find perfect pleasure in a thing which you take doubtingly and give but by halves. Still you shall travel with me; and you shall be my companion and friend. There is none other to whom I would give this chance. How do you think you will reward me? Oh, I know too well. Go now, but be ready when I send for you."

So saying she turned and went into the house, leaving him in the garden. For a few moments he stood there embarrassed, not knowing which way to turn or what to do. But he was not annoyed or disturbed, as his vanity might have led him to be at another time, by such cavalier treatment He was aghast, horrified. Was this the girl he loved! this tyrant, this proud spirit, this strange woman, who before he had wooed her reproached him with not loving her enough! Within him lurked a conventional spirit, strong under all circumstances, even those of the most profound emotion, and Fleta's whole conduct shocked and distressed that spirit so that it groaned, and more, upbraided him with his mad love. But the fierce growth of that love could not be checked. He might suffer because it lived, but he was not strong enough to kill it.

He turned and walked away from the house and slowly returned to the city. He was ashamed and disheartened. His love seemed to disgrace him. He had entertained lofty ideas which now were discarded for ever. For he knew that to-morrow he would start upon a long journey, the end of which was to him unknown, by the side of a girl whom

he could never marry, yet of whom he was the avowed lover. Well, be it so. Hilary began to look at these things from a fatalistic point of view; his weakness led him to shrug his shoulders and say that his fate was stronger than himself. So he went home gloomily yet with a burning and feverish heart. He immediately set to work making ready for his departure for an indefinite period. His mother he found was prepared for this, as Fleta had told him; and more—seemed to regard Fleta as a kind of gentle goddess who had brought good fortune into his path.

"I have always resisted the idea of your hanging about the Court," she said, "but it is different if indeed the King wishes to have you with him. That must lead to your obtaining some honourable post. What I dreaded was your becoming a mere useless idler. And I am glad you are going into the country, dear, for you are looking very pale and quite ill."

Hilary assented tacitly and without comment to the deceit with which Fleta had paved the way for him.

(To be continued.)

"Spirituality is not what we understand by the words 'virtue' or 'goodness.' It is the power of perceiving formless, spiritual essences."—(*Jasper Niemand in the "Path."*)

"The discovery and right use of the true essence of Being—this is the whole secret of life."—(*Jasper Niemand in the "Path."*)

Desire Made Pure.

When desire is for the purely abstract—when it has lost all trace or tinge of "self"—then it has become pure.

The first step towards this purity is to kill out the desire for the things of matter, since these *can* only be enjoyed by the separated personality.

The second is to cease from desiring for oneself even such abstractions as power, knowledge, love, happiness, or fame; for they are but selfishness after all.

Life itself teaches these lessons; for all such objects of desire are found Dead Sea fruit in the moment of attainment. This much we learn from experience. Intuitive perception seizes on the *positive* truth that satisfaction is attainable only in the infinite; the will makes that conviction an actual fact of consciousness, till at last all desire is centred on the Eternal.

THOUGHTS ON THEOSOPHY.

"THE letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," this is the keynote of all true reform. Theosophy is the vehicle of the spirit that gives life, consequently nothing *dogmatic* can be truly *theosophical.*

It is incorrect, therefore, to describe a *mere* unearthing of dead letter dogmas as "Theosophic work."

When a word, phrase, or symbol, having been once used for the purpose of suggesting an idea *new* to the mind or minds being operated on, is insisted upon irrespective of the said idea, it becomes a dead letter dogma and loses its vitalising power, and serves rather as an obstruction to, than as vehicle of the spirit; but, alas, this insistance upon the letter is too often carried on under the honoured name of "Theosophy."

A man cannot acquire an idea *new to him* unless it *grows* in his mind.

The mere familiarity with the *sound* of a word, or a phrase, or the mere familiarity with the *appearance* of a symbol, does not, of *necessity*, involve the possession of the idea properly associated with the said word, phrase or symbol. To insist, therefore, on the contrary cannot be theosophical; but would be better described as *un*theosophical.

It would certainly be theosophical work to point out kindly and temperately how certain words, phrases and symbols appear to have been misunderstood or misapplied, how various claims and professions may be excessive or confused as a consequence of ignorance or vanity, or both. But it is quite another thing to condemn a man or a body of men *outright*, for certain errors in judgment or action; even though they were the result of vanity, greed or hypocrisy; indeed such wholesale condemnation would, on the contrary, be untheosophical.

The one eternal, immutable law of life alone can judge and condemn a man absolutely. "Vengeance is *mine*, saith the Lord."

Were I asked how I would dare attempt "to dethrone the gods, overthrow the temple, destroy the law which feeds the priests and props the realm; I should answer as the Buddha is made to answer in the *Light of Asia:* 'What thou bidst me keep is form which passes while the free truth stands; get thee to thy darkness.'"

"What good gift hath my brother but it comes from search and strife (inward) and loving sacrifice."

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Correspondence

ARE THE TEACHINGS ASCRIBED TO JESUS CONTRADICTORY?

THERE are none so blind as those who won't see, excepting those who can't!

In *Light*, for September 10th, there is a letter from Dr. Wyld, who writes as follows: "In the last number of *Light* there is a quotation from the *Spiritual Reformer* in which the writer shows the absurdity of the idea that Jesus was not an historic being. But while thanking the writer for this contribution, I would take the strongest objection to his assertion that many of Christ's teachings are contradictory and mistaken. This is an assertion occasionally made by Spiritualists, and whenever I have met with it I have asked for evidence of the assertion, but hitherto I have received none."

But that might surely have been easily supplied. Here, for example, are a few very direct contradictions in the speaker's own words. Every one knows how secret were the teachings in their nature; how secretly they were conveyed in private places apart; how secretly his secrets were to be kept; and yet in presence of the High Priest Jesus makes the astounding declaration: "*I have spoken openly to the world; I always taught in synagogues; and in secret spake I nothing.*"—John xviii. 20.

Jesus, in keeping with the mythical character, is made to claim equality and identity with the Father. He says (John x. 30), "*I and my Father are one;*" but in the same book (John xiv. 28), he says, "*The Father is greater than I*" —(Cf. Matthew xxiv. 36.) Again, he claims superiority over his Father. "*The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son. As I hear I judge*" (John v. 22, 30). And then in the same gospel he says, "*I judge no man,*" (John viii. 15.) "*If any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world,*" (John xii. 47). Again, "*I am one that bear witness of myself. Though I bear witness of myself, yet my record is true,*" (John viii. 14, 18); which is contradicted by (John v. 31) "*If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true.*" He says (John v. 33, 34) that "*John bare witness unto the truth, but I receive not testimony from man,*" and then tells the disciples, who are supposed to have been men, that "*they also shall bear witness*" to or of him (John xv. 27). Again he says, "*Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works,*" (Matthew v. 16). But "*Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them.*" (Matthew vi. 1).

"*Resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also,*" (Matthew v. 39); for "*all that take the sword, shall perish with the sword,*" (Matthew xxvi. 52). Nevertheless, "*He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one,*" (Luke xxii. 36). "*I came not to send Peace but a Sword,*" (Matthew x. 34). "*Be not afraid of them that kill the body,*" (Luke xii. 4). Nevertheless "*Jesus would not walk in Jewry because the Jews sought to kill him,*" (John vii. 1).

I merely ask, for the sake of information, are these statements contradictory or are they not?

I will but offer one or two specimens of the more serious and fundamental contradictions in the *olla podrida* of teaching assigned to Jesus. The teaching of the alleged founder of Christianity in the Gospel according to Matthew (ch. xix. 12), is that of the Saboi, the self-mutilators, who are still extant as the Russian Skoptsi * and who emasculate themselves to save their spermatic souls, as Origen is reputed to have done. Jesus is made to say, "*There are Eunuchs which made themselves Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake.* He that is able to receive it, let him receive it." And then in the opening verses of the very next chapter, the same teacher says, "*Suffer little children and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*" But those who became Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake could not be suffering the little children to come unto him or to them. They would be forbidding them to come at all. If the Kingdom of Heaven be *such* as the children of Eunuchs it must be non-extant. As Hood's deaf shopman said of the crackers going off, there were so many reports he did not know *which* to believe.

And where is the sense of talking so much nonsense about the "Golden Rule" or the Divine humanity on behalf of one who carried on the blindest warfare against human nature itself? Who declared that "*If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brothers and sisters, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple*" (Luke xiv. 26). And who promised that every follower of his who "*left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake should receive manifold more in the present and in the world to come life everlasting.*" Well may the grateful Musselman cry in his adorations, "*Thank God* OUR *Father has no Son!*"

But, I do not charge these contradictory sayings and teachings to any personal character. The collectors are but making use of the *Kurios*, the Lord of the pre-Christian Mythos, the mystical Christ of the Gnostics, as a puppet to represent them and their divers doctrines. They make the human image of a God of Love to be the preacher of everlasting punishment, and the bearer of a fan with which he fans the fires of hell; a false foreteller of that which never came to pass, and the forerunner of a fulfilment which did not follow. In short, they make this Marionette Messiah dance to any particular tune they play.

Jesus is posed as the original revealer of a father in Heaven, whereas the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood was taught in three different Egyptian Cults during some four thousand years previously.

Dr. Wyld implies that I deny the existence of a personal Jesus. That is the misrepresentation of ignorance. But the sole historical Jesus acknowledged by me is the only one who was ever known to the Jews, to Celsus, to Epiphanius, as the descendant of JOSEPH Pandira, he, who according to Irenæus, lived to be over fifty years of age.

This, I admit, was not the kind of Jesus whom the Christians find in the Gospels and honour as a God.

The Gospel histories do not contain the biography of Ben-Pandira, the son

* Of whom there are large colonies along the Black Sea and the coast of Imeretia and Poti.

of Joseph. Nor was it intended that they should. Their Jesus is the mythical Christ, the Horus of 12 years, and the adult Horus of 30 years; the Lord of the age, Æon or Cycle, who came and went, and was to come again for those who possessed the Gnosis.

Another writer in *Light*, a week earlier, could not understand how any one can deny the personal existence of the "Historical Christ!"

The *Historical Christ!* You might as well demand our belief in the historical Chronos—Time, in person—or the historical Ghost, in man or out of him. If the writer knew anything of the pre-Christian Spiritualism—anything of the true nature or even the meaning of the name—he would perceive the Historic Impossibility of the personal Christ. An "Historical Christ" is as much a nonentity as the historical Mrs. Harris. But, *cui bono?* I have no hope in these matters of any orthodox Christian Spiritualists. They have to learn the primary lesson, at last, that Historic Christianity was not founded on our facts *until it had buried them!* That it was the negation of Gnosticism, the antithesis of phenomenal Spiritualism. That it substituted faith for facts; a physical resurrection for a spiritual continuity, and a corporeal Christ for the trans-corporeal man.

The Christian Revelation leaves no room for modern Spiritualism, and they are logically, truly Christians who reject it! It recognises no other rising again except at the last day, and then only for the few who believed in Jesus (John vi. 40). The Christians have no other world but one at the end of this; no other spirits extant excepting their physical Christ and the devil.

People who will see nothing contradictory in direct opposites, no difference betwixt black and white, but rather the necessary duality of antiphonal truth, who can accept a misinterpretation of mythology for the Word of God, are of little account as witnesses for Spiritualism. They who tell a story about the whale swallowing Jonah are not likely to be credited when they come with another that looks very like Jonah swallowing the whale. Professed believers in the literal truth of the Gospel fables are of necessity "*Suspects*" as witnesses for abnormal and extraordinary facts.

Pointing to his antagonist on the platform, O'Connel once enquired of his audience, "Can ye believe a single word that a gentleman says who wears a waistcoat of *that* colour?" It was yellow, and they couldn't.

What is the use of taking your "Bible oath" that this thing is true, if the Book you are sworn upon is a magazine of falsehoods already exploded or just going off?

Moreover, the Christian Priesthood has been preaching through all these centuries that the dead do *not* return; and the living have believed them.

Dr. Sprenger has calculated that nine million persons have been put to death as Witches, Wizards, or Mediums, since 1484, when Pope Innocent VIII. issued his Bull against Spiritualism and all its practices, which were considered to be the works of the devil.

Besides, if the Christian scheme of damnation be true, as assigned to the teaching of Jesus, no humane person should want to know that there is any hereafter.

Spiritualism can make no headway where it has to draw after it this dead weight of a tail.

Christian Spiritualism also ostentatiously proclaims that it has nothing in the world to do with "Woman's Rights," "Vaccination," or any such merely human interests. It would seek to create an interest in another life, whilst ignoring the vital interests of this. But that is to sign its own death-warrant and to seal its own speedy doom. This is to repeat the mistake and follow the failure of the Christian system of saving souls for another life whilst allowing them to be damned in this. At the same time, it would drag Spiritualism into the bankrupt business of Historic Christianity and bind up a third testament to save the other two, as a sort of Trinity in Unity. But as a system of thought, of religion, or morals and a mode of interpreting nature, Historic Christianity is moribund and cannot be saved, or resuscitated by transfusion of new blood into it; not if you bled Spiritualism to death in trying to give it a little new life. They try in vain to make our phenomena guarantee the miracles of mythology as spiritual realities. They try in vain to tether the other world in this and make it draw for the fraudulent old faith. They keep on jumping up and down to persuade themselves and others that they are free. But it is only a question of length of chain, for those who are still fettered fast at foot upon the ancient standing-ground.

I have not answered the writer in the paper quoted by *Light*, and approved by Dr. Wyld, for the reason that his acquaintance with my data was too limited to make discussion profitable or useful. Those data are already presented in accessible books and pamphlets, and there is no need for me to repeat them in reply to him. Those who undertake to write on so perplexing a subject ought to be able to illuminate it and enlighten their opponents. The problems are not to be solved by any amount of personal simplicity. I am always ready to meet any competent and well-informed defender of the faith upon the platform or in the press. I should prefer it to be a bishop, who is also an Egyptologist. But beggars are not allowed to be choosers. I am prepared at any time to demonstrate the entirely mythical and mystical origin of the Christ, and the non-spiritual, non-historical beginnings of the vast complex called Christianity.

GERALD MASSEY.

[Any "Bishop Egyptologist," or even Assyriologist, of whom we have heard there are not a few in England, is cordially invited to defend his position in the pages of LUCIFER. The "Son of the Morning" is the *Light-Bearer*, and welcomes light from every quarter of the globe.—ED.]

[NOTE.—As *Lucifer* cannot concur in the exclusively *exoteric* view, taken by Mr. Massey, of this allegorical, though none the less philosophical, scripture, the next number will contain an article dealing with the *esoteric* meaning of the New Testament.—ED.]

TO THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHT ON THE PATH."

THERE is a sentence in your "Comments" which has haunted me with a sense of irritation: "To obtain knowledge by experiment is too tedious a method for those who aspire to do real work," &c. Have we any knowledge, of whatever sort, that has been of use in the world, which has been obtained otherwise than experimentally? By patient and persistent toil of sifting and testing, we have obtained the little knowledge that is of service to us. Is there such a

thing as "certain intuition"? Has intuitive knowledge, if such there be, been accepted as positive knowledge until it has been submitted to the test of experiment? Would it be right that it should be? Your illustration of the "determined workman" brings the question down (as I think the question should be brought) to the plane of practice. Is there any workman who can know his tools until he has tried them? Is not the history of knowledge the history of intuitions put to the test of practice? Intuitions, or what we call such, seem to me quite as apt and likely to deceive us as anything in the world; we only know them for good when we have tried them.

INTERROGATOR.

It seems to me there is some confusion in this letter between obtaining knowledge by experiment, and testing it by experiment. Edison knew that his discoveries were only things to look for, and he tested his knowledge by experiment. The actual work of great inventors is the bringing of intuitive knowledge on to the plane of practice by applying the test of experiment. But all inventors are seers; and some of them having died without being able to put into practice the powers which they knew existed in Nature were considered madmen. Later on, other men are more fortunate, and re-discover the laughed-at knowledge. This is an old and familiar story, but we need constantly to be reminded of it. How often have great musicians or great artists been regarded as "infant prodigies" in their childhood? They have intuitive knowledge of that power of which they are chosen interpreters, and experiment is only necessary in order to find out how to give that which they know to others.

Intuitive knowledge in reference to the subjects with which I have been dealing must indeed be tested by experiment; and it is the whole purpose of "Light on the Path" itself, and the "Comments" to urge men to test their knowledge in this way. But the vital difference between this and material forms of knowledge is that for all occult purposes a man must obtain his own knowledge before he can use it. There are many subjects of time content to linger on through æons of slow development, and pass the threshold of eternity at last by sheer force of the great wheel of life with which they move; possibly during their interminable noviciate, they may obtain knowledge by experiment and with well-tested tools. Not so the pioneer, the one who claims his divine inheritance now. He must work as the great artists, the great inventors have done; obtain knowledge by intuition, and have such sublime faith in his own knowledge that his life is readily devoted to testing it.

But for this purpose the testing has to be actually done in the astral life. In a new world, where the use of the senses is a pain, how can the workman stay to test his tools? The old proverb about the good workman who never quarrels with them, however bad they are, though of course had he the choice he would use the best, applies here.

As to whether intuitive knowledge exists or no, I can only ask how came philosophies, metaphysics, mathematics into existence? All these represent a portion of abstract truth.

Before I received this letter the "Comments" for this month were written, in which, as it happens, I have spoken a great deal about intuitive knowledge.

Therefore, I will now only quote the definition of a philosopher from Plato, which is given near the end of Book V.,—

"I mean by philosopher, the man who is devoted to the acquisition of knowledge, real knowledge, and not merely inquisitive. The more our citizens approach this temperament, the better the state will be. True knowledge in its perfection and its entirety, man cannot attain. But he can attain to a kind of knowledge of realities, if he has any knowledge at all, because he cannot know nonentities. Hence his knowledge is half-way between real knowledge and ignorance, and we must call it opinion."

NOTE.—Several questions which have been received are held over to be answered next month.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

IN the interesting and lucid article on "Karma" in your number of September 15th, everything seems to hinge on the theory of re-incarnation. "Very well," says the author of that paper, "let us take the principle of re-incarnation for granted." But is not this a rather unphilosophical way of handling a subject of such gravity? Take this or that principle for granted, and you may go about to prove anything under the sun. It is the old weakness of begging the question. Is it not this taking for granted what cannot be proved, and is not attempted to be proved, that has led astray speculators—both scientific and religious—everywhere and in every age, and is it not upon similar assumptions that the whole monstrous fabric of theology rests? Of course, in every kind of speculation one is compelled to set out with an assumption of some sort; but then the first thing the reader demands is, that the grounds shall be shown upon which the assumption rests; the assumption, whatever it be, must be made good before one can be asked to accept that which is to be raised upon it. And here comes in my question: What is the warrant or sanction for the principle of re-incarnation? What is the principle grounded upon? Do we undergo re-incarnation, and how do you know it?

Having set out with the assumption, the author does not return to it again, and at the end of the article I am as uninstructed as at the outset respecting the pivotal principle upon which all that follows seems to turn.

INTERROGATOR.

The author of "Karma" will go into this question fully in a paper devoted entirely to the subject of re-incarnation. The two subjects are inextricably interwoven, but it was decided that to treat the two at the same time would produce too great a confusion, and offer too wide an area of speculation for the mind to grapple with. Therefore this course was adopted of taking the principle of re-incarnation for granted. It is possible that the second paper should have come first, but the two theories stand side by side, not one before the other, so that the question of precedence was a difficult one. But it is necessary, in view of this blending of the ideas, that the reader shall have the complete presentation of both before him, and then draw his conclusions. Therefore indulgence is asked until the papers dealing with each subject are completed. As many readers may have felt the same difficulty as our correspondent, we are glad to insert this letter and reply.—ED.

Reviews.

THE KABBALAH UNVEILED.

TRANSLATED BY S. L. MACGREGOR MATHERS.*

THE author of this welcome volume has supplied the present generation of students of theosophy and occultism with a text-book which has been long wanted and waited for. The "Zohar" is the great storehouse of the ancient Hebrew theosophy, supplemented by the philosophical doctrines of the mediæval Jewish Rabbis. It consists of several distinct yet allied tracts, each discussing some special branch of the subject; each tract again consists of several portions, a kernel of most ancient dogma, to which are added comments and explanations, in some cases by several hands and at very different epochs. There is sufficient proof that these kernels of dogma are remnants of one of the oldest systems of philosophy that have come down to us, and they show also intrinsic evidence that they are associated at least with the return from the Babylonish captivity. On the other hand, it is pretty certain that the Zohar, in its present form, was put together and first printed about 1558, at Mantua, and a little later in other editions at Cremona and Lublin. This Mantuan edition was a revision of the collection of tracts collected and edited in MS. form by Moses de Leon, of Guadalaxara, in Spain, about 1300; even the most hostile views of the antiquity of the Zohar grant this much, and although direct historical evidence is not forthcoming of the several steps in the course of transmission of these doctrines from ante-Roman times, yet, as aforesaid, the internal evidence is ample to show the essential origination of the specially Hebrew ideas found in the Zohar from Rabbis, more or less tinged with a Babylonish cast, who must have flourished antecedent to the building of the second Temple. The tradition of the mediæval Rabbis definitely assigned the authorship to Rabbi Schimeon ben Jochai, who lived in the reign of the Roman Emperor Titus, A.D. 70-80; and it is the claim of authorship made on his behalf that the modern critic is so fond of contesting.

The "Zohar," or "Splendour," or "Book of Illumination," and the "Sepher Yetzirah" are almost the only extant books of the Kabbalah, Qbalah or Cabbala. The "Kabbalah Denudata" of Knorr von Rosenroth, is a Latin version of the former, with commentaries by himself and by certain learned Rabbis. No French and no German translation of the Zohar has ever been published, nor until the present time has any English version been printed. Eliphaz Levi has, however, paraphrased a few chapters of the "Book of Concealed Mystery," and these have been printed in the *Theosophist*.

Some parts of the Zohar are written in pure Hebrew, but a large portion is in Aramaic Chaldee, and there are passages in other dialects; this variation of language adds immensely to the difficulties of an accurate translation.

Knorr von Rosenroth was a most able and compendious Hebrew savant, and

* George Redway, 15, York Street, Covent Garden.

his translation of much of the Zohar into Latin is a work of established reputation, and has been, indeed, almost the only means by which the students of our era have been able to consult Hebraic philosophy. The present revival of theosophical studies by the English speaking races has created a demand for the Kabbalah in an English dress, and hence the appearance of the present work is well timed, and will form an epoch in the history of occultism; and much good fruit will no doubt be borne by a more intimate acquaintance with Jewish lore, which will tinge the present tendency to supremacy of the Sanscrit and Hermetic forms of mysticism. There is much reason to suppose that an attentive study of each of these forms of knowledge may lead one to the Hidden Wisdom; but a skilful analogy, and an investigation into the three forms of dogma on parallel lines will give a breadth of grasp and a cosmopolitan view of the matter which should lead to a happy solution of the great problems of life in a speedy and satisfactory manner. The Kabbalah may, in concise terms, be said to teach the ancient Rabbinical doctrines of the nature and attributes of the Divinity, the cosmogony of our universe, the creation of angels and the human soul, the destiny of angels and men, the dogma of equilibrium, and the transcendental symbolism of the Hebrew letters and numerals.

Mr. Mathers, who is a most patient and persevering student, if not professor, of mystic lore, is at the same time a first-rate classical scholar, and a skilful interpreter of the Hebrew tongue, and his translation from the Latin, varied and improved by his own study of the original Chaldee, has produced an English version of the Kabbalah Denudata which is eloquent in its construction, true to its text, and lucid in its abstruseness. For the matter is abstruse, much of it, and some is practically incomprehensible to the beginner, to the world in general for certain, and perhaps to every one at the first glance. But it will be certainly perceived that those very portions which seem most extravagant at a first reading are just the passages from which later a light will arise and lead one on to a firm grasp of the subject. To take up this volume and read at odd moments is a useless and hopeless task; no progress will be made, at any rate at first, except by thoroughly abstracting one's individuality from the things of common life; disappointment can only accompany superficial reading.

Great credit is due to the enterprise of Mr. Redway in publishing this volume, for which no very extensive sale could have been anticipated; that he has already distributed a considerable number is matter for congratulation to himself and to the public. It is hoped that his success will induce him to publish other volumes of antique lore, of which many yet remain more or less completely ignored by the present generation.

The "Siphra Dtzenioutha," the "Idra Rabba," and the "Idra Zuta," included in this volume are doubtless three of the most valuable of the tracts of the Zohar, yet there are others of equal interest. The "Book of the Revolutions of Souls" is a most curious and mysterious work, and the "Asch Metzareph" is a treatise on the relations between Theosophy and the oldest alchemical ideas which are known to exist; it is a work on the Asiatic plane, on the lowest of the four kabbalistic worlds of Emanation.

Beyond the limits of the Zohar proper, the "Sepher Yetzirah," is a treatise which for interest and instruction cannot be surpassed.

Mr. Mathers supplies us with an introduction to the Qabalah, which stamps him as a master of the science, and although he refers us on some pages to Ginsburg (a recognised authority), yet his remarks and explanation are more deep and thorough than those published in Ginsburg's little English pamphlet, and are more discursive and complete. My remarks on the difficulty of our subject hardly render it necessary for me to insist on the absolute necessity of a painstaking study of this introduction, which will supply in a great measure the want of a *de novo* education in Hebrew, and Hebrew modes of thought and expression.

Mr. Mathers justly insists on the literal rendering of the Hebrew title by the spelling Qabalah, which is no doubt correct, but lays him open to a charge of pedantry, which perhaps does not much affect him, since it would only come from superficial and possibly scoffing critics. The use of the letter Q without its usual English companion the u is sanctioned and advised, in this connection, by the learned Max Müller and other Orientalists of repute. To avoid the printing of Hebrew letters, the publisher has adopted a scheme of printing Hebrew words in English capital letters (in addition to the mode of pronunciation), after a method given by the author in tabular form. To the Hebrew scholar this gives an idea of barbarism, which is painful to the eye and sadly mars the volume, whilst it only saves the student the task of learning an alphabet of 22 letters. I differ from the author in representing the Hebrew Teth by T, while depicting the Tau by TH., the reverse would have been a closer imitation of the sounds. The Introduction includes a learned excursus upon the idea of "Negative Existence," in which considerable light is thrown on that difficult subject; skilful definitions are added concerning the AIN, the AIN SOPH, and AIN SOPH AUR, answering in English to Negativity, The Limitless, and Limitless Light, the first essences of Deity. Several pages are devoted to a clear description of the Ten Sephiroth, the Numerical Conceptions of Godhead, and their explanatory titles; the Four Worlds of Emanation, and the component elements of a Human Soul; the Mysteries of the Hexagram as a type of Macroprosopus, the Most Holy Ancient One, or God the Father—and the succeeding mystery of Microprosopus, the Lesser Countenance, typified in the Pentagram and corresponding to the Christian Personality of the "Son of God," are all explained at length. The series of references to the IHVH the Tetragrammaton, the Concealed Name of unknown pronunciation, form a valuable dissertation. The book is supplied with nine well executed diagrams, explanatory of the Sephiroth, the sacred names, essences of the soul, and a very perfect and complete scheme of the Sephiroth in the four worlds of emanation associated with the Vision of Ezekiel. Mr. Mathers desires to call special attention to the differentiation of the Deity in the Emanations, into the female type in addition to masculine characteristics: note the idealism of the Superior HE, Binah, the Mother, and the Inferior HE, Malkuth, the Bride of Microprosopus, the Kingdom of God (the Son of God and his Bride the Church), note that Genesis i. 26, says "let *Us* make man in our image," "male and female created he them;" the "*us*" is "Elohim," a noun in the plural.

The "Siphra Dtzenioutha," or "Book of Concealed Mystery," is the most difficult of comprehension. Mr. Mathers adds a running commentary of his own, which proves to be very valuable. It consists of five chapters; in the first are found references to the Mystical Equilibrium, the worlds of unbalanced force characterised as the Edomite kings, the Vast Countenance, Theli the Dragon, the powers of IHVH, and the essence of the female power—the Mother. The second chapter mentions the Beard of Truth, and passes on to define Microprosopus. The third chapter treats of the Beard of Microprosopus in an allegorical manner, and of the formation of the Supernal Man. An annotation follows concerning Prayer, and a curious note on the word AMEN! as composed of IHVH, and ADNI Adonai or Lord. Chapter IV. treats of the male and female essences, and has a curious note on the Hebrew letter Hé, speaking of it as female, and composed of D, Daleth, and I, Jod—a great mystery worthy of study. Chapter V. speaks of the Supernal Eden, the Heavens, the Earth, the Waters, the Giants-Nephilim in the earth, wars of the kings, the tree of knowledge of good and evil, the serpent, and the houses of judgment; so that this treatise is no less discursive than abstruse.

The "Idra Rabba," or "Greater Holy Assembly," consisted of ten Rabbis, of whom Rabbi Schimeon was chief, and the book contains their several speeches and comments upon the doctrines laid down by Rabbi Schimeon, on a similar plan to the conversations narrated in the Book of Job. Twenty-five chapters are occupied with an allegory of the several parts of Macroprosopus, the type of God the Father; the twenty-sixth concerns the Edomite kings, the vanished creations; Chapters XXVII. to XLII. are an allegorical description of Microprosopus, the Son Deity, the V or Vau of the Tetragrammaton; Chapter XLIII. concerns the Judgments; XLIV., the Supernal Man; and XLV. is a Conclusion, in narrative form, of the passing away of three of the ten Rabbis, and the acknowledgment of R. Schimeon as chief of them all.

Very much of this descriptive volume referring to Deity is not only abstruse, but is, to the modern European, verbiage run wild; yet in this characteristic it is truly Oriental and Hebrew; some passages remind me very much of the "Song of Solomon," there are the same exuberant and flowery outbursts of poetic imagery.

The "Idra Zuta," or "Lesser Holy Assembly," is a similar treatise, explanatory of the Holy powers of the Deity, ascribing honour and power to Macroprosopus, Microprosopus, AIMA the God Mother, and the Bride of God; with instructive allusions to the Prior Worlds of the so-called Edomite Kings, and the sexual aspects of Godhead. The work concludes with a narrative of the death of R. Schimeon and his burial, the whole "Idra" being his last dying declaration of doctrine.

It is noteworthy that the words of the "Smaragdime Tablet of Hermes"—"that which is below is like that which is above" occur in paragraph 388 of the Idra Rabba, and are thus introduced, "We have learned through Barietha, the tradition given forth *without* the Holy City." I note also that the Mischna is mentioned in the Idra Zuta. Want of space compels me to omit all extracts from this volume, which is a matter of regret, as many passages are very eloquently written.

A flaw in this book is the construction of the Index, which should have contained sub-headings, as well as main headings. Of what value is the entry "Microprosopus," followed by eleven lines each of fourteen page-numbers? A score of references, sub-divided between his characteristics, his relationships, and his titles would have been of more practical use. With this exception, and when the abomination of Hebrew in English letters has been tolerated, we must acknowledge the production of a most valuable theosophical and philosophical storehouse of ancient Hebrew doctrine, on which Mr. MacGregor Mathers may be heartily congratulated.

W. Wynn Westcott, M.B.

"AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE ROSICRUCIANS."

By a Student of Occultism.*

A strange and original little story, charmingly fantastic, but full of poetic feeling and, what is more, of deep philosophical and occult truths, for those who can perceive the ground-work it is built upon. A fresh Eclogue of Virgil in its first part, descriptive of Alpine scenery in the Tyrol, where the author "dreamt" his adventure, with "shining glaciers glistening like vast mirrors in the light of the rising sun," deep ravines with rushing streams dancing between the cliffs, blue lakes slumbering among the meadows, and daisy-sprinkled valleys resting in the shadow of old pine forests.

Gradually as the hero of the "Adventure" ascended higher and higher, he began losing the sense of the world of the real, to pass unconsciously into the land of waking dreams.

"In these solitudes there is nothing to remind one of the existence of man, except occasionally the sawed-off trunk of a tree, showing the destructive influence of human activity. In some old, rotten, and hollow trunks rain-water has collected, sparkling in the sun like little mirrors, such as may be used by water-nymphs, and around their edges mushrooms are growing, which our imagination transforms into chairs, tables, and baldachinos for elves and fairies. . . . No sound could now be heard, except occasionally the note of a titmouse and the cry of a hawk who rose in long-drawn spiral motion high up into the air. . . ."

Throwing himself upon the moss, he begins watching the play of the water until it becomes "alive with forms of the most singular shape," with supermundane beings dancing in the spray, "shaking their heads in the sunshine and throwing off showers of liquid silver from their waving locks." . . .

"Their laughter sounded like that of the Falls of *Minnehaha*, and from the crevices of the rocks peeped the ugly faces of gnomes and kobolds, watching slyly the fairies."

Then the dreamer asks himself a variety of questions of the most perplexing nature, except, perhaps, to the materialist, who cuts every psychological problem as Alexander cleft the Gordian knot. . . .

"What is the reason that we imagine such things?" he inquires.

"Why do we endow 'dead' things with human consciousness and with sensation? . . . Is our consciousness merely a product of the organic activity of our physical body, or is it a function

* Copyrighted by Franz Hartmann, Boston Occult Publishing Co., 1887.

of the universal life . . . within the body? Is our personal consciousness dependent for its existence on the existence of the physical body, and does it die with it; or is there a spiritual consciousness, belonging to a higher, immortal, and invisible self of man, temporarily connected with the organism, but which may exist independently of the latter? If such is the case, if our physical organism is merely an instrument through which our consciousness acts, then this instrument is *not* our real self. If this is true, then our real self is there where our consciousness exists, and may exist independently of the latter. . . . Can there be any *dead* matter in the Universe? Is not even a stone held together by the 'cohesion' of its particles, and attracted to the earth by 'gravitation'? But what else is this 'cohesion' and 'gravitation' but *energy*, and what is 'energy' but the *soul*, an interior principle called *force*, which produces an outward manifestation called *matter*? . . . All things possess life, all things possess soul, and there may be soul-beings . . . invisible to our physical senses, but which may be perceived by our soul." (p. 19.)

The arch-druid of modern Hylo-Idealism, Dr. Lewins, failing to appear to rudely shake our philosopher out of his unscientific thoughts, a dwarf appears in his stead. The creature, however, does not warn the dreamer, as that *too*-learned *Idealist* would. He does not tell him that he transcends "the limits of the anatomy of his conscious Ego," since "*psychosis* is now diagnosed by *medico-psychological symptomatology as vesiculo-neurosis in activity*," * and—as quoth the raven—"merely this, and nothing more." But being a *cretin*, he laughingly invites him to his "Master."

The hero follows, and finds he is brought to a "theosophical monastery," in a hidden valley of the most gorgeous description. Therein he meets, to his surprise, with adepts of both sexes; for, as he learns later:—

"What has intelligence to do with the sex of the body? Where the sexual instincts end, there ends the influence of the sex."

Meanwhile, he is brought into the presence of a male adept of majestic appearance, who welcomes and informs him that he is among "The Brothers of the Golden and Rosy Cross." He is invited to remain with them for some time, and see how they live. His permanent residence with them is, however, objected to. The reasons given for it are as follow:—

"There are still too many of the lower and animal elements adhering to your constitution. . . . They could not resist long the destructive influence of the pure and spiritual air of this place; and, as you have not yet a sufficient amount of truly spiritual elements in your organism to render it firm and strong, you would, by remaining here, soon become weak and waste away, like a person in consumption; you would become miserable instead of being happy, and you would die."

Then follows a philosophical conversation on WILL, in which the latter, in individual man, is said to become the stronger if it only uses the universal Will-Pòwer in Nature, *itself remaining passive in the* LAW. This sentence has to be well understood, lest it should lead the reader into the error of accepting pure *mediumistic passivity* as the best thing for spiritual and occult development. A phenomenon is produced on a passing cloud, into which apparent life is infused by the Master's hand, stretched towards it; this is again explained by showing that LIFE is universal and identical with WILL. Other phenomena still more wonderful follow; and they are all explained as being produced through natural laws, in which science will not believe. The thoughts of the student are read and answered as though his mind were an opened book. A lovely garden, full of exotic plants and luxurious palm-trees, into which he is taken, striking him as something unnatural in the Tyrolean Alps; so much

* "What is Religion: A Vindication of Free Thought." By C. N., annotated by Robert Lewins, M.D. See his Appendices, p. 35, *et seq.*

luxury, moreover, seeming to him to disagree with the ascetic views just expressed by the adept, he is told forthwith, in answer to his unexpressed thoughts, that the garden had been erected to make his visit an agreeable one; and that it was an *illusion*. "All these trees and plants . . . . require no gardeners, ... they cost us nothing but an effort of our imagination"—he learns.

"Surely," he said, "this rose cannot be an illusion . . . . or an effect of my imagination?"

"No," answered the adept . . . . "but it is a product of the imagination of Nature, whose processes can be guided by the will of the adept. The whole world . . . . is nothing else but a world of the imagination of the *Universal Mind*, which is the *Creator* of forms. . . . . "

To exemplify the teaching, a Magnolia Tree in full blossom sixty feet high, standing at a distance, is made to look less and less dense. The green foliage fades into gray, becomes "more and more shadowy and transparent," until "it seemed to be merely the ghost of a tree, and finally disappeared entirely from view."

"Thus" continued the adept, "you see that tree stood in the sphere of my mind as it stood in yours. We are all living within the sphere of each other's mind. . . . . The Adept creates his own images; the ordinary mortal lives in the products of the imagination of others, or the imagination of nature. We live in the paradise of our own soul . . . . but the spheres of our souls are not narrow. They have expanded far beyond the limits of the visible bodies, and will continue to expand until they become one with the universal Soul. . . . ."

"The power of the imagination is yet too little known to mankind, else they would better beware of what they think. If a man thinks a good or an evil thought, that thought calls into existence a corresponding form or power . . . . which may assume density and become living . . . . and live long after the physical body of the man who created it has died. It will accompany his soul after death, because *the creations are attracted to their creator.*" (p. 83.)

Scattered hither and thither, through this little volume are pearls of wisdom For that which is rendered in the shape of dialogue and monologue is the fruit gathered by the author during a long research in old forgotten and mouldy, MSS. of the Roscrucians, or mediæval alchemists, and in the worm-eaten *infoglios* of unrecognized, yet great adepts of every age.

Thus when the author approaches the subject of theosophical retreats or communities—a dream cherished by many a theosophist—he is answered by the "Adept" that "the *true ascetic is he who lives in the world, surrounded by its temptations;* he in whose soul the animal elements are still active, craving for, the gratification of their desires and possessing the means for such gratification, but *who by the superior power of his will conquers his animal self.* Having attained that state he may retire from the world . . . . He expects no future reward in heaven; for what could heaven offer him except happiness which he already possesses? He desires no other good, but to create good for the world." . . . . Saith the Adept.

"If you could establish theosophical monasteries, where intellectual and spiritual development would go hand-in-hand, where a new science could be taught, based upon a true knowledge of the fundamental laws of the universe, and when, at the same time man would be taught how to obtain a mastery over himself, you would confer the greatest possible benefit upon the world. Such a convent would afford immense advantage for the advancement of intellectual research. . . . These convents would become centres of intelligence. . . ."

Then, reading the student's thoughts :

"You mistake," he added ; "it is not the want of money which prevents us to execute the idea. It is the impossibility to find the proper kind of people to inhabit the convent after it is established. Indeed, we would be poor Alchemists if we could not produce gold in any desirable quantity. . . but gold is a curse to mankind, and we do not wish to increase the curse. . . . Distribute gold among men, and you will only create craving for more ; give them gold, and you will transform them into devils. No, it is not gold that we need ; it is men who thirst after wisdom. *There are thousands who desire knowledge, but few who desire wisdom.* . . . Even many of your would-be Occultists . . . have taken up their investigations merely for the purpose of gratifying idle curiosity, while others desire to pry into the secrets of nature, to obtain knowledge which they desire to employ for the attainment of selfish ends. Give us men or women who desire nothing else but the truth, and we will take care of their needs. . . ."

And then having given a startlingly true picture of modern civilisation, and explained the occult side of certain things pertaining to knowledge, the Adept led on the student to his laboratory, where he left him for a few minutes alone. Then another adept, looking like a monk, joined him, and drew his attention to some powders, by the fumigations of which the Elementals, or "Spirits of Nature" could be made to appear. This provoked the student's curiosity. Sure of his invulnerability in the matter of tests and temptations, he begged to be allowed to see these creatures. . . .

Suddenly the room looked dim, and the walls of the laboratory disappeared. He felt he was in the water, light as a feather, dancing on the waves, with the full moon pouring torrents of light upon the ocean, and the beautiful Isle of Ceylon appearing in the distance. The melodious sound of female voices made him espy near to where he was three beautiful female beings. The Queen of the Undines, the most lovely of the three—for these were the longed-for Elementals—entices the unwary student to her submarine palace. He follows her, and, forgetting theosophical convents, Adepts and Occultism, succumbs to the temptation. . . .

. . . . . .

Was it but a dream? It would so appear. For he awakes on the mossy plot where he had lain to rest in the morning, and from whence he had followed the dwarf. But how comes it that he finds in his button-hole the exotic lily given to him by the adept lady, and in his pocket the piece of gold transmuted in his presence by the "Master"? He rushes home, and finds on the table of his hotel-room a promised work on "The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians," and on its fly-leaf a few words in pencil. They ran thus :—

"*Friend, I regret . . . I cannot invite you to visit us again for the present. He who desires to remain in the peaceful valley must know how to resist all sensual attractions, even those of the Water Queen. Study . . . bring the circle into the square, mortify the metals . . . When you have succeeded we shall meet again. . . . I shall be with you when you need me.*"

The work ends with the quotation from Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians, where the man caught up into Paradise (whether in the body or out of the body . . . God knoweth) "*heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. . . .*"

The "adventure" is more than worth perusal.

TABULA BEMBINA SIVE MENSA ISIACA. THE ISIAC TABLET OF CARDINAL BEMBO. ITS HISTORY AND OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE.

By W. Wynn Westcott, M.B. Bath. R. H. Fryar, 1887.

This work is a monograph of 20 foolscap folio pages, on the celebrated Isiac Tablet. It is well and clearly printed in good-sized type on good paper, and has for frontispiece a well-executed photogravure of the Tablet itself, from a drawing made by the author some years previously. It is written in the clear style which distinguishes Dr. Westcott's writings, and in all quotations chapter and verse are scrupulously given. Three centuries ago this Tablet greatly exercised the minds of the learned, and continued to do so till the researches of modern Egyptologists began to throw some doubt upon its authenticity as a reliable specimen of ancient Egyptian art; since which time the interest in it has gradually declined. Undoubtedly occult, as its meaning and symbolism alike are, we feel that this monograph will be of service to all lovers and students of the mystical ideas of ancient Egypt. The first thing which strikes the eye of even the most careless observer is the careful and systematic arrangement of the figures and emblems in triads, or groups of three, which system of classification prevailed in the religious symbolism of the Egyptians. The Tablet, again, is divided by transverse horizontal lines into three principal portions, Upper, Lower, and Middle, the latter being sub-divided by vertical lines into three parts, the centre of which is occupied by a throned female figure, flanked on each side by a triad, of which the central figure in each instance is seated. Thus the Upper and Lower portions of the Tablet give each a Dodecad sub-divided into Triads, while the central portion forms a Heptad. This at once corresponds to the symbolism of the ספר יצירה, *Sepher Yetzirah*, Chapter VI., § 3. "The Triad, the Unity which standeth one and alone, the Heptad divided into Three as opposed to Three and the Centre Mediating between them, the Twelve which stand in war . . . . the Unity above the Triad, the Triad above the Heptad, the Heptad above the Dodecad and they are all bound together each with each."

Commencing with a description of the Tablet, Dr. Westcott gives as much as is known of its history, quoting from Kircher, Keysler, Murray, and others. It appears that it was first discovered in Rome, at a spot where a Temple of Isis had once stood. After the sack of Rome by the Constable De Bourbon, it fell into the hands of a smith, who sold it to Cardinal Bembo for a large sum. At his death it came into the possession of the Dukes of Mantua, at the taking of which city in 1630, it passed into the hands of Cardinal Pava. It is now in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Turin. The dimensions are 4 ft. 2 in., by 2 ft. 5½ in. Thus its experiences during the last few centuries have been rather stormy.

After mentioning Æneas De Vico and Pignorius, Dr. Westcott gives us an extensive digest of the views of Athanasius Kircher, from whose plate in the

"Œdipus Ægyptiacus" the photogravure at the commencement is taken. Kircher undoubtedly more nearly grasped the esoteric design of the tablet than any one except Eliphas Levi, and his attempted explanation marks him alike as a profound scholar and an advanced mystic, notwithstanding the great disadvantages with which he had to contend in the utter ignorance of Egyptology as it is now understood, which prevailed at the date at which he wrote.

Quotations and notes from Montfauçon, Shuckford, Warburton, Jablonski, Caylus, Banier, Mackenzie, Kenealy, and Winckelman follow the excerpts from Kircher, and we then come to the views of modern Egyptologists on the subject, notably those of Professor Le Page Renouf as expressed to Dr Westcott in person. The reasons they assign for doubting the authenticity of the Tablet are briefly these:—that they consider the execution of the work stamps it as a Roman production; that the hieroglyphics will not read so as to make sense; that the running pattern with the masks would never have been employed by an Egyptian; and that some of the best known Egyptian deities are conspicuous by their absence. In answer to these attacks Dr. Westcott wisely remarks that "it is a gross absurdity to suppose that any man capable of designing such a tablet, over which immense energy, research, and knowledge must have been expended, to say nothing of the skill displayed in its execution, should have wasted his abilities in perpetrating a gigantic hoax; for that is, I suppose, what some modern writers mean who call it a 'forgery'; but a *forgery* is a *deceitful imitation.* How it can be called an imitation considering that its special character is that of being different to any other Stelé or Tablet known is not clear; and how it can be a deceit is also incomprehensible, since it bears no name or date purporting to refer it to a definite author or period."

On page 16 Dr. Westcott observes that the Four Genii of the Dead are conspicuous by their absence, but he seems to overlook their representation in figure 41 of the Limbus, where the sepulchral vases beneath the couch have, as usual, the heads of the Genii of the Dead.

A quotation, together with a plate from Levi's "Histoire de la Magie," follows this, together with a disquisition on the Taro, which has so much exercised occult students of late. Altogether the book is an extremely interesting production, and Dr. Westcott puts forward his own views on the subject with much clearness.

EARTH'S EARLIEST AGES

AND THEIR CONNECTION WITH MODERN SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHY.

By C. H. Pember, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton).

To meet with a book like this in the last quarter of the nineteenth century is like meeting a Pterodactyl strolling along the Row in the height of the season. But more careful perusal, while augmenting the reader's wonder, mingles with it a certain respect for the writer's courage and unflinching logic.

Granting his fundamental premiss—the verbal inspiration of the Bible—and accepting his first principle of interpretation, his argument is at least consistent, and is weakened by no half-hearted pandering to the facts of experience or the discoveries of science.

To quote Mr. Pember's primary canon, he assumes—

I. "That the first chapter of Genesis, equally with those which follow it, is, in its primary meaning, neither vision nor allegory, but plain history, and must, therefore, be accepted as a literal statement of facts."

On this basis he gives an interpretation of Genesis, the main idea of which is the interposition of "The Interval" between the creation and the "Six Days" described in the text. During this period the earth was wholly given over to Satan and his host, and the "Six Days" creation was, according to Mr. Pember, the restoration and reformation of the world from this chaos of confusion.

But space forbids to follow the author into details, since one-half of his volume is devoted to the subject indicated in its sub-title, and this portion is of greater interest to readers of Lucifer.

As an accurate and thorough student of the work of those he condemns, Mr. Pember stands unrivalled. He has both read and understood a very large part of the literature of Theosophy and Spiritualism. His quotations are fair and well chosen, his comments strictly moderate in tone and entirely free from any personal animus. And these traits are the more surprising since the author has certainly got the "Powers of the Air" very much on the brain. It is hardly even a rhetorical expression to say that it is his firm and unshakeable conviction, that all persons who do not hold the same views of Biblical criticism and Scriptural exegesis as Mr. Pember, are, to the extent of their difference from him, serving the Powers of Evil, the Personal Devil, the Antichrist, whose coming he expects in the very near future.

On this point only Mr. Pember does not seem to have the courage of his opinions; perhaps he does not see, or seeing does not realise, the inevitable conclusion to which his arguments point. But then he may, after all, take refuge in the famous *credo quia absurdum.*

The author, moreover, is sure to meet with scant sympathy even from the materialists to whom he is most nearly allied in thought. For he accepts, *en bloc*, the phenomena and wonders of spiritualism as of occultism, and never attempts even to question their reality. Meanwhile, he believes in the

resurrection of the *physical body* after death, in a physical kingdom of Christ upon earth, and so on. Indeed, his views are the most remarkable compound of pure materialism and wholesale acceptance of the psychic and so-called supernatural that have ever appeared in print.

To sum up, a few passages may be quoted to give an idea of the spirit of Mr. Pember's treatment of this part of the subject, which at the same time will be the most telling criticism of his book to the minds of those who have grasped the ideas of which he speaks.

"... the existence, in all times of the world's history, of persons with abnormal faculties, initiates of the great mysteries and depositors of the secrets of antiquity, has been affirmed by a testimony far too universal and persistent to admit of denial. . . . He who would be an adept must conform to the teaching of those demons, predicted leaders of the last apostasy, who forbid to marry, and command to abstain from meat."

"We have never met with a single reported instance of a spirit entering the lower spheres with the glad tidings, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." On the contrary, among Spiritualists, as with Theosophists and Buddhists, sin can be expiated only by personal suffering. . . . "Sin," shrieks the familiar of "M. A. Oxon," "is remediable by repentance and atonement and reparation personally wrought out in pain and shame, not by coward cries for mercy, and by feigned assent to statements which ought to create a shudder."

Mr. Pember, therefore, believes in vicarious atonement in its crudest form? He teaches that "repentance and faith" save man *from the consequences* of his actions!

After describing the "Perfect Way" as "an ecclesiastical compound of Heathenism" (*with a capital H*), the author proceeds to expound the doctrine of reincarnation as therein set forth. Nothing can be fairer or more correct than this exposition, at the conclusion of which we read:

"Jews, Christians, Buddhists and Mahommedans . . . will become able to unite in a universal belief that sin is expiated by transmigrations and in the worship of 'the Great Goddess. The conception of a second league of Babel has been formed in the minds of Theosophists.

And even then, would not such a league be better than the sectarian wars, the religious persecutions, the tests and disabilities which still disfigure *Christendom* in the name of religion?

Further on the author refers to the occult axiom that "whereas God is I AM, or positive being, the Devil is NOT, and remarks:

"There is little doubt that the culminations of the Mysteries was the worship of Satan himself. . . It would appear, then, that from remote ages, probably from the time when the Nephilim [the fallen angels of Satan's Host] were upon earth, there has existed a league with the Prince of Darkness, a Society of men consciously on the side of Satan, and against the Most High.

"The spells by which spirits may be summoned from the unseen are now known to all; and those unearthly forms which in past times were projected from the void only in the labyrinths, caverns, and subterranean chambers of the initiated, are now manifesting themselves in many a private drawing-room and parlour. Men have become enamoured of demons, and ere long will receive the Prince of the Demons as their God."

Theosophy, says Mr. Pember, will become the creed of the intellectual and the educated, while Spiritualism influences the masses of mankind. And he traces the influences of Theosophy and Buddhism in "Broad-Churchism, Universalism, Comtism, Secularism, and Quietism." Nay, even under the Temperance movement he spies the lurking serpent of esoteric teaching and guidance, and he cites letters from Christian friends complaining that these and other

philanthropic movements are being swamped, and their periodicals occupied by Theosophists, who work on Buddhist principles.

In his concluding chapter, the author sums up a truly formidable array of evidences to prove that "the advocates of modern thought array themselves against every principle of the early revelations of the Divine Will," apparently since they deny and repudiate the following "cosmic or universal laws" :—

I. The law of the Sabbath.
II. The headship of the man over the woman.
III. The institution of marriage [*i.e.*, they practise *celibacy*].
IV. The law of substitution, that life must atone for life, and that without shedding of blood there is no remission, as taught in type by animal sacrifices. Latter-day philosophers affect the utmost horror of such a salvation, and will have none of Christ.
V. The command to use the flesh of animals as food.
VI. The decree that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."
VII. The direction to multiply and replenish the earth.

The charge of disobedience to such laws as these every mystic will joyfully admit, with the cry, "Happy will it be for all things living when such laws shall no longer be obeyed by any living creature."

These laws, the disobedience to which Mr. Pember so much regrets in the later schools, date from the dark past when man had to form his physical existence and root it upon the earth. If they are some of the early revelations of the "Divine Will," that is no reason why they should rule mankind when its condition is changed and it is emerging from the darkness of Materialism, and losing, from its natural growth towards that Divine will, the desire for physical existence. The Mosaic laws were made by the Jehovah, the God of anger and cruelty. In spite of the strange inconsistency by which the followers of Jesus Christ, the teacher of a gentle and sublime faith, read in their churches these Mosaic laws, yet they are empty words from a past of bloodshed to the humane or religious man. The occultist professes even more than religion—he dares to avow himself a follower of the light, an aspirant towards knowledge, and one who is determined to live the noblest life knowledge can indicate. What to him are the laws of murder, of the shedding of blood, of marriage and giving in marriage? It is not his aim to help people the earth, for he desires to lift himself and others above the craving for earth-life. He commits no murder, for all men are his brethren, and he no longer recognises the brutal law of the criminal, by which, when blood is shed, blood must be again shed to wash it away. He can have no interest either in the straightforward laws of the past, or the complicated modern law of the present—which permits of many things the Jews would have been ashamed of. The only law he recognises is that of charity and justice.

There is a charming page in the *Introduction*, a ring of genuine sorrow for the failure of certain missionaries in their cowardly attack upon the theosophical leaders, as refreshing as it is ludicrous. The Jeremiad runs in this wise :—

"It would seem that the attack of the Madras Christian College upon Madame Blavatsky has by no means checked the movement in which she has been so conspicuous an actor, and, apparently, the failure is nowhere more manifest than in Madras itself. It was confidently predicted that the High Priestess of Theosophy and Buddhism would not dare to show her face again in that city. Nevertheless she did so, and . . . received a warm welcome, not merely from the members of the Theosophical societies, but also from the members of the various colleges and from many othe

persons. She was conducted in procession from the shore to the Pancheappa Hall, and was there presented by the students with an address of sympathy and admiration, to which, among other signatures, were appended those of more than three hundred members of the very Christian College whose professors had assailed her."

And he adds, "Satan is now setting in motion intellectual forces which will be more than a match for the missionaries, if they persist in carrying on the warfare in the old way."

Too much praise cannot be rendered to Mr. Pember for his fairness and impersonality. He writes as becomes a scholar and a gentleman, and though one may smile at his intellectual blindness and stand amazed at the mental capacity which can digest the views which he maintains, one cannot but respect his earnestness, his thoroughness, and his mastery of the subject.

B. K.

ISAURE AND OTHER POEMS.

By W. Stewart Ross.

The poem which gives its name to this volume of ringing verse is, as may easily be conjectured, the lament of a poet over his love torn from him by inexorable death.

A true instinct has taught the author that it is such hours of agony as this, such piercing of the heart, such fierce and burning torture, which reveal to the noble soul capable of intense suffering the inner truths and realities of life.

To quote:

"I stand on the cis-mortal,
And I gaze with 'wildered eye,
To the mists of the trans-mortal,
And the signs called Live and Die.
. . . . .
Let me dream in this cis-mortal,
And the noblest dream I can.
. . . . .
Let me dream far from the formulæ,
And I may dream more nigh
To the sable shore of mystery,
And the signs of Live and Die."

Some passages in this opening poem are instinct with the breath of mysticism, and rouse a keen desire that Mr. Stewart Ross had become acquainted, in that period of his life when this book was written, with the wider and grander view of life as a whole, of its purpose and meaning, of its laws and its realities, which occultism affords to a mind capable of grasping them.

Surely the man who could write:

"For death and life are really one."

And again:

"For the mystic Part is gathered
Unto the mystic Whole.
And the vague lines of non-Being
Are scribbled o'er thy soul."

must have the power to sense the keener air of the subtle life and grasp its glorious promise.

What pilgrim of the path has not felt:

> "Hard-paced the iron years have gone
> Over my head since then;
> I've haunted in a waking dream
> The paths of living men;
> But of this world my kingdom's not,
> Like him of Galilee,
> For I grasp hands they cannot feel,
> See forms they cannot see."

In "Leonore: A Lay of Dipsomania," one of the most terrible sides of human life is depicted with a vividness which tortures the reader, and flings a gloom on the inexorable sweep of life, fitly in keeping with the vision pictured in "A Nightmare." A mystic, struggling with the negations of modern science, battling to assert the intuitive knowledge of his true self against its captious intellectualisms, speaks through this picture of desolation and decay, protesting against the disappearance of all that is great and valuable in life under the waves of oblivion.

But no man in whom the spark of true poetic inspiration burns can ever in the depths of his own heart accept the lifeless, empty, unreal phantom which materialism offers as the aim, the purpose, the fulfilment of life. We hope, therefore, that Mr. Stewart Ross will some day give us a volume of poetry in which his true power and insight will find expression, and which will enroll his name on the list of those who have given new life to men.

One cannot fill a vacuum from within itself.—L.S.C.

Many a man will follow a misleader.—L.S.C.

It is not necessary for truth to put on boxing-gloves.—L.S.C.

You cannot build a temple of truth by hammering dead stones. Its foundations must precipitate themselves like crystals from the solution of life.—L.S.C.

When a certain point is reached pain becomes its own anodyne.—L.S.C.

Some pluck the fruits of the tree (of knowledge) to crown themselves therewith, instead of plucking them to eat.—L.S.C.

THEOSOPHICAL AND MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS

THE THEOSOPHIST: a magazine of Oriental Philosophy, Art, Literature, and Occultism, conducted by H. P. Blavatsky, and H. S. Olcott, Permanent President of the T. S. Vol. VIII., 1887. Madras, India. In London, George Redway, 15, York Street, Covent Garden.

The September number contains several articles of great interest. For lovers of the wonderful, as for the more scientifically inclined students of the laws of psycho-physics, the account given by Sreenath Chatterjee, of a self-levitating lama who stayed for some days in his house, is both interesting and instructive. It is endorsed by Colonel Olcott and another independent witness, and bears evident marks of genuine and careful observation. Curious and wonderful as such feats are, however, they have little to do with Theosophy.

To many readers such articles as Mr. Khandalwala's "The Bhagavat-Gita and the Microcosmic Principles" will be far more attractive. The questions propounded in this paper have a very important bearing upon a question which has recently been a good deal under discussion, and it is to be hoped that it will elicit from Mr. Subba Row the further explanation of his views which is so much needed.

Visconde Figanière continues his "Esoteric Studies" with some abstruse but very interesting calculations as to the composition of the alchemical elements during various cycles. A page of moral maxims from the Mahabharata and a thoughtful paper on the "Kabbalah and the Microcosm" contribute to make this number full of valuable matter.

THE PATH; "a magazine devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, Theosophy in America, and the Study of Occult Science, Philosophy, and Aryan Literature." Edited by W. Q. Judge, New York, P. O. Box 2,659, and in London from George Redway.

In the September issue, the opening paper is the fourth of "Jasper Niemand's" admirable "Letters on the True." Its subject is the "Mind" *(Manas)* or Heart in its relation to the Soul. Both analysis and synthesis are employed by the writer, with the intuition of a true mystic, and many suggestive gleams of light are thrown on an exceedingly difficult subject in the course of a few pages.

The idea of re-incarnation is traced by Mr. Walker in the writings of various poets; Mr. Johnston contributes an interesting paper on "Gospels and Upanishads," and "Rameses" gives us a charming allegory under the archaic title of "Papyrus," and the number concludes with "Tea-Table Talk," which is, as usual, quaint, yet instructive. Finally, thanks are due to Mr. Judge for the kind and cordial welcome he has extended to LUCIFER; the first number of which has, it is to be hoped, fulfilled the flattering expectations he expresses.

LE LOTUS: "Revue des Hautes Etudes Théosophiques. Tendant à favoriser le rapprochement entre l'Orient et l'Occident." Sous l'inspiration de H. P. Blavatsky (nominally, but edited in reality, by our able brother, F. K. Gaborian, F.T.S.). Georges Carré, 112 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris.

This journal—the French Theosophist—contains in its September number an article by Madame Blavatsky on "Misconceptions," in which various doctrines and ideas erroneously connected with Theosophy are dealt with. M. Barlet continues his series of articles on "Initiation," and the reprint of the Abbé de Villars' clever and humorous "Comte de Gabalis," is continued. Some verses by Amaravella, and several pages of sparkling "Notes," conclude the table of contents.

LUCIFER owes thanks also to the *Lotus* for inserting an admirably translated extract from its prospectus.

L'AURORE: Revue mensuelle sous la direction de Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar. Georges Carré, 112 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris.

The articles in the September number are neither so numerous nor so varied as those of the other Theosophical periodicals already referred to. Lady Caithness advocates, in the current issue, the theory that the English nation is descended from the lost ten tribes of Israel. As the very existence of these ten tribes is more than questionable, students must judge for themselves of the weight of the arguments advanced; the subject being too extensive even for comment here.

THE SPHINX: "A monthly journal devoted to proving historically and experimentally the supersensuous conception of the world on a monistic basis." Edited by Hübbe Schleiden. Dr. J. U. Th. Griebens Verlag, Leipzig.

The October number is a full and highly instructive one. Dr. Carl du Prel's handling of the "Demon of Socrates" contrasts brilliantly with the lame and obscure treatment which the same subject received a while ago at the hands of a body, which professes to investigate matters pertaining to the soul and its activity. Herr Niemann's proof of the existence of an esoteric or secret teaching in the Platonic dialogues is able and convincing; Mr. Finch contributes a most interesting article on his observations among the "Faith-Healers" in America, and Herr Carl zu Leiningen pursues his able exposition of the Kabbalistic doctrine of Souls.

Three new works on mystic subjects are shortly to appear from the pen of Dr. Franz Hartmann, whose valuable book on Paracelsus is certainly in the hands of many of our readers.

Of these the first, and probably the most important, is entitled: "THE SECRET SYMBOLS OF THE ROSICRUCIANS," and is to be published in Boston, U.S.A., by the Occult Publishing Company. It will contain numerous plates coloured by hand, giving accurate transcriptions of symbols and figures which have hitherto lain buried in rare, and in some cases, unattainable manuscripts. The value of the work as a text-book for students will be much enhanced by the copious vocabulary which Dr. Hartmann promises shall accompany it.

The other two will probably be issued by Mr. Redway; the one being called: "IN THE PRONAOS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE R.C.," and the other: "THE LIFE OF JEHOSHUA, THE ADEPT OF NAZARETH: AN OCCULT STUDY."

This is an attempt to dispel the mists which for many centuries have been gathering around the person of the supposed founder of Christianity, and which have prevented mankind from obtaining a clear view of the "Redeemer." It claims to give an approximately correct account of his life, his initiation into the Egyptian mysteries and of his ignominious death caused by an infuriated mob, excited by the Pharisees of the temple, who were bound to destroy his mortal form, because he had taught the religion of universal fraternal love and freedom of thought in opposition to priestcraft and superstition.

While the book deals to a certain extent with the external life of Jehoshua, as far as its details have become known by historical researches into sources not generally known, it especially deals with his inner life—*i.e.* his method of thought.

The author says: "If we wish to give a correct picture of the character of a person, we must try to describe his thoughts as well as his acts, for the thought-life of a man constitutes his real life, while his outward life is merely a pictorial representation, a shadow of the actions that are taking place upon the interior stage of his mind."

"To describe this inner life, a dramatical representation of the processes going on in the soul of man will be better adapted to bring it to our understanding, than a merely verbal description of character. This maxim seems to have influenced those who wrote the accounts contained in the bible, and who describe interior processes in allegorical pictures of events, which may or may not have taken place on the outward plane. I have adhered to this plan in describing the thought-life of Jehoshua Ben-Pandira, but I have attempted to shape the allegories contained in this book in such a manner that the intelligent reader may easily perceive their true meaning, for I have made the forms sufficiently transparent, so that the truths which they are intended to represent may be easily seen through the external shell."

"Nevertheless, these descriptions are not mere fancies, but they are based upon historical facts, and upon information received from sources whose nature will be plain to every occultist. The events described have all actually taken place; but whether they have wholly or in part taken place on the external or internal plane, each intelligent reader is left to decide for himself."

CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING TO ASTROLOGERS.

ASTROLOGICAL NOTES—No. 2.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

THE ancients assigned to the planets certain signs and degrees, in which they were essentially dignified, being there more powerful for good, and less powerful for evil; these were called their House, Exaltation, Triplicity, Term, and Face. Opposite to the first two were the places where they were essentially debilitated, being there less powerful for good and more powerful for evil; these were called their Detriment and Fall. Whether the latter three dignities have three corresponding debilities has not been stated.

To the seven known planets, the ancients apportioned the twelve zodiacal signs as their respective houses or chief dignity, thus: ☉ ruled ♌, and ☽ ruled ♋, both by day and night; while the remaining ten signs were divided between the remaining five planets, each planet ruling two signs, one by day and the other by night. But when ♅ and ♆ were discovered, the question arose where to place them.

A. J. Pearce, the present editor of *Zadkiel's Almanac*, has suggested that, as they were more remote from ☉ than was ♄, they should have the same houses and exaltations as ♄. Raphael dethrones ♄ from ♒, and proclaims that ♅ reigns in his stead. Both these suggestions involve serious difficulties, nor do they settle the question once and for all with regard to any planets which may yet be discovered. It seems unlikely that planets of such diverse natures as ♄, ♅, and ♆ (not to mention any still more distant planets) should all bear equal rule in the same two signs, and to depose ♄ from his throne, pre-supposes a grave error on the part of the ancients, whose teaching on this point has been handed down with complete unanimity from the dim past; necessitating, also, a further process of dethronement, and a further ignoring of the teachings of antiquity, as further planetary discoveries are made.

The first Raphael (the late R. C. Smith) rejected the ancient nocturnal and diurnal division of the Houses and Triplicities, in which he is followed by his successor. It appears to me that it is here that the error, with its consequent difficulties, first arose; and that by observing this distinction, ♅ and ♆ easily find their homes, with room to spare for their yet undiscovered brethren.

It is obvious that Astrology can never become an even approximately perfect science, unless we are able in our calculations to take fully into account the influence of ♅ and ♆. With this end in view, I have been endeavouring, in my leisure moments, to solve the problem. To a certain extent I have been successful; and though I have not yet been able to substantiate all my conclusions as fully as I could wish, yet I deem it is the best interests of the Science to make them now public, that their truth or falsity may be as speedily as possible established by the investigations of astrologers generally.

My conclusions are the following: that the ancient Diurnal and Nocturnal divisions are quite correct, so that if a figure is drawn for any time between sunrise and sunset, the planets which rule by day the signs on the cusps of the houses of the significators must be chiefly, and sometimes exclusively, considered; and *vice versâ*.

The Houses of the new planets are, I believe, these:

♒, which is the day-house of ♄, is the night-house of ♅.

♊, which is the day-house of ☿, is the night-house of ♆.

♍, which is the night-house of ☿, is the dayhouse of ♅.

♓, which is the night-house of ♃, is the dayhouse of ♆.

The first two I have verified by horary figures drawn for the time of an event; the latter two I consider as highly probable, but have not yet been able to thoroughly substantiate them.

There is an old tradition (*Esoteric Science in Human History*, p. 180) that there are 12 principal planets in our solar system; this leaves 4 more to be discovered. It will be seen at a glance that these 4 will fill up the vacant signs, two planets ruling each sign, one by night and the other by day. The only alteration which will then have to be made will be to consider ☉ to rule ♌ by day only, and ☽ to rule ♋ by night only; this, however, will be only in accordance with nature: moreover, the fact that the ancients assigned only one house each to ☉ and ☽, and two to each of the other planets, denotes some essential astrological difference between them.

With regard to the other essential dignities, Raphael considers ♏ to be the exaltation of ♅; I am inclined to believe ♒ to be the exaltation of ♆. In the Triplicities there is a curious want of harmony; each, according to the ancients, being ruled by two planets, one by day and the other by night, except the watery triplicity, which is ruled by ♂ only. There seems to be no reason for this discrepancy, except the all-powerful one that there was no other known planet to share his dominion. I have ascertained that ♆ has strong dignity in ♏, and conclude that he rules the watery triplicity, probably by night. Furthermore, I believe ♅ rules the airy triplicity. As for the Terms and Faces of the planets, they also, like the Planetary Hours, require re-arrangement so as to bring in ♅ and ♆, but in what way this is to be done, I have not yet been able to discover.

I will take this opportunity of saying, in reply to inquiries, that the best books for beginners are Raphael's *Horary Astrology* for that branch of the Science; A. J. Pearce's *Science of the Stars* for Mundane and Atmospheric Astrology; A. J. Pearce's *Text Book of Astrology* for Nativities, to be worked out by Primary Directions; and Raphael's *Guide to Astrology* for the same, worked out by Secondary Directions excited by Transits. Raphael's works are published by Foulsham and Co., 4, Pilgrim Street, E.C.; and Pearce's works may be procured from the author, 54, East Hill, Wandsworth, S.W.

NEMO.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

For the purpose of correcting any prejudicial suspicion or erroneous misrepresentation of myself, arising from the insertion of the note at the end of the "Bath Occult Reprint Edition" of the "Divine Pymander" or as associated with the Society of the "H. B. of L.," known to me only through the names of Peter Davidson and T. H. Burgoyne, alias D'Alton, Dalton, &c., and whose secretary is announced to be "A convicted felon, and the supposed adept to be a Hindu of questionable antecedents," I wish it to be understood I have now no confidence, sympathy, or connection therewith, direct or indirect, since or even prior to the date hereof, viz., May, 1886.

Yours truly,

ROBT. H. FRYAR.

8, Northumberland Place, Bath.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN UNPOPULAR PHILOSOPHER

THE ESOTERIC VALUE OF CERTAIN WORDS AND DEEDS IN SOCIAL LIFE.

To Show Anger.—No "*cultured*" man or woman will ever show anger in Society. To check and restrain every sign of annoyance shows good manners, certainly, but also considerable achievement in hypocrisy and dissimulation. There is an occult side to this rule of good breeding expressed in an Eastern proverb: "Trust not the face which never shows signs of anger, nor the dog that never barks." Cold-blooded animals are the most venomous.

Non-resistance to Evil.—To brag of it is to invite all evil-doers to sit upon you. To practice it openly is to lead people into the temptation of regarding you as a coward. Not to resist the evil you have never created nor merited, to eschew it yourself, and help others quietly to get out of its way, is the only wise course open to the lover of wisdom.

"*Love Thy Neighbour.*"—When a parson has preached upon this subject, his pious congregation accepts it as tacit permission to slander and vilify their friends and acquaintances in neighbouring pews.

International Brotherhood.—When a Mussulman and a Christian swear mutual friendship, and pledge themselves to be brothers, their two formulas differ somewhat. The Moslem says: "Thy mother shall be my mother, my father thy father, my sister thy hand maid, and thou shalt be my brother." To which the Christian answers: "Thy mother and sister shall be my hand-maidens, thy wife shall be my wife, and my wife shall be thy dear sister."—*Amen.*

Brave as a Lion.—The highestcompliment—in appearance—paid to one's courage; a comparison with a bad-smelling wild-beast—in reality. The recognition, also, of the superiority of animal over human bravery, considered as a virtue.

A Sheep.—A weak, silly fellow, figuratively, an insulting, contemptuous epithet among laymen; but one quite flattering among churchmen, who apply it to "the people of God" and the members of their congregations, comparing them to *sheep* under the guidance of the lamb.

The Code of Honour.—In France—to seduce a wife and kill her husband. There, offended honour can feel satisfied only with blood; here, a wound inflicted upon the offender's pocket suffices.

The Duel as a Point of Honour.—The duel being an institution of Christendom and civilization, neither the old Spartans, nor yet the Greeks or Romans knew of it, as they were only uncivilized heathens.—*(See Schopenhauer.)*

Forgive and Forget.—"We should freely forgive, but forget rarely," says Colton. "I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will *remember*, and this I owe to myself." This is real practical wisdom. It stands between the ferocious "Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth" of the Mosaic Law, and the command to turn the left cheek to the enemy when he has smitten you on the right. Is not the latter a direct encouraging of sin?

Practical Wisdom.—On the tree of silence hangs the fruit of peace. The secret thou wouldst not tell to thine enemy, tell it not to thy friend.—*(Arabic.)*

Civilized Life.—Crowded, noisy and full of vital power, is modern Society to the eye of matter; but there is no more still and silent, empty and dreary desert than that same Society to the spiritual eye of the Seer. Its right hand freely and lavishly bestows ephemeral but costly pleasures, while the left grasps greedily the leavings and often grudges the necessities of show. All our social life is the result and consequence of that unseen, yet ever present autocrat and despot, called *Selfishness* and *Egotism.* The strongest will becomes impotent before the voice and authority of *Self.*

LUCIFER

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"LET EVERY MAN PROVE HIS OWN WORK."

SUCH is the title of a letter received by the Editors of LUCIFER. It is of so serious a nature that it seems well to make it the subject of this month's editorial. Considering the truths uttered in its few lines, its importance and the bearing it has upon the much obscured subject of Theosophy, and its visible agent or vehicle—the Society of that name — the letter is certainly worthy of the most considerate answer.

"*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum!*"

Justice will be done to both sides in the dispute; namely, Theosophists and the members of the Theosophical Society* on the one hand, and the followers of the *Divine Word* (or Christos), and the so-called Christians, on the other.

We reproduce the letter:

"*To the Editors of* LUCIFER.

"What a grand chance is now open in this country, to the exponents of a noble and advanced religion (if such this Theosophy be†) for proving its strength, righteousness and verity to the Western world, by

* Not all the members of the Theosophical Society are Theosophists; nor are the members of the so-called Christian Churches all Christians, by any means. True Theosophists, as true Christians, are very, *very* few; and there are practical Theosophists in the fold of Christianity, as there are practical Christians in the Theosophical Society, outside all ritualistic Christianity. "Not every one that saith unto me 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father." (Matthew, vii. 21.) "Believe not in ME, but in the truths I utter." (Buddha's *Aphorisms*.)

† "This" Theosophy is not a religion, but rather *the* RELIGION—if one. So far, we prefer to call it a philosophy; one, moreover, which contains every religion, as it is the essence and the foundation of all. Rule III. of the Theos. Body says: "The Society represents no particular religious creed, is entirely *unsectarian*, and includes professors of all faiths."

throwing a penetrating and illuminating ray of its declared light upon the terribly harrowing and perplexing practical problems of our age.

"Surely one of the purest and least self-incrusted duties of man, is to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow man?

"From what I read, and from what I daily come into immediate contact with, I can hardly think it would be possible to over-rate in contemplation, the intense privation and agonizing suffering that is—aye, say it—*at this moment* being endured by a vast proportion of our brothers and sisters, arising in a large measure from their not absolutely having the means for procuring the *bare necessaries of existence*?

"Surely a high and Heaven-born religion—a religion professing to receive its advanced knowledge and Light from 'those more learned in the Science of Life,' should be able to tell us something of how to deal with such life, in its primitive condition of helpless submission to the surrounding circumstances of—civilization!

"If one of our main duties is that of exercising disinterested love towards the Brotherhood, surely 'those more learned' ones, whether in the flesh, or out of it, can and will, if appealed to by their votaries, aid them in discovering ways and means for such an end, and in organising some great fraternal scheme for dealing *rightly* with questions which are so appalling in their complexity, and which must and do press with such irresistible force upon all those who are earnest in their endeavours to carrry out the will of Christ in a Christian Land?

"L. F. Ff.

"October 25, 1887."

This honest-spoken and sincere letter contains two statements; an implied accusation against "Theosophy" (*i.e.* the Society of that name), and a virtual admission that Christianity—or, again, rather its ritualistic and dogmatic religions—deserve the same and even a sterner rebuke. For if "Theosophy," represented by its professors, merits on external appearance the reproach that so far it has failed to transfer divine wisdom from the region of the metaphysical into that of practical work, "Christianity," that is, merely professing Christians, churchmen and laymen lie under a like accusation, evidently. "Theosophy" has, certainly, failed to discover *infallible* ways and means of bringing all its votaries to exercise "disinterested love" in their Brotherhood; it has not yet been able to relieve suffering in mankind at large; but neither has Christianity. And not even the writer of the above letter, nor any one else, can show sufficient excuse for the Christians in this respect. Thus the admission that "those who are earnest in their endeavour to carry out the will of Christ in a Christian land" *need the help of* "'those more learned,' whether (pagan adepts) in flesh, or (spirits?) out of it" is very suggestive, for it contains the defence and the *raison d'être* of the Theosophical Society. Tacit though it is, once that it comes from the

pen of a sincere Christian, one who longs to learn some practical means to relieve the sufferings of the starving multitudes—this admission becomes the greatest and most complete justification for the existence of the Theosophical Brotherhood; a full confession of the absolute necessity for such a body independent of, and untrammelled by, any enchaining dogmas, and it points out at the same time the signal failure of Christianity to accomplish the desired results.

Truly said Coleridge that "good works may exist *without* saving (?) principles, therefore cannot contain in themselves the principles of salvation; but saving principles never did, never can exist without good works." Theosophists admit the definition, and disagree with the Christians only as to the nature of these "saving principles." The Church (or churches) maintain that the only saving principle is belief in Jesus, or the carnalized Christ of the soul-killing dogma; theosophy, undogmatic and unsectarian, answers, it is not so. The only *saving* principle dwells in man himself, and has never dwelt outside of his immortal divine self; *i.e.* it is the true Christos, as it is the true Buddha, the divine inward light which proceeds from the eternal unmanifesting unknown ALL. And this light *can only be made known by its works—faith* in it having to remain ever blind in all, save in the man himself who feels that light within his soul.

Therefore, the tacit admission of the author of the above letter covers another point of great importance. The writer seems to have felt that which many, among those who strive to help the suffering, have felt and expressed. The creeds of the churches fail to supply the *intellectual* light, and the true wisdom which are needed to make the practical philanthropy carried out, by the true and earnest followers of Christ, a *reality*. The "practical" people either go on "doing good" unintelligently, and thus often do harm instead; or, appalled by the awful problem before them, and failing to find in their "churches" any clue, or a hope of solution, they retire from the battlefield and let themselves be drifted blindly by the current in which they happen to be born.

Of late it has become the fashion for friends, as well as for foes, to reproach the Theosophical Society with doing no practical work, but losing itself in the clouds of metaphysics. Metaphysicians, we are told, by those who like to repeat stale arguments, have been learning their lesson for the last few thousand years; and it is now high time that they should begin to do some practical work. Agreed; but considering that the Christian churches count nearly nineteen centuries of existence, and that the Theosophical Society and Brotherhood is a body hardly twelve years old; considering again that the Christian churches roll in fabulous wealth, and number their adherents by hundreds of millions, whereas the Theosophical Brotherhood is but a few thousand strong, and that it has no fund, or funds, at its disposal, but that 98 per cent. of its members are as poor and as uninfluential as the aristocracy

of the Christian church is rich and powerful; taking all this into consideration, there would be much to say if the theosophists would only choose to press the matter upon the public notice. Meanwhile, as the bitterest critics of the "leaders" of the Theosophical Society are by no means only outsiders, but as there are members of that society who who always find a pretext to be dissatisfied, we ask: Can works of charity that will be known among men be accomplished without money? Certainly not. And yet, notwithstanding all this, none of its (European) members, except a few devoted officers in charge of societies, will do *practical* work; but some of them, those especially who have never lifted a finger to relieve suffering, and help their outside, poorer brothers, are those who talk the most loudly, and are the bitterest in their denunciations of the *unspirituality* and the unfitness of the "leaders of theosophy." By this they remove themselves into the outer ring of critics, like those spectators at the play who laugh at an actor passably representing Hamlet, while they themselves could not walk on to the stage with a letter on a salver. While in India, comparatively poor theosophists have opened gratuitous dispensaries for the sick, hospitals, schools, and everything they could think of, asking no returns from the poor, as the missionaries do, no abandonment of one's forefathers' religion, as a heavy price for favours received, have the English theosophists, as a rule, done a single thing for those suffering multitudes, whose pitiful cry rings throughout the whole Heavens as a protest against the actual state of things in Christendom?

We take this opportunity of saying, in reply to others as much as to our correspondent, that, up till now, the energies of the Society have been chiefly occupied in organising, extending, and solidifying the Society itself, which work has taxed its time, energies, and resources to such an extent as to leave it far less powerful for practical charity than we would have wished. But, even so, compared with the influence and the funds at the disposal of the Society, its work in practical charity, if less widely known, will certainly bear favourable comparison with that of professing Christians, with their enormous resources in money, workers, and opportunities of all kinds. It must not be forgotten that practical charity is not one of the *declared* objects of the Society. It goes without saying, and needs no "declaration," that every member of the Society must be practically philanthropic if he be a theosophist at all; and our declared work is, in reality, more important and more efficacious than work in the every-day plane which bears more evident and immediate fruit, for the direct effect of an appreciation of theosophy is to make those charitable who were not so before. Theosophy creates the charity which afterwards, and of its own accord, makes itself manifest in works.

Theosophy is correctly—though in this particular case, it is rather ironically—termed "a High, Heaven-born Religion." It is argued that

since it professes to receive its advanced knowledge and light from "those more learned in the Science of Life," the latter ought and *must*, if appealed to by their votaries (the theosophists), aid them in discovering ways and means, in organising some great fraternal scheme," etc.

The scheme was planned, and the rules and laws to guide such a practical brotherhood, have been given by those "more learned in the Science of (practical, daily, *altruistic*) life;" aye, verily "more learned" in it than any other men since the days of Gautama Buddha and the Gnostic Essenes. The "scheme" dates back to the year when the Theosophical Society was founded. Let anyone read its wise and noble laws embodied to this day in the Statutes of the Fraternity, and judge for himself whether, if carried out rigorously and applied to practical life, the "scheme" would not have proved the most beneficent to mankind in general, and especially to our poorer brethren, of "the starving multitudes." Theosophy teaches the spirit of "non-separateness," the evanescence and illusion of human creeds and dogma, hence, inculcates *universal love and charity for all mankind "without distinction of race, colour, caste or creed;"* is it not therefore the fittest to alleviate the sufferings of mankind? No true theosophist would refuse admission into a hospital, or any charitable establishment, to any man, woman or child, under the pretext that he is *not* a theosophist, as a Roman Catholic would when dealing with a Protestant, and *vice versa*. No true theosophist of the original rules would fail to put into practice the parable of the "Good Samaritan," or proffer help only to entice the unwary who, he hopes, will become a pervert from his god and the gods of his forefathers. None would slander his brother, none let a needy man go unhelped, none offer fine talk instead of practical love and charity.

Is it then the fault of Theosophy, any more than it is the fault of the Christ-teachings, if the majority of the members of the Theosophical Society, often changing their philosophical and religious views upon entering our Body, have yet remained practically the same as they were when professing *lip* Christianity? Our laws and rules are the same as given to us from the beginning; it is the general members of the Society who have allowed them to become virtually *obsolete*. Those few who are ever ready to sacrifice their time and labour to work for the poor, and who do, unrecognised and unthanked for it, good work wherever they can, are often too poor themselves to put their larger schemes of charity into objective practical form, however willing they may be.

"The fault I find with the Theosophical Society," said one of the most eminent surgeons in London to one of the editors, quite recently, "is that I cannot discover that any of its members really lead the Christ-life." This seemed a very serious accusation from a man who is not only in the front rank of his profession, and valued for his kindly nature, by his patients, and by society, and well-known as a quiet doer of many good deeds. The only possible answer to be made was that the

Christ-life is undeniably the ideal of every one worthy in any sense of the name of a Theosophist, and that if it is not lived it is because there are none strong enough to carry it out. Only a few days later the same complaint was put in a more graphic form by a celebrated lady-artist.

"You Theosophists don't do enough good for me," she said pithily. And in her case also there is the right to speak, given by the fact that she leads two lives—one, a butterfly existence in society, and the other a serious one, which makes little noise, but has much purpose. Those who regard life as a great vocation, like the two critics of the Theosophical movement whom we have just quoted, have a right to demand of such a movement more than mere words. They themselves endeavour very quietly to lead the "Christ-life," and they cannot understand a number of people uniting in the effort towards this life without practical results being apparent. Another critic of the same character who has the best possible right to criticise, being a thoroughly practical philanthropist and charitable to the last degree, has said of the Theosophists that their much talking and writing seems to resolve itself into mere intellectual luxury, productive of no direct good to the world.

The point of difference between the Theosophists (when we use this term we mean, not members of the Society, but people who are really using the organization as a method of learning more of the true wisdom-religion which exists as a vital and eternal fact behind all such efforts) and the practical philanthropists, religious or secular, is a very serious one, and the answer, that probably none of them are strong enough yet to lead the "Christ-life," is only a portion of the truth. The situation can be put very plainly, in so many words. The religious philanthropist holds a position of his own, which cannot in any way concern or affect the Theosophist. He does not do good merely for the sake of doing good, but also as a means towards his own salvation. This is the outcome of the selfish and personal side of man's nature, which has so coloured and affected a grand religion that its devotees are little better than the idol-worshippers who ask their deity of clay to bring them luck in business, and the payment of debts. The religious philanthropist who hopes to gain salvation by good works has simply, to quote a well-worn yet ever fresh witticism, exchanged worldliness for other-worldliness.

The secular philanthropist is really at heart a socialist, and nothing else; he hopes to make men happy and good by bettering their physical position. No serious student of human nature can believe in this theory for a moment. There is no doubt that it is a very agreeable one, because if it is accepted there is immediate, straightforward work to undertake. "The poor ye have always with you." The causation which produced human nature itself produced poverty, misery, pain, degradation, at the same time that it produced wealth, and comfort, and joy and glory. Life-long philanthropists, who have started on their work with a joyous

youthful conviction that it is possible to "do good," have, though never relaxing the habit of charity, confessed to the present writer that, as a matter of fact, misery cannot be relieved. It is a vital element in human nature, and is as necessary to some lives as pleasure is to others.

It is a strange thing to observe how practical philanthropists will eventually, after long and bitter experience, arrive at a conclusion which, to an occultist, is from the first a working hypothesis. This is, that misery is not only endurable, but agreeable to many who endure it. A noble woman, whose life has been given to the rescue of the lowest class of wretched girls, those who seem to be driven to vice by want, said, only a few days since, that with many of these outcasts it is not possible to raise them to any apparently happier lot. And this she distinctly stated (and she can speak with authority, having spent her life literally among them, and studied them thoroughly), is not so much from any love of vice, but from love of that very state which the wealthy classes call misery. They prefer the savage life of a bare-foot, half-clad creature, with no roof at night and no food by day, to any comforts which can be offered them. By comforts, we do not mean the workhouse or the reformatory, but the comforts of a quiet home; and we can give chapter and verse, so to speak, to show that this is the case, not merely with the children of outcasts, who might be supposed to have a savage heredity, but with the children of gentle, cultivated, and Christian people.

Our great towns hide in their slums thousands of beings whose history would form an inexplicable enigma, a perfectly baffling moral picture, could they be written out clearly, so as to be intelligible. But they are only known to the devoted workers among the outcast classes, to whom they become a sad and terrible puzzle, not to be solved, and therefore, better not discussed. Those who have no clue to the science of life are compelled to dismiss such difficulties in this manner, otherwise they would fall, crushed beneath the thought of them. The social question as it is called, the great deep waters of misery, the deadly apathy of those who have power and possessions—these things are hardly to be faced by a generous soul who has not reached to the great idea of evolution, and who has not guessed at the marvellous mystery of human development.

The Theosophist is placed in a different position from any of these persons, because he has heard of the vast scope of life with which all mystic and occult writers and teachers deal, and he has been brought very near to the great mystery. Indeed, none, though they may have enrolled themselves as Fellows of the Society, can be called in any serious sense Theosophists, until they have begun to consciously taste in their own persons, this same mystery; which is, indeed, a law inexorable, by which man lifts himself by degrees from the state of a beast to the glory of a God. The rapidity with which this is done is different with every living soul; and the wretches who hug the primitive task-

master, *misery*, choose to go slowly through a tread-mill course which may give them innumerable lives of physical sensation—whether pleasant or painful, well-beloved because tangible to the very lowest senses. The Theosophist who desires to enter upon occultism takes some of Nature's privileges into his own hands by that very wish, and soon discovers that experiences come to him with double-quick rapidity. His business is then to recognise that he is under a—to him—new and swifter law of development, and to snatch at the lessons that come to him.

But, in recognising this, he also makes another discovery. He sees that it takes a very wise man to do good works without danger of doing incalculable harm, A highly developed adept in life may grasp the nettle, and by his great intuitive powers, know whom to relieve from pain and whom to leave in the mire that is their best teacher. The poor and wretched themselves will tell anyone who is able to win their confidence what disastrous mistakes are made by those who come from a different class and endeavour to help them. Kindness and gentle treatment will sometimes bring out the worst qualities of a man or woman who has led a fairly presentable life when kept down by pain and despair. May the Master of Mercy forgive us for saying such words of any human creatures, all of whom are a part of ourselves, according to the law of human brotherhood which no disowning of it can destroy. But the words are true. None of us know the darkness which lurks in the depths of our own natures until some strange and unfamiliar experience rouses the whole being into action. So with these others who seem more miserable than ourselves.

As soon as he begins to understand what a friend and teacher pain can be, the Theosophist stands appalled before the mysterious problem of human life, and though he may long to do good works, equally dreads to do them wrongly until he has himself acquired greater power and knowledge. The ignorant doing of good works may be vitally injurious, as all but those who are blind in their love of benevolence are compelled to acknowledge. In this sense the answer made as to lack of Christ-like lives among Theosophists, that there are probably none strong enough to live such, is perfectly correct and covers the whole question. For it is not the spirit of self-sacrifice, or of devotion, or of desire to help that is lacking, but the strength to acquire knowledge and power and intuition, so that the deeds done shall really be worthy of the "Buddha-Christ" spirit. Therefore it is that Theosophists cannot pose as a body of philanthropists, though secretly they may adventure on the path of good works. They profess to be a body of learners merely, pledged to help each other and all the rest of humanity, so far as in them lies, to a better understanding of the mystery of life, and to a better knowledge of the peace which lies beyond it.

But as it is an inexorable law, that the ground must be tilled if the harvest is to be reaped, so Theosophists are obliged to work in the world

unceasingly, and very often in doing this to make serious mistakes, as do all workers who are not embodied Redeemers. Their efforts may not come under the title of good works, and they may be condemned as a school of idle talkers, yet they are an outcome and fruition of this particular moment of time, when the ideas which they hold are greeted by the crowd with interest; and therefore their work is good, as the lotus-flower is good when it opens in the mid-day sun.

None know more keenly and definitely than they that good works are necessary; only these cannot be rightly accomplished without knowledge. Schemes for Universal Brotherhood, and the redemption of mankind, might be given out plentifully by the great adepts of life, and would be mere dead-letter utterances while individuals remain ignorant, and unable to grasp the great meaning of their teachers. To Theosophists we say, let us carry out the rules given us for our society before we ask for any further schemes or laws. To the public and our critics we say, try to understand the value of good works before you demand them of others, or enter upon them rashly yourselves. Yet it is an absolute fact that without good works the spirit of brotherhood would die in the world; and this can never be. Therefore is the double activity of learning and doing most necessary; we have to do good, and we have to do it *rightly*, with knowledge.

* * * * * * * *

It is well known that the first rule of the society is to carry out the object of forming the nucleus of a universal brotherhood. The practical working of this rule was explained by those who laid it down, to the following effect:—

"HE WHO DOES NOT PRACTISE ALTRUISM; HE WHO IS NOT PREPARED TO SHARE HIS LAST MORSEL WITH A WEAKER OR POORER THAN HIMSELF; HE WHO NEGLECTS TO HELP HIS BROTHER MAN, OF WHATEVER RACE, NATION, OR CREED, WHENEVER AND WHEREVER HE MEETS SUFFERING, AND WHO TURNS A DEAF EAR TO THE CRY OF HUMAN MISERY; HE WHO HEARS AN INNOCENT PERSON SLANDERED, WHETHER A BROTHER THEOSOPHIST OR NOT, AND DOES NOT UNDERTAKE HIS DEFENCE AS HE WOULD UNDERTAKE HIS OWN—IS NO THEOSOPHIST."

THE DEMAND OF THE NEOPHYTE.

[Continuation of COMMENTS ON LIGHT ON THE PATH: By the Author.]

"Before the voice can speak in the presence of the Masters."

SPEECH is the power of communication; the moment of entrance into active life is marked by its attainment.

And now, before I go any further, let me explain a little the way in which the rules written down in "Light on the Path" are arranged. The first seven of those which are numbered are sub-divisions of the two first unnumbered rules, those with which I have dealt in the two preceding papers. The numbered rules were simply an effort of mine to make the unnumbered ones more intelligible. "Eight" to "fifteen" of these numbered rules belong to this unnumbered rule which is now my text.

As I have said, these rules are written for all disciples, but for none else; they are not of interest to any other persons. Therefore I trust no one else will trouble to read these papers any further. The first two rules, which include the whole of that part of the effort which necessitates the use of the surgeon's knife, I will enlarge upon further if I am asked to do so. But the disciple is expected to deal with the snake, his lower self, unaided; to suppress his human passions and emotions by the force of his own will. He can only demand assistance of a master when this is accomplished, or at all events, partially so. Otherwise the gates and windows of his soul are blurred, and blinded, and darkened, and no knowledge can come to him. I am not, in these papers, purposing to tell a man how to deal with his own soul; I am simply giving, to the disciple, knowledge. That I am not writing, even now, so that all who run may read, is owing to the fact that super-nature prevents this by its own immutable laws.

The four rules which I have written down for those in the West who wish to study them, are as I have said, written in the ante-chamber of every living Brotherhood; I may add more, in the ante-chamber of every living or dead Brotherhood, or Order yet to be formed. When I speak of a Brotherhood or an Order, I do not mean an arbitrary constitution made by scholiasts and intellectualists; I mean an actual fact in super-nature, a stage of development towards the absolute God or Good. During this development the disciple encounters harmony, pure knowledge, pure truth, in different degrees, and, as he enters these degrees, he finds himself becoming part of what might be roughly described as a layer of human consciousness. He encounters his equals, men of his own self-less character, and with them his association becomes

permanent and indissoluble, because founded on a vital likeness of nature. To them he becomes pledged by such vows as need no utterance or framework in ordinary words. This is one aspect of what I mean by a Brotherhood.

If the first rules are conquered the disciple finds himself standing at the threshold. Then if his will is sufficiently resolute his power of speech comes; a two-fold power. For, as he advances now, he finds himself entering into a state of blossoming, where every bud that opens throws out its several rays or petals. If he is to exercise his new gift, he must use it in its two-fold character. He finds in himself the power to speak in the presence of the masters; in other words, he has the right to demand contact with the divinest element of that state of consciousness into which he has entered. But he finds himself compelled, by the nature of his position, to act in two ways at the same time. He cannot send his voice up to the heights where sit the gods till he has penetrated to the deep places where their light shines not at all. He has come within the grip of an iron law. If he demands to become a neophyte, he at once becomes a servant. Yet his service is sublime, if only from the character of those who share it. For the masters are also servants; they serve and claim their reward afterwards. Part of their service is to let their knowledge touch him; his first act of service is to give some of that knowledge to those who are not yet fit to stand where he stands. This is no arbitrary decision, made by any master or teacher or any such person, however divine. It is a law of that life which the disciple has entered upon.

Therefore was it written in the inner doorway of the lodges of the old Egyptian Brotherhood, "The labourer is worthy of his hire."

"Ask and ye shall have," sounds like something too easy and simple to be credible. But the disciple cannot "ask" in the mystic sense in which the word is used in this scripture until he has attained the power of helping others.

Why is this? Has the statement too dogmatic a sound?

Is it too dogmatic to say that a man must have foothold before he can spring? The position is the same. If help is given, if work is done, then there is an actual claim—not what we call a personal claim of payment, but the claim of co-nature. The divine give, they demand that you also shall give before you can be of their kin.

This law is discovered as soon as the disciple endeavours to speak. For speech is a gift which comes only to the disciple of power and knowledge. The spiritualist enters the psychic-astral world, but he does not find there any certain speech, unless he at once claims it and continues to do so. If he is interested in "phenomena," or the mere circumstance and accident of astral life, then he enters no direct ray of thought or purpose, he merely exists and amuses himself in the astral life as he has existed and amused himself in the physical life. Certainly

there are one or two simple lessons which the psychic-astral can teach him, just as there are simple lessons which material and intellectual life teach him. And these lessons have to be learned; the man who proposes to enter upon the life of the disciple without having learned the early and simple lessons must always suffer from his ignorance. They are vital, and have to be studied in a vital manner; experienced through and through, over and over again, so that each part of the nature has been penetrated by them.

To return. In claiming the power of speech, as it is called, the Neophyte cries out to the Great One who stands foremost in the ray of knowledge on which he has entered, to give him guidance. When he does this, his voice is hurled back by the power he has approached, and echoes down to the deep recesses of human ignorance. In some confused and blurred manner the news that there is knowledge and a beneficient power which teaches is carried to as many men as will listen to it. No disciple can cross the threshold without communicating this news, and placing it on record in some fashion or other.

He stands horror-struck at the imperfect and unprepared manner in which he has done this; and then comes the desire to do it well, and with the desire thus to help others comes the power. For it is a pure desire, this which comes upon him; he can gain no credit, no glory, no personal reward by fulfilling it. And therefore he obtains the power to fulfil it.

The history of the whole past, so far as we can trace it, shows very plainly that there is neither credit, glory, or reward to be gained by this first task which is given to the Neophyte. Mystics have always been sneered at, and seers disbelieved; those who have had the added power of intellect have left for posterity their written record, which to most men appears unmeaning and visionary, even when the authors have the advantage of speaking from a far-off past. The disciple who undertakes the task, secretly hoping for fame or success, to appear as a teacher and apostle before the world, fails even before his task is attempted, and his hidden hypocrisy poisons his own soul, and the souls of those he touches. He is secretly worshipping himself, and this idolatrous practice must bring its own reward.

The disciple who has the power of entrance, and is strong enough to pass each barrier, will, when the divine message comes to his spirit, forget himself utterly in the new consciousness which falls on him. If this lofty contact can really rouse him, he becomes as one of the divine in his desire to give rather than to take, in his wish to help rather than be helped, in his resolution to feed the hungry rather than take manna from Heaven himself. His nature is transformed, and the selfishness which prompts men's actions in ordinary life suddenly deserts him.

(To be continued.)

THE ESOTERIC CHARACTER OF THE GOSPELS.

". . . . Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign *of thy presence*, and *of the consummation of the age?*" * asked the Disciples of the MASTER, on the Mount of Olives.

THE reply given by the "Man of Sorrow," the *Chrístos*, on his trial, but also on his way to triumph, as *Christos*, or Christ,† is prophetic, and very suggestive. It is a warning indeed. The answer must be quoted in full. Jesus . . . . said unto them :—

"Take heed that *no man* lead you astray. For many shall come in my name saying, I am the Christ; and shall lead many astray. And ye shall hear of wars . . . . but the end is not yet. *For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines and earthquakes in divers places.* But all these things are the beginning of travail. . . . Many false prophets shall arise, and shall lead many, astray . . . . then shall the end come. . . . when ye see the abomination of desolation which was spoken through Daniel. . . . Then if any man shall say unto you, *Lo, here is the Christ*, or There; believe him not. . . . If they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the wilderness, go not forth; behold, he is in the inner chambers, believe them not. For as the lightning cometh forth from the East, and is seen even in the West, so shall be the *presence* of the Son of Man," etc., etc.

Two things become evident *to all* in the above passages, now that their false rendering is corrected in the revision text: (*a*) "the coming of Christ," means *the presence of* CHRISTOS in a regenerated world, and not at all the actual coming in body of "Christ" Jesus; (*b*) this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor "in the inner chambers," nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ—the true esoteric SAVIOUR—*is no man*, but the DIVINE PRINCIPLE in every human being. He who strives to resurrect the Spirit *crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions*, and buried deep in the "sepulchre" of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back *the stone of matter* from the door of his own *inner* sanctuary, he *has the risen Christ in him.*‡ The "Son of Man" is no child of the bond-woman—*flesh*, but verily of the free-woman—

* St. Matthew xxiv., 3, *et seq.* The sentences italicised are those which stand corrected in the New Testament after the recent revision in 1881 of the version of *1611*; which version is full of errors, voluntary and involuntary. The word "presence," for "coming," and "the consummation of the age," now standing for "the end of the world," have altered, of late, the whole meaning, even for the most sincere Christians, if we exempt the Adventists.

† He who will not ponder over and master the great difference between the meaning of the two Greek words—χρηστος and χριστος must remain blind for ever to the true esoteric meaning of the Gospels; that is to say, to the living Spirit entombed in the sterile dead-letter of the texts, the very Dead Sea fruit of *lip*-Christianity.

‡ For ye are the temple ("sanctuary" in the *revised* N. T.) of the living God. (II. Cor. vi., 16.)

Spirit,* the child of man's own deeds, and the fruit of his own spiritual labour.

On the other hand, at no time since the Christian era, have the precursor signs described in *Matthew* applied so graphically and forcibly to any epoch as they do to our own times. When has nation arisen against nation more than at this time? When have "famines"—another name for destitute pauperism, and the famished multitudes of the proletariat—been more cruel, earthquakes more frequent, or covered such an area simultaneously, as for the last few years? Millenarians and Adventists of robust faith, may go on saying that "the coming of (the carnalised) Christ" is near at hand, and prepare themselves for "the end of the world." Theosophists—at any rate, some of them—who understand the hidden meaning of the universally-expected Avatars, Messiahs, Sosioshes and Christs—know that it is no "end of the world," but "the consummation of the age," *i.e.*, the close of a cycle, which is now fast approaching.† If our readers have forgotten the concluding passages of the article, "The Signs of the Times," in LUCIFER for October last, let them read them over, and they will plainly see the meaning of this particular cycle.

Many and many a time the warning about the "false Christs" and prophets who shall lead people astray has been interpreted by charitable Christians, the worshippers of the dead-letter of their scripture, as applying to mystics generally, and Theosophists most especially. The recent work by Mr. Pember, "Earth's Earliest Ages," is a proof of it. Nevertheless, it seems very evident that the words in Matthew's Gospel and others can hardly apply to Theosophists. For these were never found saying that Christ is "Here" or "There," in wilderness or city, and least of all in the "inner chamber" behind the altar of any modern church. Whether Heathen or Christian by birth, they refuse to materialise and thus degrade that which is the purest and grandest ideal -- the symbol of symbols—namely, the immortal Divine Spirit in man, whether it be called Horus, Krishna, Buddha, or Christ. None of them has ever yet said: "I am the Christ"; for those born in the West feel

* Spirit, or the Holy Ghost, was feminine with the Jews, as with most ancient peoples, and it was so with the early Christians. *Sophia* of the Gnostics, and the third Sephiroth *Binah* (the *female* Jehovah of the Kabalists), are feminine principles—"Divine Spirit," or *Ruach*. "*Achath Ruach Elohim Chiim*." "One is *She*, the Spirit of the Elohim of Life," is said in "Sepher Yezirah."

† There are several remarkable cycles that come to a close at the end of this century. First, the 5,000 years of the Kaliyug cycle; again the Messianic cycle of the Samaritan (also Kabalistic) Jews of the man connected with *Pisces* (Ichthys or "Fishman" *Dag*). It is a cycle, historic and not very long, but very occult, lasting about 2,155 solar years, but having a true significance only when computed by lunar months. It occurred 2410 and 255 B.C., or when the equinox entered into the sign of the *Ram*, and again into that of *Pisces*. When it enters, in a few years, the sign of *Aquarius*, psychologists will have some extra work to do, and the psychic idiosyncrasies of humanity will enter on a great change.

themselves, so far, only *Chréstians*,* however much they may strive to become *Christians* in Spirit. It is to those, who in their great conceit and pride refuse to win the right of such appellation by first leading the life of *Chrestos*;† to those who haughtily proclaim themselves *Christians* (the glorified, the anointed) by sole virtue of baptism when but a few days old—that the above-quoted words of Jesus apply most forcibly. Can the prophetic insight of him who uttered this remarkable warning be doubted by any one who sees the numerous "false prophets" and pseudo-apostles (*of Christ*), now roaming over the world? These have split the one divine Truth into fragments, and broken, in the camp of the Protestants alone, the rock of the Eternal Verity into three hundred and fifty odd pieces, which now represent the bulk of their Dissenting sects. Accepting the number in round figures as 350, and admitting, for argument's sake, that, at least, one of these may have the approximate truth, still 349 *must be necessarily false*.‡ Each of these claims to have Christ exclusively in its "inner chamber," and denies him to all others, while, in truth, the great majority of their respective followers daily put Christ to death on the cruciform tree of matter—the "tree of infamy" of the old Romans—indeed!

The worship of the dead-letter in the Bible is but one more form of *idolatry*, nothing better. A fundamental dogma of faith cannot exist under a double-faced Janus form. "Justification" *by Christ* cannot be achieved at one's choice and fancy, *either* by "faith" or by "works" and James, therefore (ii., 25), contradicting Paul (Heb. xi., 31), and *vice versa*,§ one of them must be wrong. Hence, the Bible is *not* the "Word of God," but contains at best the words of fallible men and *imperfect* teachers. Yet read *esoterically*, it does contain, if not the *whole* truth, still, "*nothing but the truth*," under whatever allegorical garb. Only: *Quot homines tot sententiæ.*

* The earliest Christian author, Justin Martyr, calls, in his first Apology, his co-religionists *Chrestians*, χρηστιανοι—not Christians.

† "Clemens Alexandrinus, in the second century, founds a serious argument on this paranomasia (lib. iii., cap. xvii., p. 53 *et circa*), that all who believed in *Chrest* (*i.e.*, "a good man") both are, and are called Chrestians, that is, good men," (Strommata, lib. ii. "Higgins' *Anacalypsis.*") And Lactantius (lib. iv., cap. vii.) says that it is only through *ignorance* that people call themselves Christians, instead of Chrestians: "*qui proper ignorantium errorem cum immutata litera Chrestum solent dicere.*"

‡ In England alone, there are over 239 various sects. (See Whitaker's Almanac.) In 1883, there were 186 denominations only, and now they steadily increase with every year, an additional 53 sects having sprung up in only four years!

§ It is but fair to St. Paul to remark that this contradiction is surely due to later tampering with his Epistles. Paul was a Gnostic himself, *i.e.*, A "Son of Wisdom," and an Initiate into the true *mysteries of Christos*, though he may have thundered (or was made to appear to do so) against some Gnostic sects, of which, in his day, there were many. But his Christos was not Jesus of Nazareth, nor any living man, as shown so ably in Mr. Gerald Massey's lecture, "Paul, the Gnostic Opponent of Peter." He was an Initiate, a true "Master-Builder" or adept, as described in "Isis Unveiled," Vol. II., pp. 90—91.

The "Christ principle," the awakened and glorified Spirit of Truth, being universal and eternal, the true *Christos* cannot be monopolized by any one person, even though that person has chosen to arrogate to himself the title of the "Vicar of Christ," or of the "Head" of that or another State-religion. The spirits of "Chrest" and "Christ" cannot be confined to any creed or sect, only because that sect chooses to exalt itself above the heads of all other religions or sects. The name has been used in a manner so intolerant and dogmatic, especially in our day, that Christianity is now the religion of arrogance *par excellence*, a stepping-stone for ambition, a sinecure for wealth, sham and power; a convenient screen for hypocrisy. The noble epithet of old, the one that made Justin Martyr say that "*from the mere name*, which is imputed to us as a crime, *we are the most excellent*," * is now degraded. The missionary prides himself with the so-called *conversion* of a heathen, who makes of Christianity ever a *profession*, but rarely a religion, a source of income from the missionary fund, and a pretext, since the blood of Jesus has washed them all by anticipation, for every petty crime, from drunkenness and lying up to theft. That same missionary, however, would not hesitate to publicly condemn the greatest saint to eternal perdition and hell fires if that holy man has only neglected to pass through the fruitless and meaningless form of baptism by water with accompaniment of *lip* prayers and vain ritualism.

We say "lip prayer" and "vain ritualism" knowingly. Few Christians among the laymen are aware even of the true meaning of the word *Christ;* and those of the clergy who happen to know it (for they are brought up in the idea that to study such subjects is *sinful*) keep the information secret from their parishioners. They demand blind, implicit faith, and *forbid inquiry as the one unpardonable sin*, though nothing of that which leads to the knowledge of the truth can be aught else than holy. For what is "Divine Wisdom," or *Gnosis*, but the essential reality behind the evanescent appearances of objects in nature—the very soul of the manifested LOGOS? Why should men who strive to accomplish union with the one eternal and absolute Deity shudder at the idea of prying into its mysteries—however awful? Why, above all, should they use names and words the very meaning of which is a sealed mystery to them—a mere sound? Is it because an unscrupulous, power-seeking Establishment called a Church has cried "wolf" at every such attempt, and, denouncing it as "blasphemous," has ever tried to kill the spirit of inquiry? But Theosophy, the "divine Wisdom," has never heeded that cry, and has the courage of its opinions. The world of sceptics and fanatics may call it, one—an empty "*ism*"—the other "Satanism": they can never crush it. Theosophists have been called Atheists, haters of Christianity, the enemies of God and the gods. They are none of these. Therefore, they have agreed this day to publish a clear statement of their

* ὁσοντε ἐκ τοῦ κατηγορουμένου ἡμῶν ὀνομάτος χρησότατοι ὑπάρχομεν (*First Apology*).

ideas, and a profession of their faith—with regard to monotheism and Christianity, at any rate—and to place it before the impartial reader to judge them and their detractors on the merits of their respective faiths. No truth-loving mind would object to such honest and sincere dealing, nor will it be dazzled by any amount of new light thrown upon the subject, howsoever much startled otherwise. On the contrary, such minds will thank LUCIFER, perhaps, while those of whom it was said "*qui vult decipi decipiatur*"—let them be deceived by all means!

The editors of this magazine propose to give a series of essays upon the hidden meaning or esotericism of the "New Testament." No more than any other scripture of the great world-religions can the Bible be excluded from that class of allegorical and symbolical writings which have been, from the pre-historic ages, the receptacle of the secret teachings of the Mysteries of Initiation, under a more or less veiled form. The primitive writers of the *Logia* (now the Gospels) knew certainly *the* truth, and the *whole* truth; but their successors had, as certainly, only dogma and form, which lead to hierarchical power at heart, rather than the spirit of the so-called Christ's teachings. Hence the gradual perversion. As Higgins truly said, in the Christologia of St. Paul and Justin Martyr, we have the esoteric religion of the Vatican, a refined Gnosticism for the cardinals, a more gross one for the people. It is the latter, only still more materialized and disfigured, which has reached us in our age.

The idea of writing this series was suggested to us by a certain letter published in our October issue, under the heading of "Are the Teachings ascribed to Jesus contradictory?" Nevertheless, this is no attempt to contradict or weaken, in any one instance, that which is said by Mr. Gerald Massey in his criticism. The contradictions pointed out by the learned lecturer and author are too patent to be explained away by any "Preacher" or Bible champion; for what he has said—only in more terse and vigorous language—is what was said of the descendant of Joseph Pandira (or Panthera) in "Isis Unveiled" (vol. ii., p. 201), from the Talmudic *Sepher Toldos Jeshu*. His belief with regard to the spurious character of Bible and New Testament, *as now edited*, is therefore, also the belief of the present writer. In view of the recent revision of the Bible, and its many thousands of mistakes, mistranslations, and interpolations (some confessed to, and others withheld), it would ill become an opponent to take any one to task for refusing to believe in the authorised texts.

But the editors would object to one short sentence in the criticism under notice. Mr. Gerald Massey writes:—

"What is the use of taking your 'Bible oath' that the thing is true, if the book you are sworn upon is a magazine of falsehoods already exploded, or just going off?"

Surely it is not a symbologist of Mr. G. Massey's powers and learning who would call the "Book of the Dead," or the Vedas, or any other

ancient Scripture, "a magazine of falsehoods."* Why not regard in the same light as all the others, the Old, and, *in a still greater measure*, the *New* Testament?

All of these are "magazines of falsehoods," if accepted in the exoteric dead-letter interpretations of their ancient, and especially their modern, theological glossarists. Each of these records has served in its turn as a means for securing power and of supporting the ambitious policy of an unscrupulous priesthood. All have promoted superstition, all made of their gods bloodthirsty and ever-damning Molochs and fiends, as all have made nations to serve the latter more than the God of Truth. But while cunningly-devised dogmas and intentional misinterpretations by scholiasts are beyond any doubt, "falsehoods already exploded," the texts themselves are mines of universal truths. But for the world of the profane and sinners, at any rate—they were and still are like the mysterious characters traced by "the fingers of a man's hand" on the wall of the Palace of Belshazzar: *they need a Daniel to read and understand them.*

Nevertheless, TRUTH has not allowed herself to remain without witnesses. There are, besides great Initiates into scriptural symbology, a number of quiet students of the mysteries of archaic esotericism, of scholars proficient in Hebrew and other dead tongues, who have devoted their lives to unriddle the speeches of the Sphinx of the world-religions. And these students, though none of them has yet mastered all the "seven keys" that open the great problem, have discovered enough to be able to say: There *was* a universal mystery-language, in which all the World Scriptures were written, from *Vedas* to "Revelation," from the "Book of the Dead" to the *Acts*. One of the keys, at any rate—the numerical and geometrical key† to the Mystery Speech is now rescued; an ancient language, truly, which up to this time remained hidden, but the evidences of which abundantly exist, as may be proven by undeniable mathematical demonstrations. If, indeed, the Bible is forced on the acceptance of the world in its dead-letter meaning, in the

* The extraordinary amount of information collated by that able Egyptologist shows that he has thoroughly mastered the secret of the production of the *New Testament*. Mr. Massey knows the difference between the spiritual, divine and purely metaphysical Christos, and the made-up "lay figure" of the carnalized Jesus. He knows also that the Christian canon, especially the *Gospels*, *Acts* and *Epistles*, are made up of fragments of gnostic wisdom, the ground-work of which is *pre-Christian* and built on the MYSTERIES of Initiation. It is the mode of theological presentation and the interpolated passages—such as in Mark xvi. from verse 9 to the end—which make of the Gospels a "magazine of (*wicked*) falsehoods," and throw a slur on CHRISTOS. But the Occultist who discerns between the two currents (the true gnostic and the *pseudo* Christian) knows that the passages free from theological tampering belong to archaic wisdom, and so does Mr. Gerald Massey, though his views differ from ours.

† "The key to the recovery of the language, so far as the writer's efforts have been concerned, was found in the use, strange to say, of the discovered integral ratio in numbers of diameter to circumference of a circle," by a geometrician. "This ratio is 6,561 for diameter and 20,612 for circumference." (Cabalistic MSS.) In one of the future numbers of "LUCIFER" more details will be given, with the permission of the discoverer.—Ed.

face of the modern discoveries by Orientalists and the efforts of independent students and kabalists, it is easy to prophesy that even the present new generations of Europe and America will repudiate it, as all the materialists and logicians have done. For, the more one studies ancient religious texts, the more one finds that the ground-work of the New Testament is the same as the ground-work of the Vedas, of the Egyptian theogony, and the Mazdean allegories. The atonements by blood—blood-covenants and blood-transferences from gods to men, and by men, as sacrifices to the gods—are the first key-note struck in every cosmogony and theogony; soul, life and blood were synonymous words in every language, pre-eminently with the Jews; and that blood-giving was life-giving. "Many a legend among (geographically) alien nations ascribes soul and consciousness in newly-created mankind to the blood of the god-creators. Berosus records a Chaldean legend ascribing the creation of a new race of mankind to the admixture of dust with the blood that flowed from the severed head of the god Belus. "On this account it is that men are rational and partake of divine knowledge," explains Berosus.* And Lenormant has shown (*Beginnings of History*, p. 52, note) that "the Orphics . . . . said that the *immaterial part of man, his soul* (his life) sprang from the blood of Dionysius Zagreus, whom . . . . Titans tore to pieces." Blood "revivifies the dead"—*i.e.*, interpreted metaphysically, it gives *conscious* life and a soul to the man of matter or clay—such as the modern materialist is now. The mystic meaning of the injunction, "Verily I say unto you, except *ye eat the flesh* of the Son of man and *drink his blood*, ye have not life in yourselves," &c., can never be understood or appreciated at its true *occult* value, except by those who hold some of the *seven keys*, and yet care little for St. Peter.† These words, whether said by Jesus of Nazareth, or Jeshua Ben-Panthera, are the words of an INITIATE. They have to be interpreted with the help of *three* keys—one opening the *psychic* door, the second that of physiology, and the third that which unlocks the mystery of terrestrial being, by unveiling

* Cory's *Anc. Frag.*, p. 59, f. So do Sanchoniaton and Hesiod, who both ascribe the *vivifying* of mankind to the spilt blood of the gods. But blood and *soul* are one (*nephesh*), and the blood of the gods means here the informing soul.

† The existence of these *seven* keys is virtually admitted, owing to deep research in the Egyptological lore, by Mr. G. Massey again. While opposing the teachings of "Esoteric Buddhism"—unfortunately misunderstood by him in almost every respect—in his Lecture on "The Seven Souls of Man," he writes (p. 21):—

"This system of thought, this mode of representation, this septenary of powers, in various aspects, had been established in Egypt, at least, seven thousand years ago, as we learn from certain allusions to Atum (the god 'in whom the fatherhood was individualised as the *begetter of an eternal soul*,' the *seventh* principle of the Theosophists, found in the inscriptions lately discovered at Sakkarah. I say in various aspects, *because the gnosis of the Mysteries was, at least, sevenfold in its nature*—it was Elemental, Biological, Elementary (human), Stellar, Lunar, Solar and Spiritual—and *nothing short of a grasp of the whole system can possibly enable us to discriminate the various parts, distinguish one from the other, and determinate the which and the what, as we try to follow the symbolical Seven through their several phases of character.*"

the inseparable blending of theogony with anthropology. It is for revealing a few of these truths, with the *sole view of saving intellectual mankind from the insanities of materialism and pessimism*, that mystics have often been denounced as the servants of Antichrist, even by those Christians who are most worthy, sincerely pious and respectable men.

The first key that one has to use to unravel the dark secrets involved in the mystic name of Christ, is the key which unlocked the door to the ancient mysteries of the primitive Aryans, Sabeans and Egyptians. The Gnosis supplanted by the Christian scheme was universal. It was the echo of the primordial wisdom-religion which had once been the heirloom of the whole of mankind; and, therefore, one may truly say that, in its purely metaphysical aspect, the Spirit of Christ (the divine *logos*) was present in humanity from the beginning of it. The author of the Clementine Homilies is right; the mystery of Christos—now supposed to have been taught by Jesus of Nazareth—"was identical" with that which *from the first* had been communicated "*to those who were worthy*," as quoted in another lecture.* We may learn from the Gospel *according* to Luke, that the "worthy" were those who had been initiated into the mysteries of the Gnosis, and who were "accounted worthy" to attain that "resurrection from the dead" *in this life*. . . . . "those who knew that they could die no more, being equal to the angels as sons of God and sons of the Resurrection." In other words, they were the great adepts *of whatever religion;* and the words apply to all those who, without being Initiates, strive and succeed, through personal efforts to *live the life* and to attain the naturally ensuing spiritual illumination in blending their personality—the ("Son") with (the "Father,") their individual divine Spirit, *the God within* them. This "resurrection" can never be monopolized by the Christians, but is the spiritual birth-right of every human being endowed with soul and spirit, whatever his religion may be. Such individual is a *Christ-man*. On the other hand, those who choose to ignore the Christ (principle) within themselves, must die *unregenerate heathens*—baptism, sacraments, lip-prayers, and belief in dogmas notwithstanding.

In order to follow this explanation, the reader must bear in mind the real archaic meaning of the paronomasia involved in the two terms *Chréstos* and *Christos*. The former means certainly more than merely "a good," an "excellent man," while the latter was never applied to any one living man, but to every Initiate at the moment of *his second birth and resurrection*.† He who finds Christos within himself and recognises the latter as his only "way," becomes a follower and an *Apostle of Christ*, though he may have never been baptised, nor even have met a "Christian," still less call himself one. H. P. B.

(To be continued.)

* "Gnostic and Historic Christianity."

† "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man *be born again* he cannot see the Kingdom of God." (John iii. 4.) Here the birth *from above*, the spiritual birth, is meant, achieved at the supreme and last initiation.

THE "SQUARE" IN THE HAND.

I AM unable to say where or when the events related in the following pages took place. Neither can I give any details concerning the personal circumstances of the narrator. All I know is that she was a young woman of French nationality, and that the "uncle" of whom she speaks—her senior by some thirty years—was more distinguished as a philosopher than as an enthusiast. Whether the conspiracy against the reigning authorities in which our heroine and her friends were implicated, happened to be of any historical importance or not, is also more than I can say. As my object in reproducing the narrative is merely to illustrate the curious operation through natural channels of laws, which are usually regarded as "occult," and the activity of which on the material plane has given rise to the common notion of "miracle," I do not propose to trouble the reader or myself with any preamble of merely local interest. So, without more introduction, I leave the diary of the writer to recount the adventure set down therein by her own hand.

. . . . . .

"I was concerned in a very prominent way in a political struggle for liberty and the people's rights. My part in this struggle was, indeed, the leading one, but my uncle had been drawn into it at my instance, and was implicated in a secondary manner only. The government sought our arrest, and, for a time, we evaded all attempts to take us, but at last we were surprised and driven under escort in a private carriage to a military station, where we were to be detained for examination. With us was arrested a man popularly known as 'Fou,' a poor weakling whom I much pitied. When we arrived at the station which was our destination, 'Fou' gave some trouble to the officials. I think he fainted, but at all events his conveyance from the carriage to the *caserne* needed the conjoined efforts of our escort, and some commotion was caused by his appearance among the crowd assembled to see us. Clearly the crowd was sympathetic with us and hostile to the military. I particularly noticed one woman who pressed forward as 'Fou' was being carried into the station, and who loudly called on all present to note his feeble condition and the barbarity of arresting a witless creature such as he. At that moment my uncle laid his hand on my arm and whispered: 'Now is our time; the guards are all occupied with "Fou;" we are left alone for a minute; let us jump out of the carriage and run!' As he said this he opened the carriage door on the side opposite to the *caserne* and alighted in the street. I instantly followed, and the people

favouring us, we pressed through them and fled at the top of our speed down the road. As we ran I espied a pathway winding up a hill-side away from the town, and cried: 'Let us go up there; let us get away from the streets!' My uncle answered: 'No, no; they would see us there immediately at that height, the path is too conspicuous. Our best safety is to lose ourselves in the town. We may throw them off our track by winding in and out of the streets.' Just then a little child, playing in the road, got in our way, and nearly threw us down as we ran. We had to pause a moment to recover ourselves. 'That child may have cost us our lives,' whispered my uncle breathlessly. A second afterwards we reached the bottom of the street which branched off right and left. I hesitated a moment; then we both turned to the right. As we did so—in the twinkling of an eye—we found ourselves in the midst of a group of soldiers coming round the corner. I ran straight into the arms of one of them, who the same instant knew me and seized me by throat and waist with a grip of iron. This was a horrible moment! The iron grasp was sudden and solid as the grip of a vice; the man's arm held my waist like a bar of steel. 'I arrest you!' he cried, and the soldiers immediately closed round us. At once I realised the hopelessness of the situation; the utter futility of resistance. '*Vous n'avez pas besoin de me tenir ainsi*,' I said to the officer; '*j'irai tranquillement*.' He loosened his hold and we were then marched off to another military station, in a different part of the town from that whence we had escaped. The man who had arrested me was a sergeant or some officer in petty command. He took me alone with him into the guard-room, and placed before me on a wooden table some papers which he told me to fill in and sign. Then he sat down opposite to me and I looked through the papers. They were forms, with blanks left for descriptions specifying the name, occupation, age, address and so forth of arrested persons. I signed these, and pushing them across the table to the man, asked him what was to be done with us. 'You will be shot,' he replied, quickly and decisively. 'Both of us?' I asked. 'Both,' he replied. 'But,' said I, 'my companion has done nothing to deserve death. He was drawn into this struggle entirely by me. Consider, too, his advanced age. His hair is white; he stoops, and, had it not been for the difficulty with which he moves his limbs, both of us would probably be at this moment in a place of safety. What can you gain by shooting an old man such as he?' The officer was silent. He neither favoured nor discouraged me by his manner. While I sat awaiting his reply, I glanced at the hand with which I had just signed the papers, and a sudden idea flashed into my mind. 'At least,' I said, 'grant me one request. If my uncle *must* die, *let me die first*.' Now I made this request for the following reason. In my right hand, the line of life broke abruptly halfway in its length; indicating a sudden and violent death. But the point at which it broke was terminated by a

perfectly marked *square*, extraordinarily clear-cut and distinct. Such a square, occurring at the end of a broken line means *rescue, salvation.* I had long been aware of this strange figuration in my hand, and had often wondered what it presaged. But now, as once more I looked at it, it came upon me with sudden conviction that in some way I was destined to be delivered from death at the last moment, and I thought that if this be so it would be horrible should my uncle have been killed first. If *I* were to be saved I should certainly save him also, for my pardon would involve the pardon of both, or my rescue the rescue of both. Therefore it was important to provide for his safety until after my fate was decided. The officer seemed to take this last request into more serious consideration than the first. He said shortly: 'I may be able to manage that for you,' and then at once rose and took up the papers I had signed. 'When are we to be shot?' I asked him. 'To-morrow morning,' he replied, as promptly as before. Then he went out, turning the key of the guard-room upon me.

. . . . . .

"The dawn of the next day broke darkly. It was a terribly stormy day; great black lurid thunderclouds lay piled along the horizon, and came up slowly and awfully against the wind. I looked upon them with terror; they seemed so near the earth, and so like living, watching things. They hung out of the sky, extending long ghostly arms downwards, and their gloom and density seemed supernatural. The soldiers took us out, our hands bound behind us, into a quadrangle at the back of their barracks. The scene is sharply impressed on my mind. A palisade of two sides of a square, made of wooden planks, ran round the quadrangle. Behind this palisade, and pressed up close against it was a mob of men and women—the people of the town—come to see the execution. But their faces were sympathetic; an unmistakable look of mingled grief and rage, not unmixed with desperation—for they were a down-trodden folk—shone in the hundreds of eyes turned towards us. I was the only woman among the condemned. My uncle was there, and poor 'Fou,' looking bewildered, and one or two other prisoners. On the third and fourth sides of the quadrangle was a high wall, and in a certain place was a niche partly enclosing the trunk of a tree, cut off at the top. An iron ring was driven into the trunk midway, evidently for the purpose of securing condemned persons for execution. I guessed it would be used for that now. In the centre of the square piece of ground stood a file of soldiers, armed with carbines, and an officer with a drawn sabre. The palisade was guarded by a row of soldiers somewhat sparsely distributed, certainly not more than a dozen in all. A Catholic priest in black cassock walked beside me, and as we were conducted into the enclosure, he turned to me and offered religious consolation. I declined his ministrations, but asked him anxiously if he knew which of us was to die first. '*You*,' he replied; 'the officer in

charge of you said you wished it, and he has been able to accede to your request.' Even then I felt a singular joy at hearing this, though I had no longer any expectation of release. Death was, I thought, far too near at hand for that. Just then a soldier approached us, and led me, bare-headed, to the tree trunk, where he placed me with my back against it, and made fast my hands behind me with a rope to the iron ring. No bandage was put over my eyes. I stood thus, facing the file of soldiers in the middle of the quadrangle, and noticed that the officer with the drawn sabre placed himself at the extremity of the line, composed of six men. In that supreme moment I also noticed that their uniform was bright with steel accoutrements. Their helmets were of steel and their carbines, as they raised them and pointed them at me, ready cocked, glittered in a fitful gleam of sunlight with the same burnished metal. There was an instant's stillness and hush while the men took aim; then I saw the officer raise his bared sabre as the signal to fire. It flashed in the air; then, with a suddenness impossible to convey, the whole quadrangle blazed with an awful light—a light so vivid, so intense, so blinding, so indescribable that everything was blotted out and devoured by it. It crossed my brain with instantaneous conviction that this amazing glare was the physical effect of being shot, and that the bullets had pierced my brain or heart, and caused this frightful sense of all-pervading flame. Vaguely I remembered having read or having been told that such was the result produced on the nervous system of a victim to death from fire-arms. 'It is over,' I said, 'that was the bullets.' But presently there forced itself on my dazed senses a sound—a confusion of sounds—darkness succeeding the white flash—then steadying itself into gloomy daylight; a tumult; a heap of stricken, tumbled men lying stone-still before me; a fearful horror upon every living face; and then . . . . it all burst on me with distinct conviction. The storm which had been gathering all the morning had culminated in its blackest and most electric point immediately over-head. The file of soldiers appointed to shoot me stood exactly under it. Sparkling with bright steel on head and breast and carbines, they stood shoulder to shoulder, a complete lightning conductor, and at the end of the chain they formed, their officer, at the critical moment, raised his shining, naked blade towards the sky. Instantaneously heaven opened, and the lightning fell, attracted by the burnished steel. From blade to carbine, from helmet to breastplate it ran, smiting every man dead as he stood. They fell like a row of nine-pins, blackened in face and hand in an instant—in the twinkling of an eye. *Dead.* The electric flame licked the life out of seven men in that second; not one moved a muscle or a finger again. Then followed a wild scene. The crowd, stupefied for a minute by the thunderbolt and the horror of the devastation it had wrought, recovered sense, and with a mighty shout hurled itself against the palisade, burst it, leapt over it

and swarmed into the quadrangle, easily overpowering the unnerved guards. I was surrounded, eager hands unbound mine, arms were thrown about me; the people roared, and wept, and triumphed, and fell about me on their knees praising Heaven. I think rain fell, my face was wet with drops, and my hair—but I knew no more, for I swooned and lay unconscious in the arms of the crowd. My rescue had indeed come, and from the very Heavens!"

ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

FREEDOM.

KNOW, striving soul, on truth intent,
That not with words by mortal sent—
  Faint shimmerings of earthly light—
Shall ever-living truth be taught,
Or light to gild the path be bought,
  That leads us upward from the night.

But govern mind with ordered will,
Subduing this with knowledge still,
  Fanning the spark within that glows,
The essence of that power divine,
The pledge to man from mystic time,
  The light from thrones above that flows.

Then may the spirit, bathed in light,
Soar upward from the realms of night,
  No more a fettered earth-bound thing,
But freed from clay, and doubt, and slime,
Triumphant over death and time!
  To the eternal ever cling!

P. H. D.

THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

IN many of the tasks of life the first step costs the great effort, and the investigation of truth in the higher regions of Nature justifies the familiar maxim. The first step for the modern inquirer is that which carries his consciousness across the threshold of matter into the invisible world. Never mind for the moment whether occult progress be attempted by a direct onslaught on the defences of the invisible world, or by purely internal combats with the desires of the lower self. The unseen must first become a reality for anyone who seriously desires to enter into relations with it, whether he sets his will to work to vanquish his own frailties, or the forces of Nature on the astral plane. An internal struggle with material desire undertaken for a spiritual purpose, just as much as the other kind of contest, is a recognition of the superior realm; and it is not a struggle of the kind we are contemplating at all, if it is merely undertaken for a worldly purpose, as thrifty habits may be cultivated, for instance, at the bidding of the grossest material selfishness. But though a recognition of the invisible world must in this way have been forced, at an early stage of his inquiry, on the mind of everyone who becomes an earnest explorer of Nature's higher laws, its invisibility is a terrible barrier in the way of the progress that would otherwise be made by the throngs of intelligent materialists who people civilised countries at this epoch of our history. From the point of view of conventional thinkers—of those alike who sacrifice their Sunday mornings to provide for the contingency that there may be something in religion after all, and of those who are frankly incredulous of any Nature lying beyond the reach of instrumental research—a tremendous revolution in all their views of life is accomplished if they are somehow brought face to face with the reality of super-material phenomena, if they ever discover the invisible world and come to know it, or any part of it, as an unequivocal fact.

Long experienced explorers of the unseen often forget how profoundly clouded the whole region seems from the shore of materialistic thought. Indeed, from the shore of other systems where habits of metaphysical speculation would lead men to repudiate the charge of materialism, the unseen appears to be equally impenetrable to all human faculties. It is as though we lived beside an ocean always shrouded from view by a belt of mist. A few persons are in the constant habit of pushing out beyond in boats, but these, when they come back, are told, "Nonsense! there is no ocean; you have been dreaming!" For the vast majority, the mist is an infinite void. Only by a minority have the few who have passed through it, been even

encountered. Will anyone who knows his generation pretend to say that even among ordinary religious people the next world is a certain fact in Nature, like the next street? How many are there who do more than rest on the hypothesis that there may be somewhere a heaven to "go to" when the dreadful moment comes at which mortal man must perforce bid adieu to the warm precincts of the cheerful day. "God forbid!" a bishop is said to have piously remarked when warned, during danger at sea, that he would be in Heaven that night. The next world of commonplace orthodoxy is but too often regarded as a desperate resource for ruined men, whose fortune of life has been wrung from them to the last drop. For those who are bankrupt of breath, "let us trust" (as a frequent phrase expresses the idea) that some compensation may be provided by Providence hereafter, though it does all remain so hopelessly obscure.

"Ah, if you could only show me that there really is a life beyond this —a perpetuation of this real individual Me after I am what my friends will call dead—you would be giving me a blessing that no words could over-estimate." That is a passionate cry from many hearts to those who talk of other lives for the soul—of spiritual rewards, or the fruit of Karma in future states of existence.

It is a cry which few people indeed, even among those who have been in contact with the invisible world, are in a position to satisfy. Most of us are obliged to reply: "This satisfaction can only be acquired by a resolute effort; it is impossible for us to bring you proof of what we know, to save you trouble. If you would know whether Africa exists, we cannot bring you Africa to prove it; we can only give you directions how to get there if you are willing to undertake the journey." "But why," we might ask, "cannot you believe the testimony of those who have had proof of the sort you require." The answer always is in effect: "*C'est le premier pas qui coute.* It would be worth worlds to know, but to believe without personal knowledge—that would be an act of faith. I might as easily believe at once in the Roman Catholic Church."

There is a great difference, really, between the surrender of that reason claimed by ecclesiastical tyranny and the faith required to enable a seeker after truth to gain personal cognisance of the invisible world. The priest and the occultist both claim faith from the neophyte; but the first bids him develop this by strangling his reason, the second by satisfying it. Sensible faith is that which recognises the logic of facts appealing to human intelligence. It is stupid to believe that which you have no reason for believing; it is no less stupid to disbelieve that which there is reason to believe. The majority of modern men and women, indeed—fed exclusively on the husks of knowledge—are too profoundly ignorant of the records accumulated by those who have penetrated the unseen to be called stupid for undervaluing them. But on one or the other horn of the dilemma they must take their place. They are unconscious of the existence of the records left, or of the work done by students of

occultism in its various phases; or they must be held responsible for defects of understanding. Does anyone say: "What are the records you refer to?" The answer would be analogous to one that might be given to a person brought up in American backwoods, on modern practicalities exclusively, and who in mature life should hear someone refer to classical literature as important. "What book do you want me to read?" he might ask. What would an accomplished University devotee of Greek poetry *think* in reply, even if he tried to disguise his answer in polite terms?

Any fairly considerable acquaintance with the literature of occult research—including in that broad designation records of any supermaterial phenomena—will put any man in a position in which he must either believe in the existence of the invisible world, or discover that he is an irrational being, whose "convictions" are merely acts of submission to the decrees of the multitude. And then, for most of those who perceive that they must believe, or who find that they cannot continue to disbelieve, some personal contact with some phases of the invisible world will probably follow in the sequence of events; because, once *believing*—once saturated with a complete conviction that there are other planes of Nature—these will present themselves to the mind as so interesting, that it becomes worth while to take trouble in order to get the gratification of beholding their phenomena in some way or other; and then success will sooner or later be attained. While people merely think "there *may be* an invisible world, let us try if we can find it out," they are easily baffled by failure. They draw one or two covers "blank" and retire from the effort declaring "there is nothing to be discovered; it is all a delusion." The man who has read and assimilated what he has read is, as we have said above, saturated with a conviction on the subject. His state of mind remains unaffected by personal failure; and still impelled by the fascination of the idea, he will try again and again till he succeeds. When anyone says, "I *wish* I could see something out of the common way, but I never have any luck in such things," the answer is: "Then you certainly do not wish *much*." Probably such people do not wish enough to take the trouble merely to study. What they wish is that conclusive phenomena demonstrating the existence of the invisible world should always be on view at some London theatre, where inquirers might go without liability to disappointment, when other engagements permitted.

And yet, though it is so easy to blame and ridicule that attitude of mind, no one who has the influence of the higher occultism in his heart, and at the same time a capacity for sympathising with the best attributes of modern culture, can be otherwise than indefatigably anxious to waken up the present generation more fully to an appreciation of the sublime knowledge accessible to those who get across the outer barriers and come to realise the existence of the world beyond, once for all.

Occultists will often fail to understand the situation aright. There are some who would do nothing but draw from their own knowledge of the invisible world a store of moral maxims, and serve these out to their brethren, fearing to suggest further inquiries lest danger should be incurred, for, of course, people are put in danger the higher they climb, falls being then more disastrous. But maxims to have any value must be in circuit with knowledge. "Be good!" is a sound maxim. "Be good children!" is often an efficient exhortation, but it will not survive the period when the persons addressed say "Why?" And all the educated world is saying "Why?" now in regard to injunctions which rest upon incredible assertions. Why is Society so tolerant of some misdoing which the Church has always specially condemned, though it lies outside the catalogue of offences like robbery and murder, proscribed by common convenience? Because maxims which merely rest upon religion have no longer any binding force; in other words, because religion is the science, or the sum total of the sciences of the invisible world, and men now claim to have cut and dried maxims overhauled on principles to which this age of science has accustomed them. It is quite possible to get this done. The fact that this *is* a scientific age is a declaration, in other words, that a time has come for putting a scientific complexion on religious thought; in other words again, for beginning to lead the public, in flocks, where hitherto rare pioneers only have penetrated in secret—across the threshold unto the limitless realms of the invisible world. By flocks we need not be supposed to mean crude masses of humanity selected on no system, but large numbers compared to the rare explorers of former times, considerable groups of the most intelligent and advanced minds of the age. A man of the present day, who has obtained the beautiful culture of modern civilisation, who may be an accomplished classic, a finely-trained man of science, a poet, an artist, and yet a person so ignorant or stupid (as to certain facets of his mind) as not to know anything about the invisible world, is a creature who provokes in the more enlightened observer a feeling analogous to that with which one might look at a lady of fashion, beautiful in the face, but whose winning draperies you know to hide ugly deformities or repulsive disease. Or treating the subject more abstractedly, this lovely culture of modern civilisation is like the soulless statue—the Galatea without life. Surely it is time that the gods informed the marble with the breath of the spirit; and have they not shown themselves ready to do this if the sculptor does but appeal to them?

The man who penetrates, or gets into relations of some sort or other with the invisible world, will not necessarily be illuminated at once with a flood of exhilarating knowledge. The new realm may open out before the explorer in many different ways; and there is much going astray amidst its innumerable mazes for new comers, as a rule. But to discuss these perils in detail would be to attempt an essay on all branches

of occultism. For the present we are arguing merely that to make no journeys there at all is to give up progress, to move no longer with the onward stream of evolution, to fall out of the line of march.

It is deplorable that men of intelligence, in the present day, should neglect to pick up the threads which might guide them to some knowledge of the invisible world, for two reasons, or rather, the reasons why this is deplorable may be divided into two great classes, those which have reference to knowledge, as such, and those which have reference to the spiritual interests of mankind. To people who appreciate spiritual interests, nothing else is relatively worth a thought; but for men of modern civilisation at large knowledge is worth everything for its own sake; it is the end they are pursuing, and this being so, it is astounding that they neglect the most subtle, fascinating and intricate phenomena of all nature, those which have to do with supermaterial planes of existence and natural force. And from that point of view, any passage across the threshold of the invisible world will do as well as any other. The tables that move without hands, the pencils that write without fingers, are surely linked with mysteries of Nature not yet understood, and, therefore, worth examination. Investigations concerning them bring one face to face with the forces of the invisible world.

Are we told that science cannot grasp these phenomena to investigate them? The statement is not true. They cannot be grasped at any time by anybody, but no more can the depths of stellar space be fathomed by whoever chooses whenever it suits his leisure. Great telescopes are scarce; nights perfectly fitted for observation must be waited for with patience. But when they come, the men who have got the telescopes take observations and make reports, and their records are studied by other astronomers, and used as the foundation of theories, as the raw material of current knowledge. If similar methods were adopted with even the crudest spiritualistic, not to speak of scientific, research in occult mystery, the world at large would not be blundering about as it is, with absurd denials of facts known to thousands. Clairvoyance again, by flights of perception through the invisible world, bridges gulfs that are materially impassable. But what does modern culture know of it? As a scientific fact, it is enormously more certain than the existence, for example, of the satellites of Mars; but who disputes the latter fact? They have been seen, those satellites, if they are not seen easily or often, and therefore their existence has been established. But five newspapers out of six in the present day—barometers of prevailing belief—would profess to disbelieve in clairvoyance if the subject had to be mentioned; to *disbelieve* in that which is an elementary truth having to do with the most easily accessible region of supermaterial knowledge!

To gain touch with this is *not* to be put at once in possession of that

certainty concerning the survival after death of the real "Me" in each case, which is the great point to be established for most European doubters, but it is the first step. Students of the laws which govern existence in the higher realms of Nature can gain no hearing from those to whom that great point remains unsatisfied. Once the higher realm is felt to be a reality, the possibility of gaining a knowledge of the laws which prevail there presents itself to the mind with an altogether new significance. And finally, closer attention shows that this knowledge certainly has been gained ; that the path leading to spiritual wisdom is defined ; that with some of the powers which reign in the invisible world we may enter into more or less definite relations beforehand here ; that of all practical pursuits which men of clear heads and resolute purpose can set themselves to, during the space of incarnate earthly life, immeasurably the most practical,in so far as it has to do with objects which dwarf all others in their importance, are those which have to do with the culture and development of that Higher Self within them which has its natural home in the invisible world, and is but a passing guest in the midst of material occupations. To use and apply the knowledge of supermaterial laws which occult studies disclose is a life's task, but of that for the moment we need not speak. It is with the heedless and frivolous generation at large that we are concerned in this appeal—with those who waste great gifts of intelligence and splendid energies and courage and indomitable industry on transitory pursuits, on money-making (in excess), on discovery and research that merely subserve passing material wants, on the struggle for flattering distinctions which cast a meteoric gleam on the brief journey to personal oblivion, on the "solid realities" of the visible world, which, like the ice drops of a hailstorm, are as hard as bullets one minute and dissolved in new forms the next. It is all for want of taking the first step that they are squandering their lives. Their immediate predecessors *knew* no more than they perhaps of the hidden mysteries, but they were less critical of the distorted shape in which pious tradition told them of the future and of the powers above. The heirs of modern thought have grown in knowledge of molecules and of the transmutation of energy but as they look back upon the beliefs which contented their forefathers, they perceive that their fuller science of the physical plane has entirely shut out the wide, vague prospect that used to gleam on the earlier horizon.

Rational human creatures cannot afford to leave that prospect in a permanent eclipse. The neglect of all facts concerned with the durabilities of existence ; the concentration of effort and interest on the hastily dissolving view of its physically manifested phases, is the crying folly of the period. To spring at once into complete conscious spiritual relationship with the higher planes of Nature is not an easy achievement. The great Realities lie within a domain which makes no direct appeal to the five senses of the earthly body, and the only way of approaching their com-

prehension is to press on through the darkness, beyond which other men before us declare that they have reached illuminated altitudes.

But meanwhile, the torpor of the educated world at large in regard to the promptings which ought now to stir its activity in this direction is little less than idiotic. Idiotic relatively, that is to say, to spiritual culture. There are men of illustrious fame in the various provinces of intellectual culture, who are behaving relatively to their own higher potentialities, as the luckless victim of a shallow skull may behave towards the teachings of science and art. But there is always one thing to be remembered about them; they are curable. Their cure can be undertaken with sure certainty of success at any moment, but for each sufferer from that inner cataract which shuts out from his consciousness the prospect of the invisible world, there is only one surgeon who can successfully perform the necessary operation—the man himself. What we can do who have accomplished the feat for ourselves, is to encourage others—not to *go*, but to come and do likewise.

A. P. SINNETT.

THE MYSTIC THOUGHT.

WHEN will come rest? Is it alone the silent grave
That can bring true peace to the restless soul
That striving, yearns to reach some distant goal,
Toss'd like a boat on the crest of a mighty wave?
Is there oblivion in the cold, dark tomb
To dull the heart and kill the abject fear
Which loads the sense, when unknown dangers loom
From regions that our sense perceives not here?
When from the soul goes forth the mystic thought
That we have higher purpose than we know,
And each must reap the fruit he cares to sow,
Or learn the duties he himself has taught:
Can this be killed?—no, surely!—but that lamp can save
That burns within us here—and burns beyond the grave.

P. H. DALBIAC.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT:

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

By Mabel Collins,

Author of "The Prettiest Woman in Warsaw," &c., &c.,
And Scribe of "The Idyll of the White Lotus," and "Through the Gates of Gold."

CHAPTER V.

ADVENTURE is said to be sweet to the young; if it was so to Hilary, he must soon have found abundant pleasure in the possession of enough sweets. For the next few days scarcely an hour passed without an event large enough in his eyes to be an adventure.

He was ready at the hour Fleta had named; and had provided against all probable contingencies by taking with him the smallest possible amount of luggage. For aught he knew they might have to climb mountains in the course of this journey. And moreover he knew Fleta's unprincess-like distaste for superfluities; he would not have been surprised to see her start in her riding habit and take no luggage at all. The difficulty he dreaded was his mother's surprise at this scant provision of his. But good luck—or was it something else?—took her away. She was summoned to visit a sick friend at a little distance out of the city, and said good-bye to Hilary before her departure. So Hilary made his preparations without being troubled by criticism.

At noon a lad presented himself at the door of the Estanol's house, with a note which he said he was to give into Hilary's own hand. Hilary immediately went to him and took it, as he guessed it was from Fleta. A single line!—and no signature!—

"I am waiting for you outside the north gate."

Hilary took his valise in his hand, afraid to hire a carriage lest it should not please her that he brought any eyes to note their meeting. He walked out of the city by the quietest side streets he could select, hoping not to meet any of his friends. He met no one he knew, and with a sigh of relief passed out through the gate and walked on to the broad country road beyond it. Drawn up under some trees was a handsome travelling carriage, with four horses and postilions. Hilary was surprised. He had not expected so much luxury. When he reached the carriage he was even more surprised. Fleta was hardly dressed as for a journey; she wore a much richer robe than usual, and

her head and shoulders were covered with beautiful black lace. She leaned back in a corner of the roomy carriage, with a voluptuous dreamy expression on her face which was new to Hilary. Opposite her sat Father Amyot. Hilary could not but regard the priest with amazement. Was the town to lose its favourite confessor? How then could all the gossips in it be prevented from hearing of the Princess Fleta's journey? But Hilary resolved not to harass himself with conjecture. He entered the carriage and Fleta motioned to him to seat himself at her side.

At her side! Yes, that was his place. And Father Amyot, the father confessor, beloved and almost worshipped by the people, in whose breast reposed the secrets and the sorrows of the city; Father Amyot, who was the model of piety to all who knew him, sat opposite in the carriage. Did he watch the lovers? Seemingly not. His eyes were lowered and his gaze was apparently fixed on his clasped hands. He sat there like a statue. Once or twice when Hilary glanced at his face, he fancied he must be there unwillingly. Was it so? Was he Fleta's tool and servant held by her domineering temper to do her bidding? Surely not. Father Amyot was too well known as a man of power for the idea to be credible. Hilary checked himself for the hundredth time in these hopeless speculations and determined to enjoy the moment he was in possession of and not trouble about the next one till it came; nor yet endeavour to read others' hearts. And so this young philosopher went open eyed, as he believed, to his destruction.

The carriage rolled away at a great speed; it was drawn by four beautiful Russian horses, and the postilions were Fleta's own, and accustomed to her likings. She was a most daring and intrepid rider and nothing pleased her in the way of motion except great speed. She was a lover of animals and her horses were the finest kept in the city. It was strange to Hilary to try and realise her singular independence of position, as to-day he felt impelled to. For himself he was still to a great extent in leading strings; he had made no position for himself, nor even planned any career; he was dependent on his mother's fortune, and consequently, to a certain extent, could act only according to her approval. He was still so young that all this seemed natural enough. But Fleta was younger than himself, though it was difficult always to remember it, so dominant was her temper. A glance at her fresh face still so soft in its outlines as to have something childish about it when her expression permitted; at her figure, so slender in spite of its stateliness, recalled the fact that the Princess was indeed only a girl. Did the man who was about to marry her suppose that his young Queen was a creature unformed, fresh from the schoolroom, altogether malleable to his hand?

During the whole of the afternoon they drove on with scarcely a pause, and with very little conversation to pass the time. Yet for Hilary it flew with swift wings. The mere sensation of his novel

position was enough for him as yet. To be beside Fleta and to watch her mysterious face for so long together satisfied for the moment his longing soul. Fleta herself seemed buried in profound thought. She sat silent, her eyes on the country they passed through, but her mind, as far as Hilary could judge, wandering in some remote region. As for Father Amyot, his regard remained fixed upon a small crucifix which he held hidden within his clasped hands, and now and then his lips moved in prayer, while, on that austere face, no expression seemed to have room but that of adoration or contemplation of the divine.

At sundown they stopped at a very small way-side inn. Hilary could not believe they were going to stay here, for it looked little more than a place where men drink and horses are fed. Yet so it was. The carriage was driven round to the side of the small house, the horses taken out of it, and Fleta led the way in at a side door, followed by her two companions.

Within they found a motherly, plain and kindly woman, who evidently knew Fleta well; Hilary learned afterwards that this landlady had been a kitchen maid in the royal household. And now he saw strange things indeed. For this inn was in reality nothing but a drinking shop for the drivers who passed along the road. It had no parlour, nor any accommodation for travellers of a better sort. And Fleta knew this, as was evident at once. She drew a hard chair forward, close to the great fire which flamed up the wide open chimney, and sat down seemingly quite at her ease.

"We must have some supper," she said to the landlady. "Get us what you can. Can you find room for these gentlemen to-night?"

The landlady came near to Fleta and spoke in a low voice; the Princess laughed.

"There are no bedrooms in this house, it seems," she said, aloud, "in fact, it is not an hotel. Shall we drive on or shall we sit here through the night?"

"The horses are tired," said Father Amyot, speaking for the first time since they had left the city.

"True," said Fleta, absently—for already she appeared to be thinking of something else. "I suppose, then, we must stay here."

Hilary had never passed, nor ever contemplated passing, a night in such rough fashion. He was fond of comfort, or rather of luxury. But what could he do when his Princess, the greatest lady in the land, set him the example. Any protest would have appeared effeminate, and his pride held him silent. Still, when after a very indifferent supper, they all returned to the hard wooden chairs beside the fire, Hilary for the moment very sincerely wished himself at home in his own comfortable rooms. As he wished this, suddenly he became aware that Fleta's dark eyes had turned upon him, and he would not look up, for he believed she had read his thought. He wished he could have hidden it from her, for he had no mind to be held as more effeminate than herself.

There was a sort of second kitchen even rougher and more cheerless than the one in which they sat; and there the postilions and other men, the ordinary customers of the house, were crowded together, drinking and talking and singing. Their presence was horrid to Hilary, who was conscious of refined susceptibilities, but Fleta seemed quite indifferent to the noise they made and the odour of their coarse tobacco; or rather it might be that she was unaware of anything outside her own thoughts. She sat, her chin on her hand, looking into the fire; and so graceful and perfect was her attitude that she had the air of being a masterpiece of art placed amid the commonest surroundings. She looked more lovely than ever from the contrast, but yet the incongruity was painful to Hilary.

The silence in the room in which they sat became the more marked from contrast with the increasing noise in the crowded room without. At last, however, the hour came for the house to be closed and the landlady politely showed her customers the door; all except those who were travellers on the road. These, including the postilions, gathered into the chimney corner and became quiet, at last falling sound asleep. To Hilary it seemed now that he was living through a painful dream, and he longed for the awakening—willing to awake, even if that meant that he would be at home and away from Fleta.

At last sleep came to him, and his head drooped forward; he sat there, upright in the wooden chair, fast asleep. When he awoke it was with a sense of pain in every limb, from the posture which he had maintained; and he could scarcely refrain from crying out when he attempted to move. But he instantly remembered that if the others were sleeping he must not wake them. Then he quickly looked round. Father Amyot sat near, looking just as he had looked since they entered the house; he might have been a statue. Fleta's chair was empty.

Hilary roused himself, sat up and stared at her empty place; then looked all round the kitchen. An idea occurred to him; possibly the landlady had found some resting place for the young Princess. A sense of oppression came over him; the kitchen seemed stifling. He rose with difficulty and stretched himself, then found his way out into the air. It was a glorious morning; the sun had just risen, the world seemed like a beautiful woman seen in her sleep. How sharp the sweet fresh air was! Hilary drew a deep breath of it. The country in which this lonely little inn stood was exceedingly lovely, and at this moment it wore its most fascinating appearance. A sense of great delight came upon Hilary; the uneasiness of the past night was at an end, and he was glad now and full of youth and strength. He turned and walked away from the house, soon leaving the road and plunging into the dewy grass. There was a stream in the valley, and here he determined to bathe. He soon reached it, and in another moment had hastily undressed, and was plunged in the ice-cold water. An intoxicating sense of vigour came over him as he

experienced the keen contact. Never had he felt so full of life as now! It was not possible to remain long in the water, it was so intensely cold; he sprang out again and stood for a moment on the bank in the brilliant morning sunshine, looking like a magnificent figure carved by the god of the day, his flesh gleaming in the light. Slowly he began at last to put on his dress, feeling as if in some way this meant a partial return and submission to civilization. Something of the savage which lay deep hidden in him had been roused and touched. A fire burned that hitherto he had never felt, and which made him long for pure freedom and uncriticised life. And this was Hilary Estanol! It seemed incredible that a draught of fresh morning air, a plunge into ice-cold water beneath the open sky, should have been enough to unloose the savage in him, which was held fast beneath his conventional and languid self, as it is in all of us, and all those whom we meet in ordinary life. He moved hastily, striding on as though he were hurrying to some end, but it was merely a new pleasure in motion. There was a grove of old yew trees near the stream; a grove which with the superstitious was held to be sacred. That it should be revered was no wonder, so stately were the ancient trees, so deep the shadow they cast. Hilary went towards this grove, attracted by its splendid appearance; as he approached its margin a dim sense of familiarity came over him. Never had he left the city by this road, yet it seemed to him that he had entered the grove of yews by the early morning light already many a time. We are all accustomed to meet with this curious sensation; Hilary laughed at it and put it away. What if he had visited this spot in a dream? Now it was broad daylight, and he felt himself young and a giant. He plunged into the deep shadow, pleased by the contrast it made to the brilliant light without.

Suddenly his heart leaped within him and his brain reeled. For there before him, stood Fleta; and the brilliant Princess looked like a spirit of the night, so pale and grave and proud was her face and so much a part did she seem of the deep shadow of the wood.

"Is it you?" she said with a smile, a smile of mystery and deep unfathomable knowledge.

"Yes it is!" he answered, and felt, as he spoke, that he said something in those words which he did not himself understand. They stood side by side for a moment in silence; and then Hilary remembered himself to be alone with this woman, alone with her in the midst of the world. They were separated by the hour from other men and women, for the world still lay asleep; they were separated by the deep shadow of the wood from all moving life that answered to the sun. They were alone—and overwhelmed by this sudden sense of solitude Hilary spoke out his soul.

"Princess," he said, "I am ready to be your blind servant, your dumb slave, speaking and seeing only when you tell me. You know well why I am willing to be the tool in your hands. It is because I love you. But

you must pay a price for your tool if you would have it! I cannot only worship at your feet. Fleta, you must give yourself to me, absolutely, utterly. Marry that man to whom you are betrothed if you desire to be a queen, but to me you must give your love, yourself. Ah! Fleta, you cannot refuse me!"

Fleta stood still a long moment, her eyes upon his face.

"No," she said, "I cannot refuse you."

And to Hilary, for an instant of horror, it seemed to him that in her eyes was a glance of ineffable scorn. Yet there was love in the smile on her lips and in the touch of her hand as she laid it in his.

"The bond is made," she said, "all that you can take of me is yours. And I will pay you for your love with my love. Only do not forget that you and I are different—that we are after all, two persons—that we cannot love in exactly the same way. Do not forget this!"

Hilary knew not what to answer. As she spoke the last words he recognised his princess, he saw the queen before him. What did she mean? Well, he was so unhappy that his love had gone from him to a lady of royal birth. It could not be undone, this folly. He must be content to take that part which a subject may take in the life of a queen, even though he be her lover. The thought brought a pang, a swift stab to his heart and a sigh burst from his lips. Fleta put her hand on his arm.

"Do not be sad so soon," she said, "let us wait for trouble. Come, let us go out into the sunshine."

They went out, hand in hand; they wandered down beside the stream and looked into the gleaming waters.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT day the journey began early, and was very protracted. Twice during it they halted at little inns to rest the horses and to obtain what food they could. By the evening they had entered upon the most deserted region of the great forest which was one of the prides of the country. The King's hunting seat, where he now was, stood in a part of this forest, but in quite another region, a long distance from this wild place where Hilary and his companions now were. Hilary had never been within the forest, as few from the city ever penetrated it except as part of the King's retinue, and then they only saw such tracts of it as were preserved and in order. Of this wilder region practically little was known, and the spirit of adventure within Hilary made him rejoice to find that their journey led them through this unpopulated district. His curiosity as to their destination was not now very acute, for the experiences of the passing moments were all sufficient. It is true that he was conscious of the great gulf fixed between himself and Fleta. He knew her to be his superior in every respect. He knew not only that he must always be separated from her by their difference in station but that he was more vitally separated from her by their difference in

thought—and that even now. But he was made happy by a look of love that plunged deep from her eyes into his own now and again, and he was thrilled to the heart when her hand touched his with a light and delicate pressure that he alone could understand. Ah! that secret understanding which separates lovers from all the rest of the world. How sweet it is! How strange it is, too, for they are overpowered by a mutual sense of sympathy which appears to be a supreme intelligence, giving each the power to look into the other's heart. Dear moments are they when this is realised, when all life outside the sacred circle in which the two dwell is obscure and dim, while that within is rich, and strong, and sweet. Hilary lived supremely content only in the consciousness of being near this woman whom he loved; for now that he had actually asked her love, and been granted it, nothing else existed for him save that sweet fact. He was indifferent to the hardships, and, indeed, probable dangers, of the journey they were upon, which might have made a more intrepid spirit uneasy; for now he was content to suffer, or even to die, if all conditions were shared with Fleta. All her life could not be shared with him, but all his could be shared with her. When a man reaches this point, and is content to face such a state of things between himself and the woman he loves, he may be reckoned as being in love indeed.

Quite late at night it was when this day's journey ended, and the splendid horses were really tired out. But a certain point evidently had to be reached, and the postilions pushed on. Fleta at last seemed to grow a little anxious, and several times rose in the carriage to look on ahead; once or twice she inquired of the postilions if they were certain of their way. They answered yes; though how that could be was to Hilary a mystery, for they had been for a long while travelling over mere grass tracts, of which there were many, to his eyes undistinguishable one from the other. But the postilions either had landmarks which he could not detect, or else knew their way very well. At last they stopped; and in the dim light Hilary saw that there was a gate at the side of the track, a gate wide enough to drive through, but of the very simplest construction. It might have defended merely a spot where young trees were planted, or some kind of preserving done; and it was set in a fence of the same character, almost entirely hidden by thick growth of wild shrubs. The Princess Fleta produced from her dress a whistle on which she sounded a clear ringing note, and then everybody sat still and waited. It seemed to Hilary that it was quite a long while that they waited; perhaps it was not really long, but the night was so still, the silence so profound, the feeling of expectancy so strong. He was, for the first time since they started, really very curious as to what would happen next. What did happen at last was this. There was a sound of laughter and footsteps, and presently two figures appeared at the gate; one that of a tall man, the other that of a young, slight girl. The gate was unlocked and thrown

wide open, and a moment later the young girl was in the carriage, embracing Fleta with the greatest enthusiasm and delight. Hilary hardly knew how everything happened, but presently the whole party was standing together inside the gate, the carriage had driven in and was out of sight. Then the tall man shut and locked the gate, after which he turned back, and walked on ahead with the young girl at his side, while Hilary followed with Fleta. The moon had risen now, and Hilary could see her beautiful face plainly, wearing on it an unusually gay and happy expression; her lips seemed to smile at her own thoughts. The sweet gladness in her face made Hilary's heart spring with joy. It could not be rejoining her friends that made her so glad, for they had gone on and left her alone with him.

"Fleta—my princess—no, my Fleta," he said, "are you happy to be with me? I think you are!"

"Yes, I am happy to be with you—but I am not Fleta."

"Not Fleta!" echoed Hilary, in utter incredulity.

He stopped, and catching his companion's hand, looked into her face. She glanced up, and her eyes were full of shy coquetry and ready gaiety.

"I might be her twin sister, might I not, if I am not Fleta herself? Ah! no, Fleta's fate is to live in a court—mine to live in a forest. Live! —no, it is not life!"

What was it in that voice that made his heart grow hot with passion? Fiercely he exclaimed to himself that it *was*, it *must*, be Fleta's voice. No other woman could speak in such tones—no other woman's words give him such a sense of maddening joy.

"Oh! yes," he said, "it is life—when one loves, one lives anywhere."

"Yes, perhaps, when one loves!" was the answer.

"You told me this morning that you loved me, Fleta!" cried Hilary in despair.

"Ah! but I am not Fleta," was the mocking answer. It sounded like mockery indeed as she spoke. And yet the voice was Fleta's. There was no doubt of that. He looked, he listened, he watched. The voice, the face, the glorious eyes, were Fleta's. It was Fleta who was beside him, say she what she might.

They had been following the others all this while, and had now reached a clearing in the wood, where was a garden full of sweet flowers, as Hilary could tell at once by the rich scents that came to him on the night air.

"I am glad we have reached the house," said his companion, "for I am very tired and hungry. Are not you? I wonder what we shall have for supper. You know this is an enchanted place which we call the palace of surprises. We never know what will happen next. That is why one can enjoy a holiday here as one can enjoy it no where else. At home there is a frightful monotony about the eating and drinking

Everything is perfect, of course, but it is always the same. Now here one is fed like a Russian one day, and a Hungarian the next. There is a perpetual novelty about the menus, and yet they are always good. Is not that extraordinary. And oh! the wines, great heavens! what a cellar our sainted father keeps. I can only bless, with all my heart, the long dead founders of his order, who instituted such a system."

Hilary had regarded his companion with increasing amazement during this speech. Certainly it was unlike Fleta. Was she acting for his benefit? But at the words "sainted father" another idea thrust that one out of his head. What had become of Father Amyot? He had not seen him leave the carriage, or approach the house.

"Oh, your holy companion has gone to his brethren," said the girl, with a laugh. "They have a place of their own where they torture themselves and mortify the flesh. But they entertain us well, and that is what I care for. We will have a dance to-night. Oh! Hilary, the music here! It is better than that of any band in the world!"

"If you are not, Fleta, how do you know my name?"

"Simple creature! What a question! Why, Fleta has told me all about you. Did you never hear that the princess had a foster-sister, and that none could ever tell which was which, so like were we—and are we! Did you never hear that Fleta's mother was blonde, and dull, and plain, and that Fleta is like none of her own family? Oh, Hilary, you, fresh from the city, you know nothing!"

A sudden remembrance crossed Hilary's mind.

"I *have* heard," he said, "that no one could tell where Fleta had drawn her beauty from. But I believe you draw it from you own beautiful soul!"

"Ah, you still think me Fleta? I have had some happy hours in the city before now when Fleta has let me play at being a princess. Ah, but the men all thought the princess in a strange, charming, delightful humour on these days. And when next they saw her, that humour was gone, and they were afraid to speak to her. Come in. I am starving!"

They had entered a wide, low doorway, and stood now within the great hall. What a strange hall it was! The floor was covered with the skins of animals, many of them very handsome skins; and great jars held flowering plants, the scent from which made the air rich and heavy. A wood fire burned on the wide hearth, and before it, still in the dress she had travelled in, stood—Fleta.

Yes, Fleta.

The girl who stood at Hilary's side laughed and clapped her hands as he uttered a cry of amazement, even of horror.

"This is some of your magic, Fleta!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

The Princess turned at his words. She was looking singularly grave and stern; her glance gave Hilary a sense of almost fear.

"No," she answered in a low, quiet voice that had a tone, as Hilary

fancied, of pain, "it is not magic. It is all very natural. This is Adine, my little sister; so like me that I do not know her from myself."

She drew Adine to her with a gesture which had a protecting tenderness in it. This was the Princess who spoke, queen-like in her kindness. Hilary stood, unable to speak, unable to think, unable to understand. Before him stood two girls—each Fleta. Only by the difference of expression could he detect any difference between them. One threw him back the most coquettish and charming glance, as she went towards her grave sister. He could feel keenly how vitally different the two were. Yet they stood side by side, and though Fleta said "my little sister" there was no outward difference between them. Adine was as tall, as beautiful—and the same in everything!

"Do not be startled," said Fleta quietly, "you will soon grow used to the likeness."

"Though I doubt," added Adine, with a wicked glance from her brilliant eyes, "whether you will ever tell us apart except when we are not together."

"Come," said Fleta, "let us go and wash the travel stains off. It is just supper time."

Fleta talked of travel stains, but as Hilary looked at her queenly beauty, he thought she seemed as fresh as though she had but from this moment come from the hands of her maid. However, the two went away arm in arm, Adine turning at the door to have one last glance of amusement at Hilary's utterly perplexed face. He was left alone, and he remained standing where he was, without power of thought or motion.

Presently some one came and touched him on the shoulder; this was necessary in order to attract his attention. It was the tall man who had come to the gate to meet them. He was very handsome, and with the most cheerful and good-natured expression; his blue eyes were full of laughter.

"Come," he said, "come and see your room. I am master of the ceremonies here; apply to me for anything you want—even information! I may, or may not give it, according to the decision of the powers that be. Call me Mark. I have a much longer name, in fact, half-a-dozen much longer ones, and a few titles to boot; but they would not interest you, and in the midst of a forest where nobody has any dignity, a name of one syllable is by far the best." While he talked on like this, apparently indifferent as to whether Hilary listened or no, he led the way out of the hall and down a wide, carpeted corridor. He opened the last door in this, and ushered Hilary in.

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

WHAT is Life? Hundreds of the most philosophical minds, scores of learned well-skilled physicians, have asked themselves the question, but to little purpose. The veil thrown over primordial Kosmos and the mysterious beginnings of life upon it, has never been withdrawn to the satisfaction of earnest, honest science. The more the men of official learning try to penetrate through its dark folds, the more intense becomes that darkness, and the less they see, for they are like the treasure-hunter, who went across the wide seas to look for that which lay buried in his own garden.

What is then this Science? Is it biology, or the study of life in its general aspect? No. Is it physiology, or the science of organic function? Neither; for the former leaves the problem as much the riddle of the Sphinx as ever; and the latter is the science of death far more than that of life. Physiology is based upon the study of the different organic functions and the organs necessary to the manifestations of life, but that which science calls living matter, is, in sober truth, *dead matter*. Every molecule of the living organs contains the germ of death in itself, and begins dying as soon as born, in order that its successor-molecule should live only to die in its turn. An organ, a natural part of every living being, is but the medium for some special function in life, and is a combination of such molecules. The vital organ, the *whole*, puts the mask of life on, and thus conceals the constant decay and death of its parts. Thus, neither biology nor physiology are the science, nor even branches of the *Science of Life*, but only that of the *appearances* of life. While true philosophy stands Œdipus-like before the Sphinx of life, hardly daring to utter the paradox contained in the answer to the riddle propounded, materialistic science, as arrogant as ever, never doubting its own wisdom for one moment, biologises itself and many others into the belief that it has solved the awful problem of existence. In truth, however, has it even so much as approached its threshold? It is not, surely, by attempting to deceive itself and the unwary in saying that life is but the result of molecular complexity, that it can ever hope to promote the truth. Is vital force, indeed, only a "phantom," as Du-Bois Reymond calls it? For his taunt that "life," as something independent, is but the *asylum ignorantiæ* of those who seek refuge in abstractions, when direct explanation is impossible, applies with far more force and justice to those materialists who would blind people to the reality of facts, by substituting bombast and jaw-breaking words in their place. Have any of the five divisions of the functions of life, so pretentiously

named — Archebiosis, Biocrosis, Biodiæresis, Biocænosis and Bioparodosis*, ever helped a Huxley or a Hæckel to probe more fully the mystery of the generations of the humblest ant—let alone of man? Most certainly not. For life, and everything pertaining to it, belongs to the lawful domain of the *metaphysician* and psychologist, and physical science has no claim upon it. "That which hath been, is that which shall be; and that which hath been is named already—and it is known that it is MAN"—is the answer to the riddle of the Sphinx. But "man" here, does not refer to *physical* man—not in its esoteric meaning, at any rate. Scalpels and microscopes may solve the mystery of the material parts of *the shell of man:* they can never cut a window into his soul to open the smallest vista on any of the wider horizons of being.

It is those thinkers alone, who, following the Delphic injunction, have cognized life in their *inner* selves, those who have studied it thoroughly in themselves, before attempting to trace and analyze its reflection in their outer shells, who are the only ones rewarded with some measure of success. Like the fire-philosophers of the Middle Ages, they have skipped over the *appearances* of light and fire in the world of effects, and centred their whole attention upon the producing arcane agencies. Thence, tracing these to the one abstract cause, they have attempted to fathom the MYSTERY, each as far as his intellectual capacities permitted him. Thus they have ascertained that (1) the *seemingly* living mechanism called physical man, is but the fuel, the material, upon which life feeds, in order to manifest itself; and (2) that thereby the inner man receives as his wage and reward the possibility of accumulating additional experiences of the terrestrial illusions called lives.

One of such philosophers is now undeniably the great Russian novelist and reformer, Count Lef N. Tolstoi. How near his views are to the esoteric and philosophical teachings of higher Theosophy, will be found on the perusal of a few fragments from a lecture delivered by him at Moscow before the local Psychological Society.

Discussing the problem of life, the Count asks his audience to admit, for the sake of argument, *an impossibility*. Says the lecturer:—

Let us grant for a moment that all that which modern science longs to learn of life, it has learnt, and now knows; that the problem has become as clear as day; that it is clear how organic matter has, by simple adaptation, come to be originated from inorganic material; that it is as clear how natural forces may be transformed into feelings, will, thought, and that finally, all this is known, not only to the city student, but to every village schoolboy, as well.

I am aware, then, that such and such thoughts and feelings originate from such and such motions. Well, and what then? Can I, or cannot I, produce and guide such motions, in order to excite within my brain corresponding thoughts? The question—what are the thoughts and

* Or Life-origination, Life-fusion, Life-division, Life-renewal and Life-tranmission.

feelings I ought to generate in myself and others, remains still, not only unsolved, but even untouched.

Yet it is precisely this question which is the *one* fundamental question of the central idea of life.

Science has chosen as its object a few manifestations that accompany life ; and *mistaking** the part for the whole, called these manifestations the integral total of life. . . ."

The question inseparable from the idea of life is not *whence* life, but *how one should live* that life: and it is only by first starting with this question that one can hope to approach some solution in the problem of existence.

The answer to the query "How are we to live?" appears so simple to man that he esteems it hardly worth his while to touch upon it.

. . . . One must live the best way one can—that's all. This seems at first sight very simple and well known to all, but it is by far neither as simple nor as well known as one may imagine. . . .

The idea of life appears to man in the beginning as a most simple and self-evident business. First of all, it seems to him that life is in himself, in his own body. No sooner, however, does one commence his search after that life, in any one given spot of the said body, than one meets with difficulties. Life is not in the hair, nor in the nails ; neither is it in the foot nor the arm, which may both be amputated ; it is not in the blood, it is not in the heart, and it is not in the brain. It is everywhere and it is nowhere. It comes to this: life cannot be found in any of its dwelling-places. Then man begins to look for life in Time ; and that, too, appears at first a very easy matter. . . . Yet again, no sooner has he started on his chase than he perceives that here also the business is more complicated than he had thought. Now, I have *lived* fifty-eight years, so says my baptismal church record. But I know that out of these fifty-eight years I slept over twenty. How then? have I lived all these years, or have I not? Deduct the months of my gestation, and those I passed in the arms of my nurse, and shall we call this life, also? Again, out of the remaining thirty-eight years, I know that a good half of that time I slept while moving about ; and thus, I could no more say in this case, whether I lived during that time or not. I may have lived a little, and vegetated a little. Here again, one finds that in time, as in the body, life is everywhere, yet nowhere. And now the question naturally arises, whence, then, that life which I can trace to nowhere? Now—will I learn. . . . But it so happens that in this direction also, what seemed to me so easy at first, now seems impossible. I must have been searching for some-

* "Mistaking" is an erroneous term to use. The men of science know but too well that what they teach concerning life is a materialistic fiction contradicted at every step by logic and fact. In this particular question science is abused, and made to serve personal hobbies and a determined policy of crushing in humanity every spiritual aspiration and thought. "*Pretending* to mistake" would be more correct.—H. P. B.

thing else, not for my life, assuredly, Therefore, once we have to go in search of the whereabouts of life—if search we have to—then it should be neither in space nor in time, neither as cause nor effect, but as a something which I cognize within myself as quite independent from Space, time and causality.

That which remains to do now is to study *self*. But how do I cognize life in myself?

This is how I cognize it. I know, to begin with, that I live; and that I live wishing for myself everything that is good, wishing this since I can remember myself, to this day, and from morn till night. All that lives outside of myself is important in my eyes, but only in so far as it co-operates with the creation of that which is productive of *my* welfare. The Universe is important in my sight only because it can give *me*, pleasure.

Meanwhile, something else is bound up with this knowledge in me of my existence. Inseparable from the life I feel, is another cognition allied to it; namely, that besides myself, I am surrrounded with a whole world of living creatures, possessed, as I am myself, of the same instinctive realization of their exclusive lives; that all these creatures live for their own objects, which objects are foreign to me; that those creatures do not know, nor do they care to know, anything of my pretensions to an exclusive life, and that all these creatures, in order to achieve success in their objects, are ready to annihilate me at any moment. But this is not all. While watching the destruction of creatures similar in all to myself, I also know that for me too, for that precious ME in whom alone life is represented, a very speedy and inevitable destruction is lying in wait.

It is as if there were two "I's" in man; it is as if they could never live in peace together; it is as if they were eternally struggling, and ever trying to expel each other.

One "I" says, "I alone am living as one should live, all the rest only seems to live. Therefore, the whole *raison d'être* for the universe is in that *I* may be made comfortable.

The other "I" replies, "The universe is not for thee at all, but for its own aims and purposes, and it cares little to know whether thou art happy or unhappy."

Life becomes a dreadful thing after this!

One "I" says, "I only want the gratification of all my wants and desires, and that is why I need the universe."

The other "I" replies, "All animal life lives only for the gratification of its wants and desires. It is the wants and desires of animals alone that are gratified at the expense and detriment of other animals; hence the ceaseless struggle between the animal species. Thou art an animal, and therefore thou hast to struggle. Yet, however successful in thy struggle, the rest of the struggling creatures must sooner or later crush thee."

Still worse! life becomes still more dreadful. . . .

But the most terrible of all, that which includes in itself the whole of the foregoing, is that:—

One "I" says, "I want to live, to live for ever."

And that the other "I" replies, "Thou shalt surely, perhaps in a few minutes, die; as also shall die all those thou lovest, for thou and they are destroying with every motion your lives, and thus approaching ever nearer suffering, death, all that which thou so hatest, and which thou fearest above anything else."

This is the worst of all. . . .

To change this condition is impossible. . . . One can avoid moving, sleeping, eating, even breathing, but one cannot escape from thinking. One thinks, and that thought, *my* thought, is poisoning every step in my life, as a personality.

No sooner has man commenced a conscious life than that consciousness repeats to him incessantly without respite, over and over the same thing again. "To live such life as you feel and see in your past, the life lived by animals and many men too, lived in *that* way, which made you become what you are now—is no longer possible. Were you to attempt doing so, you could never escape thereby the struggle with all the world of creatures which live as you do—for their personal objects; and then those creatures will inevitably destroy you." . . .

To change this situation is impossible. There remains but one thing to do, and that is always done by him who, beginning to live, transfers his objects in life outside of himself, and aims to reach them. . . . But, however far he places them outside his personality, as his mind gets clearer, none of these objects will satisfy him.

Bismarck, having united Germany, and now ruling Europe—if his reason has only thrown any light upon the results of his activity—must perceive, as much as his own cook does who prepares a dinner that will be devoured in an hour's time, the same unsolved contradiction between the vanity and foolishness of all he has done, and the eternity and reasonableness of that which exists for ever. If they only think of it, each will see as clearly as the other; *firstly*, that the preservation of the integrity of Prince Bismarck's dinner, as well as that of powerful Germany, is solely due: the preservation of the former—to the police, and the preservation of the latter—to the army; and that, so long only as both keep a good watch. Because there are famished people who would willingly eat the dinner, and nations which would fain be as powerful as Germany. Secondly, that neither Prince Bismarck's dinner, nor the might of the German Empire, coincide with the aims and purposes of universal life, but that they are in flagrant contradiction with them. And thirdly, that as he who cooked the dinner, so also the might of Germany, will both very soon die, and that so shall perish, and as soon, both the dinner and Germany. That which shall survive alone is

the Universe, which will never give one thought to either dinner or Germany, least of all to those who have cooked them.

As the intellectual condition of man increases, he comes to the idea that no happiness connected with his personality is an achievement, but only a necessity. Personality is only that incipient state from which begins life, and the ultimate limit of life. . . .

Where, then, does life begin, and where does it end, I may be asked? Where ends the night, and where does day commence? Where, on the shore, ends the domain of the sea, and where does the domain of land begin?

There is day and there is night; there is land and there is sea; there is life and there is *no* life.

Our life, ever since we became conscious of it, is a pendulum-like motion between two limits.

One limit is, an absolute unconcern for the life of the infinite Universe an energy directed only toward the gratification of one's own personality.

The other limit is a complete renunciation of that personality, the greatest concern with the life of the infinite Universe, in full accord with it, the transfer of all our desires and good will from one's self, to that infinite Universe and all the creatures outside of us.*

The nearer to the first limit, the less life and bliss, the closer to the second, the more life and bliss. Therefore, man is ever moving from one end to the other; *i.e.* he lives. THIS MOTION IS LIFE ITSELF.

And when I speak of life, know that the idea of it is indissolubly connected in my conceptions with that of *conscious* life. No other life is known to me except conscious life, nor can it be known to anyone else.

We call life, the life of animals, organic life. But this is no life at all, only a certain state or condition of life manifesting to us.

But what is this consciousness or mind, the exigencies of which exclude personality and transfer the energy of man outside of him and into that state which is conceived by us as the blissful state of love?

What is conscious mind? Whatsoever we may be defining, we have to define it with our conscious mind. Therefore, with what shall we define mind? . . .

If we have to define all with our mind, it follows that conscious mind cannot be defined. Yet all of us, we not only hnow it, but it is the only thing which is given to us to know undeniably. . . .

It is the same law as the law of life, of everything organic, animal or vegetable, with that one difference that we *see* the consummation of an intelligent law in the life of a plant. But the law of conscious mind, to which we are subjected as the tree, is subjected to its law, we *see* it not, but fulfil it. . . .

* This is what the Theosophists call "living *the* life"—in a nut-shell.—H. P. B.

We have settled that life is that which is not our life. It is herein that lies hidden the root of error. Instead of studying that life of which we are conscious within ourselves, absolutely and exclusively—since we can know of nothing else—in order to study it, we observe that which is devoid of the most important factor and faculty of our life, namely, intelligent consciousness. By so doing, we act as a man who attempts to study an object by its shadow or reflection does.

If we know that substantial particles are subjected during their transformations to the activity of the organism; we know it not because we have observed or studied it, but simply because we possess a certain familiar organism united to us, namely the organism of our animal, which is but too well known to us as the material of our life; *i.e.* that upon which we are called to work and to rule by subjecting it to the law of reason. . . . No sooner has man lost faith in life, no sooner has he transferred that life into that which is no life, than he becomes wretched, and sees death. . . . A man who conceives life such as he finds it in his consciousness, knows neither misery, nor death: for all the good in life for him is in the subjection of his animal to the law of reason, to do which is not only in his power, but takes place unavoidably in him. The death of particles in the animal being, we know. The death of animals and of man, as an animal, we know; but we know nought about the death of conscious mind, nor can we know anything of it, *just because that conscious mind is the very life itself.* And *Life can never be Death.* . . .

The animal lives an existence of bliss, neither seeing nor knowing death, and dies without cognizing it. Why then should man have received the gift of seeing and knowing it, and why should death be so terrible to him that it actually tortures his soul, often forcing him to kill himself out of sheer fear of death? Why should it be so? Because the man who sees death is a sick man, one who has broken the law of his life, and lives no longer a conscious existence. He has become an animal himself, an animal which also has broken the law of life.

The life of man is an aspiration to bliss, and that which he aspires to is given to him. The light lit in the soul of man is bliss and life, and that light can never be darkness, as there exists—verily there exists for man—only this solitary light which burns within his soul."

We have translated this rather lengthy fragment from the Report of Count Tolstoi's superb lecture, because it reads like the echo of the finest teachings of the universal ethics of true theosophy. His definition of life in its abstract sense, and of the life every earnest theosophist ought to follow, each according to, and in the measure of, his *natural* capacities—is the summary and the Alpha and the Omega of practical psychic, if not spiritual life. There are sentences in the lecture which,

to the average theosophist will seem too hazy, and perhaps incomplete. Not one will he find, however, which could be objected to by the most exacting, practical occultist. It may be called a treatise on the Alchemy of Soul. For that "solitary" light in man, which burns for ever, and can never be darkness in its intrinsic nature, though the "animal" outside us may remains blind to it—is that "Light" upon which the Neo Platonists of the Alexandrian school, and after them the Rosecroix and especially the Alchemists, have written volumes, though to the present day their true meaning is a dark mystery to most men.

True, Count Tolstoi is neither an Alexandrian nor a modern theosophist; still less is he a Rosecroix or an Alchemist. But that which the latter have concealed under the peculiar phraseology of the Fire-philosophers, purposely confusing cosmic transmutations with Spiritual Alchemy, all that is transferred by the great Russian thinker from the realm of the metaphysical unto the field of practical life. That which Schelling would define as a realisation of the identity of subject and object in the man's inner Ego, that which unites and blends the latter with the universal Soul—which is but the identity of subject and object on a higher plane, or the unknown Deity—all that Count Tolstoi has blended together without quitting the terrestrial plane. He is one of those few *elect* who begin with intuition and end with *quasi*-omniscience. It is the transmutations of the baser metals—the *animal mass*—into gold and silver, or the philosopher's stone, the development and manifestation of man's higher, SELF which the Count has achieved The *alcahest* of the inferior Alchemist is the *All-geist*, the all-pervading Divine Spirit of the higher Initiate; for Alchemy was, and is, as very few know to this day, as much a spiritual philosophy as it is a physical science. He who knows nought of one, will never know much of the other. Aristotle told it in so many words to his pupil, Alexander: "It is not a stone," he said, of the philosopher's stone. "*It is in every man and in every place*, and at all seasons, and is called the *end* of all philosophers," as the *Vedanta* is *the end* of all philosophies.

To wind up this essay *on the Science of Life*, a few words may be said of the eternal riddle propounded to mortals by the Sphinx. To fail to solve the problem contained in it, was to be doomed to sure death, as the Sphinx of life devoured the unintuitional, who would live only in their "animal." He who lives for Self, and only for *Self*, will surely die, as the higher "I" tells the lower "animal" in the Lecture. The riddle has seven keys to it, and the Count opens the mystery with one of the highest. For, as the author on "Hermetic Philosophy" beautifully expressed it: "The real mystery most familiar and, at the same time, most unfamiliar to every man, *into which he must be initiated or perish as an atheist, is himself*. For him is the elixir of life, to quaff which, before the discovery of the philosopher's stone, is to drink the

beverage of death, while it confers on the adept and the *epopt*, the true immortality. He may know truth as it really is—*Aletheia*, the breath of God, or Life, the conscious mind in man."

This is "the Alcahest which dissolves all things," and Count Tolstoi has well understood the riddle.

H. P. B.

SIN AGAINST LIFE.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph lately declared that a certain American lady of great wealth, residing in London, had conceived the strange desire to possess a cloak made of the soft warm down on the breasts of birds of Paradise. Five hundred breasts, it was said, were required for this purpose, and two skilful marksmen, the story went on to aver, had been sent to New Guinea to shoot the poor little victims whose wholesale slaughter must be accomplished to gratify this savage whim. We rejoice to observe that the whole statement has been flatly contradicted by the *World*, apparently on the best possible authority; but, however little the lady concerned may deserve the reproach which the authors of the calumny endeavoured to evoke against her, the feeling it may have excited is worth analysis in a world where, if bird of Paradise cloaks are rare, most women who dress luxuriously adorn themselves in one way or another at the expense of the feathered kingdom. The principle involved in a bonnet which is decorated with the plumage of a single bird, slaughtered for its sake, is the same as that which would be more grotesquely manifest in a garment that would require the slaughter of five hundred. Too many rich people in this greedy age forget that the grandest privilege of those who possess the means is that they have the power of alleviating suffering. Too many, again, forget that the sympathies of those who rule the animate world should extend beyond the limits of their own kind; and thus we have the painful spectacle of human "sport" associated in civilised countries still, with pursuits which should no longer afford pleasure to men who have emerged from the primitive life of hunters and fishers. But how is it possible, let us consider, to stoop lowest from the proud estate of humanity in search of ignoble gratification? It is bad to kill any sentient creature for the sake of the savage pleasures of the chase. It is bad, perhaps worse, to cause their destruction for the sake of coldly profiting by their slaughter, and it is bad to squander money in this hard world of want and wide-spread privation on costly personal indulgence. But the acme of all that is reprehensible in these various departments of ill-doing is surely reached when women—who should, by virtue of their sex, be helping to soften the ferocities of life—contrive to collect the cream of evil from each of these varieties, and to sin against a whole catalogue of human duties by cruel acquiescence in an unworthy fashion.

BROTHERHOOD.

THE Theosophical Society has always placed in the forefront of its programme, as its first and most important object, the formation of the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood, without distinction of race, creed, caste or sex. It would doubtless be incorrect to say that this object of the Society has been entirely overlooked in the West, but it is to be feared that not a few members of the Society have accepted it as an amiable formula, to which no objection could be raised, and have turned their attention almost exclusively to the two remaining objects. And yet, without some attempt to understand the true meaning of this Universal Brotherhood, it is idle to expect that any great services can be rendered to the cause of Theosophy. It may be useful to see whether any explanation can be given of the reason for the neglect of this first object, and whether such light may be thrown on its meaning, as may render the idea a living reality to many who now but faintly grasp its significance.

In the first place it may be said, that in many enlightened Western minds, there was already a familiarity with the idea thus enunciated. Christianity has always taught the "theoretical" equality in the sight of God, of all true believers, and politically the dogma of "equal rights" is practically beyond the reach of attack. The abolition of slavery, the extension of representative government, the spread of education, and perhaps also, in some degree, the influence of the scientific as opposed to the religious theories of the origin and destiny of man, have all combined to render this idea by no means difficult of apprehension, at least intellectually. Further its acceptance in this sense has not necessarily entailed any different view of the duties and responsibilities of life. In the East it cannot be said that this is the case. In India, the stringency of caste regulations causes class distinctions to assume a very definite form, while religious hatreds, if not more bitter than with us, enter more directly into the life of the people, and interpose stronger barriers between man and man than in Europe or America. Hence an Indian theosophist must, before he can accept the first object, even in its outward form, modify to some extent his intellectual conception of the relations in which he stands to the rest of mankind, and he will in his life give practical proof of the change. In his case the acceptance of the outward form can only follow on the appreciation of the inner meaning; that which results is that his theosophy is firmly founded on the principle of the Universal Brotherhood.

On the other hand, in the West, a familiarity with the external side

seems, in many cases, to have prevented any attempt to go below the surface, and to have caused men to be satisfied with vague philanthropic sentimentality, effecting nothing, and leading nowhere.

What then is this Universal Brotherhood, which is the main spring of Theosophy? and what are its results?

Socialism as preached in this 19th century it certainly is not. Indeed, there would be little difficulty in shewing that modern materialistic Socialism is directly at variance with all the teachings of theosophy. Socialism advocates a direct interference with the results of the law of *Karma*, and would attempt to alter the dénouement of the parable of the talents, by giving to the man who hid his talent in a napkin, a portion of the ten talents acquired by the labour of his more industrious fellow.

Neither is it true that in practical benevolence is the whole idea of universal brotherhood exemplified, though doubtless that unselfish and unceasing work for the good of mankind, which is true philanthropy, must of necessity be one result of it. The philanthropist may be, and no doubt often is, a true theosophist in all but name, though there is still much of what may be called unintelligent benevolence, the result of a mere emotional impulse; and again there is much that is the result of very decided and very narrow sectarian views, to which it would be absolutely impossible to apply the epithet universal. The devotion and self-sacrifice shown in many individual instances by Christian missionaries of various denominations, may be taken as fairly exemplifying philanthropy both of the unintelligent and the narrow type. They are prepared to make any sacrifice for what they believe to be the ultimate good of humanity, and in that sense are practising what some others only preach, namely true unselfishness, but they are often hampered by an intellectual inability to view both sides of the question, and fail thereby to acquire that understanding of, and sympathy with the difficulties and the wants of those whom they are endeavouring to aid, which are necessary preliminaries to any work of lasting usefulness. In a word, they too often fail to realise that unity in mankind which truly underlies all individualism. But having said so much, it must be added that an understanding of the real meaning of "Brotherhood" must entail active benevolence, that is to say work for others in some form or other, upon every one who does not wilfully thrust aside the obligation.

Where then are we to look for the explanation, and how are we to understand the spirit which must animate all true theosophists, if they are to realise and follow out the first rule of the Society? Not surely on the physical plane. Not by an attempt to force on the intellect as a fact to be accepted, or more truly a pill to be swallowed, a belief in similarities, equalities or identities, which have no existence. Only a realisation of what truly constitutes man can help us to form a conception of what brotherhood means.

Man is a complex organism as he exists on our earth to-day. He is

partly transitory, partly eternal; in one sense the creature of circumstances, in another the creator of his own environment. But the true man, the underlying individuality is a reflection of the Divine. We are able to discern physical beauty, even when clad in rags. Is it impossible that we should also recognise the beauty of the soul, though it be for a time veiled beneath a gross material body? The physical body is indeed nothing but the garment of the ego, the true man; that momentarily suited to his needs and his deserts, the livery of his servitude, which must be worn, in ever changing forms, till the moment of his final emancipation. It is then beyond the physical, beyond the intellectual man, that we must look for that fraternity, arising out of unity and equality, which cannot be found on the purely material plane of existence. The divine soul of man, in which is posited his true individuality, is the real man, the immortal ego, which, through the accumulated experience of many earth lives is marching onward through the ages to its goal, reunion with the Infinite. What matters then the outward semblance, which our senses know as man? Our æsthetic perception may shrink from the rags, the dirt, the ugliness which belong to the physical environment. Our moral nature may revolt at association with vice, with low selfish courses of life, but within and behind all this we must endeavour to realise the continual presence of the immortal ego, one with us, as with all humanity, as sharing the divine nature, and ever struggling, as we are struggling, on the upward path that leads to the realisation of the Absolute. As Carlyle says in Sartor Resartus. "Mystical, more than magical, is that communing of Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward; here properly Soul first speaks with Soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward does what we can call Union, Mutual Love, Society, begin to be possible."

It may be objected that in some cases it is impossible to recognise even the glimmerings of those higher aspirations, which are the tokens of the presence of the soul, the immortal ego. Such cases, however, must be comparatively rare. Still there are beings—it is almost impossible to call them human—who have so persistently concentrated all their efforts on the gratification of their lower consciousness, as to sever the frail link which binds them to their higher selves. Then the true man is no longer present in the human form, and brotherhood becomes an impossibility. But we may in truth almost ignore the existence of this type of mankind, for even when an intellectual materialism seems to be the sole ruling principle, we dare not deny the presence of that capacity for higher things which must exist in all who can still truly be called men.

Surely then it is in this view of our relations to our fellow men, that we shall find that guiding influence which may enable us to rise above the sordid considerations of our ordinary earthly existence. It is no

sectarian belief that is here advanced; it is the essence of the teaching of Jesus, as it was of Gautama; nor is it a mere formula, to be accepted as an article of faith, and then laid on the shelf. Once understood, it must influence all who have sufficient strength of purpose to fight their own lower selfish personalities, and must lead them to the practical realisation of their aspirations towards true unselfishness and active benevolence.

But there lurks a danger even in the use of the word unselfishness. It has been the text of sermons from every pulpit in Christendom for centuries, and with what small results? No doubt the duty nearest at hand must not be neglected, and it is the duty of every one to do what he can to render those about him happier. But many stop there and consider that all their work consists in the practice of self-abnegation in their own small circle. Does not the broader view of human life here set forth suggest a new sphere of usefulness, and therefore of duty? It is for every man to determine what he can do for the good of humanity; all are not equally gifted, but all can do something. Some theosophists appear to be satisfied with intellectual study, or the development of their own spiritual nature, and neither of these two courses is to be neglected; but something more must be done. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the acquirement of knowledge brings with it the obligation of spreading it. This is work from which none need shrink, and all who truly desire to work for Theosophy, which is in the highest sense "the religion of humanity," will find the work ready to their hand, and be able to assist in bringing the Light "to them that sit in darkness."

T. B. H.

PYTHAGORIC SENTENCES OF DEMOPHILUS.

ESTEEM that to be eminently good, which, when communicated to another, will be increased to yourself.

Be persuaded that those things are not your riches which you do not possess in the penetralia of the reasoning power.

As many passions of the soul, so many fierce and savage despots.

No one is free who has not obtained the empire of himself.

BLOOD-COVENANTING.*

PARTICULAR attention has been recently directed to this subject of *Blood-Covenant* by the experiences of explorers in Africa, who appear to have discovered in that Dark Land some of the primitive facts the gory ghost of which has long haunted our European mind in the Eschatological phase.

Stanley, an especial sufferer from the practice, denounces the blood-brotherhood as a *beastly cannibalistic ceremony*. "For the fiftieth time my poor arm was scarified and my blood shed for the cause of civilization." As the writer of this book observes: "The blood of a fair proportion of all the first families of equatorial Africa now courses in Stanley's veins; and if ever there was an American citizen who could pre-eminently appropriate to himself the national motto '*E pluribus unum*,' Stanley is the man."

In his book, Dr. Trumbull has collected a mass of data from a wide range of sources to illustrate what he terms the "*Primitive rite of covenanting by the inter-transfusion of blood.*"

Dr. Trumbull is anxious to make the efficacy of the rite depend upon the recognition of a vivifying virtue in the blood itself, as the essence of life. But such recognition appears to have been remote enough from the Primitive thought. The Aborigines were not Jews or Christians. They gave of their life without always thinking of the exact equivalent or superior value received. They gave it as the witness to the troth they plighted and the covenant which they intended to keep. His theory of interpretation is that there was a dominating and universal conviction that the "blood is the life; that blood-transfer is soul-transfer, and that blood-sharing, human or *divine*-human, secures an inter-union of natures; and that a union of the human nature with the divine is the highest ultimate attainment reached out after by the most primitive, as well as the most enlightened, mind of humanity."

His collection of facts may serve a most useful purpose as eye-openers to other people (and for other facts to follow), just as they appear to have been to himself. The book is interesting, if not profound; and nothing that follows in this article is intended to decry it, or to prevent the readers of LUCIFER from looking into it if they do not feel too great a "scunner" at sight of the gilded-gory illustration on the cover. But the work is written by one who talks to us out of a window of Noah's Ark, and who still seems to think the Hebrew Bible is the rim of the universe.

* "The Blood-Covenant, a Primitive Rite, and its bearings on Scripture." By H. Clay Trumbull, D.D. London: Redway.

We value and recommend the book solely for its facts, not for its theories, nor for its bibliolatry.

In all studies of this kind which make use of the word "Primitive," it is the fundamental facts that we first need; and next a first-hand acquaintanceship with all the facts, so that we may do our own thinking for ourselves and strike our light within by which we can read the facts without, as the primary and essential procedure in the endeavour to attain the truth.

Also the facts may be genuine and honestly presented, yet the interpretation may be according to an inadequate or a "bogus" theory. The truth is that no bibliolator can be trusted to interpret the past of our race now being unveiled by evolution. He is born and begotten with the blinkers on. His mode of interpretation is to get behind us, to lay the hands upon our eyes in front, and ask us to listen whilst he gives us his views of the past! But the non-evolutionist cannot interpret the past from lack of a true standpoint with regard to the beginnings or rather the processes of becoming. He can begin anywhere and at any time short of the starting-point. There is nothing for it but to break away, and turn round to see for ourselves whether the traditionary vision of the Blinkerists be true or false. The facts alone are the final determinatives of the Truth. But we must have the whole of them and not a few, whether judiciously or Jesuitically selected to support a Christian theory. Whereas, the object and aim of this work the bias of the writer, and the trend of his arguments, are all on the line of showing or suggesting that the blood-covenant was the result of some innate instinct or divine revelation which prefigured and foreshadowed, and may be taken to indicate and authorize, the Christian scheme of atonement, and the remission of sin by the shedding of innocent blood. The writer asserts that this primitive symbolism was "*made a reality in Jesus Christ*," in whom "*God was to give of his blood in the blood of his Son for the revivifying of the sons of Abraham in the Blood of the Eternal Covenant.*" But it can be demonstrated that the covenant by blood did not commence where Dr. Trumbull begins—with a religious yearning God-ward for the establishing of a brotherhood between the human nature and the Divine. The root-idea was not that of an "inter-union of the spiritual natures by the inter-commingling of blood for the sake of an inter-communion with deity." That, at least, was by no means the "*primitive* rite," which the blood-covenant is here called. The many forms of the blood-covenant can only be unified at the root, *i.e.*, in the beginning, not at the end. They are not to be understood apart from the primitive language of signs, as in Tattoo, the very primitive biology of the early observers, and the most primitive sociology of the Totemic times.

Time was, and may be still, when the blood-covenant would often serve as the one protection against being killed and eaten. Even the

cannibals will not partake of their own Totemic brothers. Also the covenant was extended to certain animals which were made of kin and held to be sacred as brothers of the blood.

The Blood-covenant takes many forms besides that of the blood-brotherhood, which are not to be explained by this writer's theory of exchange.

When the blood of an African woman accidentally spurted into the eye of Dr. Livingstone, she claimed him for her blood relation, without there being any exchange of blood for blood.

Dr. Trumbull claims the Egyptians as witnesses to the truth of his interpretation. But so far from their highest conception of "a union with the Divine nature" being an inter-flowing and interfusion of blood, the soul of blood was the very lowest, that is the first, in a series of seven souls!

Their highest type of the soul was the sun that vivified for ever called Atmu, the Father Soul.* The bases of natural fact which lie at the foundation of the Blood-covenant, preceded any and all such ideas as those postulated by the writer as being extant from the first, such as "a longing for oneness of life with God;" an "out-reaching after inter-union and inter-communion with God." There was no conception of a one God extant in the category of human consciousness when the rites of a blood-covenant were first founded. There could be no atonement where there was no sense of sin or a breaking of the law. All through, the writer is apt to confuse the past with the present, and eager to read the present into the past.†

The real roots of matters like these are to be found only in certain facts of nature which were self-revealing, and not in the sphere of concepts and causation! And it is only when we can reach the natural genesis of primitive customs and fetishtic beliefs, and trace their lines of descent, that we can understand and interpret their meaning in the latest symbolical and superstitious phase of religious rites. Nothing can be more fatally false than to interpret the physics of the past by means of modern

* The Theosophists are reminded that the "seven souls" are what we call the "seven principles" in man. "Blood" is the *principle* of the Body, the lowest in our septenary, as the highest is "Atma," which may well be symbolized by the Sun; Atma being the light and life in man, as the physical sun is the light and life of our solar system.—ED.

† The arcane doctrine teaches that the "blood" rites are as old as the Third-Root race, being established in their final form by the Fourth Parent race in commemoration of the separation of androgynous mankind, their forefathers, into males and females. Mr. G. Massey is a strict scholar, who holds only to that which is made evident to him, and ignores the Occultistic division of mankind into Races, and the fact that we are in our Fifth-Root race, and would, of course, refuse to carry mankind back into *pre*-Tertiary times. Yet his researches and the fruit of his life-labour, corroborate, by their numberless new facts revealed by him, most wonderfullly, the teachings of the "Secret Doctrines." (ED.)

metaphysic, with the view of proving that certain extant doctrines of delusion are the lineal descendants of an original Divine revelation, which has been bound up in two Testaments for the favoured few.

The blood-covenant is undoubtedly a primitive rite; but the author of this work does not penetrate to its most primitive or significant phases. These are not to be read by the light of Hebrew revelation, but by the light of nature if at all. Many primitive customs and rites survived amongst the Semites, but they themselves were not amongst the aboriginal races of the world. We have to get far beyond their stage to understand the meaning of the myths, legends, rites, and customs, that were preserved by them as sacred survivals from the remoter past. The symbolical and superstitious phases of custom cannot be directly explained on the spot where we may first meet with them in going back. In becoming symbolical they had already passed out of their primary phase, and only indirectly represent the natural genesis of the truly primitive rite. I have spent the best part of my life in tracking these rites and customs to their natural origin, and in expounding the typology and symbols by which the earliest meaning was expressed.

What then was the root-origin of a blood-covenant? The primary perceptions of primitive or archaic men included the observation that they came from the mother, and first found themselves at her breast.

Next they saw that the child was fleshed by the mother, and formed from her blood, the flow of which was arrested to be solidified, and take form in their own persons. Thus the red amulet which was worn by the Egyptian dead, was representative of the blood of Isis, who came from herself, and made her own child without the fatherhood, when men could only derive their blood and descent from the mother. This amulet was put on by her, says Plutarch, when she found herself *enceinte* with Horus, her child, who was derived from the mother alone, or was traced solely to the blood of Isis. Primitive men could perceive that the children of one mother were of the same blood. This, the first form of a blood-brotherhood, was the first to be recognised as the natural fact. Uterine brothers were blood-brothers. The next stage of the brotherhood was Totemic; and the mode of extending the brotherhood to the children of several mothers implies, as it necessitated, some form of symbolic rite which represented them as brothers, or as typically becoming of the one blood. Here we can track the very first step in sociology which was made when the typical blood-brotherhood of the Totem was formed in imitation of the natural brotherhood of the mother-blood. The modes and forms of the Covenant can be identified by the Totemic mysteries, some of which yet survive in the crudest condition. The brotherhood was entered at the time of puberty; that is, at the time of re-birth, when the boy was re-born as a man, and the child of the mother attained the soul of the fatherhood, and was per-

mitted to join the ranks of the begetters. The mystery is one with that of Horus, child of the mother alone, who comes to receive the soul of the father in *Tattu*, the region of establishing the son as the father, which is still extant in the mysteries, and the symbolism of *Tattoo*.

This re-birth was enacted in various ways by typically re-entering the womb. One of these was by burial in the earth, the tomb or place of re-birth being the image of the maternal birth-place all the world over. Thus when the Norsemen or other races prepared a hole under the turf, and buried their cut and bleeding arms to let the blood flow, and commingle in one as the token of a covenant, they were returning typically to the condition of uterine twins, and the act of burial for the purpose of a re-birth was a symbolical mode of establishing the social brotherhood upon the original grounds of the natural brotherhood of blood. Thus the blood-covenant did not originate in the set transfusion or inter-fusion of blood. In the Totemic mysteries the pubescent lad was admitted by the shedding of his blood, with or without any interchange. The blood itself was the symbol of brotherhood, and the shedding of it was the seal of a covenant.

Nor was this merely because flesh was formed of blood, or the first men were made of the mystical red soil, as with the *aarea* of the Tahitians, or the red earth of the Adamic man. Most of these primitive rites, the Blood-Covenant included, had their starting-point from the period of puberty. It was at this time the lads who were not brothers uterine were made brothers of the Totem at what was termed the festival of young-man-making. The proper period for circumcision, or cutting and sealing, as still practised by the oldest aborigines, is the time of puberty, the natural coming of age. It is then they enter the Totemic Brotherhood. Now in Egyptian, the word *khet* or *khut* = cut, means to cut and to seal. *Khetem* is to enclose, bind, seal, and is applied to sealing. The same root passes into Assyrian and Hebrew as *Khatan*, *Katam* or *Chatan*, with the same meaning. In Arabic, *Khatana* is to circumcise. Cutting and sealing are identical as the mode of entering into a Blood-Covenant. Circumcision was *one* form of the sealing, but there were various kinds of cuts employed, and different parts of the body were scarified and tattooed. In the primary phase, then, the blood-brotherhood was established by the shedding of blood ; the register was written in blood, and instead of the covenant being witnessed by the seal of red wax, it was stamped in blood.

The reason for phallic localization is to be sought in the fact that the young men not only entered the Brotherhood by the baptism of blood, they were also received into the higher ranks of the fathers, and sworn in to live an orderly, legal and cleanly life, henceforth, as the pro-creators and loyal preservers of the race.

But this was not the only clue directly derived from nature. There is another reason why blood should have become the sacred sign of a

covenant. Amongst many primitive races blood, or the colour red, is the symbol of *Tapu*, the sign of sanctity. The bones of the dead were covered with red ochre as a means of protection by the most widely scattered races in the world. The stamp of a red hand on the building, or a crimson daub upon the gravestone will render them sacred. The Kaffirs will wash their bodies with blood as a protection against being wounded in battle. The colour of robin-redbreast still renders him *tapu* or sacred to English children.

Blood having become a sign of that which is true and sacred, on account of the Covenant, it is then made the symbol of all that is sacred. It can be used for the purpose of anointing the living or the dead, can be the seal of the marriage or other ceremonies and rites of covenanting. It is the primæval token of *tapu*.

As I have elsewhere shown, blood was sworn by as the type of that which was true, the primary one of the typical Two Truths of Egypt. It was so in all the mysteries, and is so to-day, including the mysteries of Masonry. I have suggested the derivation of the masonic name from the Egyptian *Sen* = son, for blood and brotherhood. The working Mason in Egyptian is the *makh (makht)* by name. *Makh* means to work, inlay by rule and measure. We see that *makh* modifies into *mâ* for measure, and for that which is just and true.

Mâ-sen = Mason, would denote the true brotherhood; and as *sen* is also blood, the true brotherhood as the blood-brotherhood would be the masons in the mystical or occult sense. Red is the colour of *Mâ* or Truth personified, and *sen* is blood. Blood is sworn by because it is the colour of truth, or the true colour. Now in old English the word *seng* means both "blood" and "true." Here, then, we find the origin of the oath, which constitutes the supreme expression in the vocabulary of our English roughs, when they use the oath of the blood-covenant, and swear by the word "bloody!" When they wax emphatic, everything they say becomes "bloody true." This is the exact equivalent of "seng it is" for "it is true." According to the primitive mysteries, this mode of swearing, or establishing the covenant, was sacred whilst kept piously secret, and it becomes impious when made public or profane. Such mysteries were very simply natural at first, and it was this primitive simplicity and nearness to nature which demanded the veil to protect them from the gaze of the later consciousness. Time was when the English felon would carry a red handkerchief with him to the scaffold, and hold it in his hand as a signal that he had betrayed no secrets, but died "bloody true," or true blood.

These customs were symbolical, but there is a hint of the blood-covenant beyond them—a hint received direct from Nature herself—call it revelation if you please. In the first rude ethics we find that the time for the sexes to come together was recognised by the intimation of nature, made in her own sign-language at the period of feminine

pubescence. Nature gave the hint, and a covenant was established. Henceforth, the child that could not enter that covenant would be protected from brutal assault, and was allowed, or rather compelled, to run about unclothed in token of her exemption. It is here in the swearing-in and covenanting of the sexes at the time of pubescence that we discover another real and most secret, *i.e.*, sacred root of the rite.

The self-revelation made by nature to primitive man was very primitive in its kind. She not only demonstrated that the blood was the life, or that the life passed away with the letting out of the blood, but in another domain, which our author has not entered, she showed that blood was, and how it was, the future life. Blood was the primary witness to the future life which the child received from the mother. It was the token of the time when the female could become the bearer of that future life which took flesh and form in her blood.

The blood-covenanting of the primitive races is still a part of the most elaborate system of making presents, which are the express witnesses of proffered troth and intended fealty. The most precious or sacred things are parted from in proof. The best is given on either side. And in the offering of blood, they were giving their very life, that in which the best attains supremacy. But these primitive rites can never be truly read except by those who are deeply grounded in the fact, and well acquainted with the evidence, that sign-language was primordial, that gestures preceded verbal speech, and acting was an earlier mode of representing than talking. Primitive men could only *do* that which we can *say*. In Egyptian that which is *said* is *done*. And in these primitive customs and religious rites we see the early races of men performing in pantomime the early drama of dumb or inarticulate humanity. And it seems as if this primitive language could produce an impression and reach a reality that are unapproachable by means of words. The significance of the teaching went all the deeper when it was incised in the flesh and branded into the blood. For example, what a terrific glimpse of reality is revealed by the fact that the Malagasy make their sign of a blood-covenant by an incision in the skin that covers the bosom, and this opening with its utterance of blood is called *ambavfo*, the "mouth of the heart." Thus the covenant is made in the blood, which is the very life, uttering itself with the mouth of the heart. In Egyptian the covenant, the oath, and the life, have the same name of *Ankhu;* and the greatest oath was to swear by the life or the blood of the Pharaoh. The primitive mode was to slash the flesh and let the hot blood spout and speak for itself with the "mouth of the heart," the utterance of the living letter and red seal of the wound, as true witness.

No verbal covenant or written record of the modern races has ever had the full force and effect of these modes of covenanting amongst the primitive people of the past. The moderns do not keep their word

with anything like the inviolable sanctity of the aborigines; when once they are sworn to fealty, the covenant is almost never broken. Few things in poetry are more pathetic than the story related of Tolo, a chief of the Shastika Indians on the Pacific Coast. In the year 1852 he entered into a tribal treaty with Colonel McKee and was desirous of making a covenant for life in some way that could not possibly be violated. Instead of exchanging blood he proposed a transfer of their own two personal names. Henceforth he was to be known as McKee, and the Colonel as Tolo. But the treaty was discarded, the covenant was not kept by the American Government. In reply, the Indian cast off the title of McKee and refused to resume his own tarnished and degraded name of Tolo! He considered that his very identity was lost by this mode of losing his good name! I doubt whether 1,800 years of Christianity have evolved in the later races of men a consciousness of truth, probity, and loyalty, so quick and profound as that!

The writer of this book remains stone-blind to its own teachings with regard to the doctrine of survivals, and of the past persisting as a pattern for the present.

To quote his own words, he rejoices in the "*blessed benefits of the covenant of blood*," and is still a fervent supporter of the great delusion inculcated by the gospel of ruddy gore.

The doctrine is fundamentally the same whether the Greek murderer was cleansed from his guilt by the filthy purification of pig's blood or the modern sinner is supposed to be washed white in the Blood of the Lamb.

As I had already written in my "Natural Genesis," "the religious ritual of the moderns is crowded like a kitchen-midden with the refuse relics of customs that were natural once, and are now clung to as if they were supernatural in their efficacy because their origin has been unknown. Indeed, the current masquerade in these appurtenances of the past is as sorry a sight to the archaic student as are the straw crowns and faded finery of the kings and queens whose domain is limited to the lunatic asylum." Dr. Trumbull endorses the doctrine that "*Mortals gave the blood of their first-born sons in sacrifice to the Supreme Being, then the Supreme Being gave the blood of his first-born male in sacrifice*" for men; and there you have the covenant of blood in its final form!

It is true that first-born children were offered in sacrifice just as the first take of fish was returned to the waters with a lively sense of future favours from the Typhonian power thus propitiated, but where is the sense of talking about the thought of an intercommunion with the divine nature through a blood-union with God as a concept in the mind of primitive man? It is true the recognized nature-powers, or devils of physical force, were invoked with blood, but what was the status of these powers when the beasts of blood were their representatives on earth, and the blood, which is the life, was given to the Serpent, for instance, as the

likeness of life itself because it sloughed its own skin and manifested the enviable power of self-renewal? The profounder and more fundamental our researches, the more clearly does it become apparent that we have been victimised by the unsuspected survival of the past in the present, and that the veriest leavings of primitive man have been palmed off upon us by the ignorant as sacred mysteries and revelations guaranteed to be original and divine. Continually we find that our errors of belief are based upon very simple truths that have been misunderstood through a misinterpretation of primitive matters and modes of representation by means of modern ignorance. The blood-covenant of the aboriginal races has undoubtedly survived and culminated as Christian in the frightful formula, "Without blood there is no remission of sin." Not merely the blood of beasts or human creatures this time, but the ruddy life and ichor of a supposed Divine Being, who was made flesh on purpose to pour out the blood for Almighty vengeance to lap in the person of a gory ghost of God. One of the seven primal powers in Egypt was represented by the hawk, because it drank blood. One of the Seven in Akkad was the vampire. And this type of blood-drinking has been divinised at last as the Christian God.

Pindar says: "It is impossible for me to call one of the blessed gods a cannibal." But the Christian scheme makes the Only God a cannibal, who offers the flesh and blood of his own Son and Very Self as sacrificial food made sacred for his followers. Such a god is, in two senses, *chimerical*. How natural an accompaniment is the picture of the Crucified Christ to the Zuni saying, "My Father, this day shalt thou refresh thyself with blood!" Such a doctrine is but an awful shadow of the primitive past—the shadow, so to say, of our old earth in the very far-off past—that remains to eclipse the light of Heaven to-day, and darken the souls of men in the present through the survival of savage spiritualism in its final Christian phase, where the extant doctrines are little more than an ignorant perversion of the most primitive knowledge.

It is in this final and not in the primitive phase that we shall identify the irrationalty, the impiety, the disgusting grossness of Mythology under the surface of theological varnish and veneer. The only senselessness is in the survival of Myths without their sense.

Lastly, it is observable that in the genuine rite the covenant-makers always bled *directly* and suffered each for themselves. Later on we find that other victims were substituted by purchase, by fraud, or by force; hence the blood-covenant by proxy. Now the Christian scheme is that which culminated in the blood-covenant and atonement by proxy. "*His offspring for his life he gave*," is said of an Akkadian ruler who sacrificed his own son as an expiatory offering to save himself from the consequences of his own sin. And this doctrine of the despicable, this type of the fatherhood, is elevated to the status of divinity by Dr. Trumbull. To quote his own words, the inspired author of the narrative

found in the Hebrew Genesis shows "Abel lovingly and trustfully reaching out toward God with *substitute* blood!"

And there began for the Historic Christians that vast perversion of a primitive custom which culminated at last in the Christian doctrine of vicarious sacrifice, based upon the mythology of the Old Testament being literalized in the New. Now we have the ludicrous spectacle of salvation by means of a rite which has lost all the manhood, all the morality, all the meaning, that was put into it by the despised races of uncivilized men.

The eucharistic rite is incredibly primitive when really understood. The bread and wine of the Christian sacrament still represent the male spirit and the female source of life. The "Blood of Jesus," which was to be "drink indeed," is identical with the "Blood of Bacchus," which preceded historic Christianity, and has been substituted for the human or animal blood of the earlier mysteries. Imbibing the blood of the Christ did not originate in any historic or personal transaction. Also the blood of Christ, or Mithras, or Horus, employed in drinking the covenant, was preceded by the blood of Charis. In some of the Gnostic mysteries we have the proof that the first form of the saving blood was feminine, not masculine at all. Irenæus presents us with a picture of profound interest from the anthropological point of view.

He tells us how Marcus performed the eucharistic rite with the blood of Charis, instead of the blood of Christ. He handed cups to the women and bade them consecrate these in his presence. Then, by the use of magical incantation, "Charis was thought to drop her own blood into the cup" thus consecrated. (B. 1. 13, 2.)

There is but one known fact in natural phenomena which will fitly account as *Vera Causa* for a monthly Sacrament, celebrated every twenty-eight days, or thirteen times to the year; which fact was commemorated by the Blood-Covenant of Charis (*Vide* "Nat. Gen." V. ii. section 12, for proofs). This kind of blood-covenant can be paralleled in the Yain or Yonian mysteries of India.

When rightly understood, the eucharist is a survival of the "beastly cannibalistic ceremony," whether considered as the blood of Charis or the blood of Christ, or partaken of as the red Tent wine or the "bloody wafer" of Rome.

We welcome Dr. Trumbull's contribution on the subject, although he has but "breathed a vein" of it, because these rites and customs have to be unveiled, and when they are at last exposed in all the simplicity of naked nature the erroneous ideas read into them, the delusive inferences drawn from them, the false illusions painted upon the veil that concealed the truth about them, will be doomed to pass away. To explain the true is the only effectual mode of exploding the false.

GERALD MASSEY.

Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHT ON THE PATH."

I.

"WHAT are the senses called astral, in reality? Are they not really spiritual, seizing on the inner essence of things and interpreting it. The ordinary psychic or clairvoyant surely does not use the astral senses? Yet he sees things which we do not see. It would be well to explain this." B. K.

A. The senses called astral in the comments on "Light on the Path" are the senses which perceive the inner essence, certainly; which are cognisant of the life underlying every form of matter. The ordinary psychic or clairvoyant only perceives other forms of matter than those we ordinarily see, and perceives them as a child perceives the forms in this world at first, without understanding their meaning. The astral senses carry beyond matter, and enlighten man with regard to any form of life which especially interests him. They show the poet painter, and composer the things they express to other men, who regard these great ones as beings of another order—beings with the gift of genius. So they are, and the vigour of that genius carries them on into the inner life where meaning, and harmony, and the indefinable all-desired are to be perceived. Wordsworth saw it in nature, he recognised the "spirit in the woods"—not the wood-nymphs but the divine spirit of peace which teaches a lesson in life. Richard Jeffries saw it in nature, too, as perhaps no other man ever has seen it; through the finite visible world he perceived the infinite invisible one, and before he died he had begun to know that the visible world does not exist. Turner, perhaps, is the only parallel. By the invisible world I must repeat again that I do not mean what the spiritualists call by that name—a new world of other forms. I mean the formless world. It is the farthest limit man's *consciousness* can reach to; and only the pure and star-like soul can become even aware of its existence. It is not man's divine nature, but the man who enters it with any reverence for the great miracle of life can only do so by the aid of his divine nature, whether as a poet, a painter, or an occultist. The soul which enters it without reverence is unable to endure its extreme rarity of atmosphere and turns to the psychic-astral in which to live; such men become madmen and suicides, more or less pronounced, as men do who refuse to dwell in any form of physical life but the grossest and simplest. There is some law of life which impels men onward it evolution or developement or what you will; and a man can no more —cal[illegible]wards without suffering than a tree can be placed with its branches in go dow[illegible], instead of its roots, without discomfort, and in the end, death. the groun[illegible]to use two phrases which have been suggested to me; the physchic-

I propose [illegible]divine-astral. This seems the only way to make my meaning clear, astral and the [illegible]

for the word astral has two meanings, its own proper derivative one, from the Sanskrit *stri* to strew light, and that given it by the use of all occultists. Paracelsus appropriated the word for all things sidereal, subject to the moon and stars, part and parcel of this material universe, even though formed as Dryden says of "purest atoms of the air." In this sense the spiritualists and psychics have the right of custom to use it as they do, to describe their world of finer forms. In this meaning an astral shape is the form of the human soul, still in possession of the passions which make it human; and the astral senses perceive not the subtle and supreme glory which Shelley seized on in Prometheus, but a region full of shapes and forms differing but little from those we now wear, and still distinctly material.

The "astral man" in the "Comments on Light on the Path" should have been written the divine-astral man, according to this evident difference of meaning between the present writer and all other writers on occultism.

II.

"Are not the *astral* senses used by every great poet or inventor though he does not see clairvoyantly at all? *i.e.* does not see elementals, astral pictures, forms, &c." FAUST.

The answer to the former question seems to contain the answer to this, which is clearly prompted by a conception of the word "astral" in its divine sense.

III.

1. "There is a law of nature which insists that a man shall read these mysteries for himself. Will all men seeking the occult path read these mysteries alike, or will each man find the interpretation peculiarly adapted to his own phrase of development. No two men read the mysteries contained in the Bhagavat Gita quite alike, each gains the glimpses of light which he is able to assimilate and no more."

A. This seems to be rather a statement of a truth than a question which can be answered in any way other than putting it into different words, perhaps not so good.

2. "Is the outer world the reflection of the world within? like a shadowed reproduction in clumsy form, the inner being reality?"

A. This is what should be. But materialists have brought their sense of reality into the shadowed life.

3. "How is the intuition to be developed which enables one to grasp swift knowledge?"

A. To me no way is known but that of living the life of a disciple.

4. "Can the laws in super-nature only act on their own plane, or can their reflection be brought down intact in their own purity to govern physical life."

A. Surely this must be so; yet rarely, for when it is accomplished the man would be divine, a Buddha!

5. "To be incapable of tears"—does not that mean that the physical emotions, being merged into the inner physical, that tears are impossible as being an outward phase of the physical nature—whereas the psychical emotions, to use a physical term are vibratory.

A. "The whole of 'Light on the Path,' is written in an astral cipher" is stated

at the outset of the "comments;" the word "tears" does not refer to physical tears in any way.

It is the only word which will convey any idea whatever of the moisture of life, that which bursts from the human soul in its experience of sensation and emotion, and in the passion of its hunger for them.

6. "How is one to take the snake of self in a steady grasp and conquer it?"

W.

A. This is the great mystery which each man must solve for himself.

IV.

WALLASEY, Oct. 1st.

Referring to the comments on "Light on the Path," in the first number of LUCIFER, may I ask whether the full paradox "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears, and yet no eyes incapable of tears can see," *i.e.*, see good or God, is not truer and stronger than its part?

"Therefore the soul of the occultist must become stronger than joy and greater than sorrow" I presume means that he must not *seek* joy or *fear* sorrow, not that he may not enjoy nor sorrow?

The phrase by itself may read "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears," tearless, dry, in fact dead! which is obviously not the author's intention in "Light on the Path."

Yours truly,

A. E. I.

A. Once more I must refer to the preliminary statement in the comments that "Light on the Path," is written in an astral cipher, and that tears do not mean the tears of the physical body, but the rain drops that come from the passion-life of the human soul. These being stayed for ever, the astral sight is no longer blinded or blurred. Divine love and charity then find room, when personal desire is gone. Joy and sorrow, *for oneself*, then drop naturally into another place than that which they filled before.

V.

(1.) I desire very strongly to obtain conquest over "self;" would my using the occult means for so doing, which apparently to me lie without the *ordinary* experience of Christians, necessitate my sacrificing any iota of my belief in the *power of Christ?*

(2.) If I submit myself to the occult conditions under which the four first rules in "Light on the Path" may be "engraved on my heart and life;" will these conditions permit me to *pray throughout* for the Divine help and strength of the Eternal Christ, who has passed the portal, opened the "way," and whom I believe to be the "Master of Masters," the "Lord of Angels"?

(3.) Do the words—"the disciple" . . . . "must then so shut the gates of his soul that *no comforter* can enter there nor any enemy"—mean, that we are wilfully to exclude ourselves from any desire for the sympathy, strength, and support of the spirit of One who said "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me," and who drank the cup of agony to the very dregs for love of the Brotherhood?

L. H. FF.

A. (1.) Not any iota of your belief in the power of the Christ-spirit would or should be sacrificed; it would rather increase, for that spirit is the same Divine overshadowing which has inspired every Redeemer.

(2.) It matters very little by what name you call the Master of Masters, so that you do appeal to "*Its*" power throughout.

(3.) Man can find no comforter save in the Divine Spirit within himself. Does not the tale of the life of Jesus illustrate this, looking at it from one point of view? In what dread isolation he lived and died; His disciples, even those who were most beloved by Him, could not reach His spirit in its sublime moments, or in the hours of its keenest suffering. So with every one who raises himself by effort above the common life of man, in however small a degree. Solitude becomes a familiar state, for nothing personal, not even a personal God, can comfort or cheer any longer.

VI.

"Is there any chance of self-deception? May one enter the path so gradually as to be conscious of no radical change, representing a change of life or stage of progression? How is it with one who has never experienced a great and lasting sorrow, or an all-absorbing joy, but who in the midst of both joy and sorrow strives to remember others, and to feel that he hardly deserves the joy, and that his sorrow is meagre in the presence of the great all-pain? How is such a one to enter through the gates? By what sign shall he know them?"

Y. H.

A. It is difficult for such a one to know anything of what lies beneath the surface of his nature until it has been probed by the fiercer experiences of life. But, of course, the theory of re-incarnation makes it possible that such experiences are left behind in the past. The entrance to the gates is marked by one immutable sign; the sense that personal joy or sorrow no longer exist. The disciple lives for humanity, not for himself; works for all creatures that suffer instead of knowing that he himself has pain.

"ESOTERIC BUDDHISM."

"As the Editors of LUCIFER kindly invite questions concerning Theosophy and kindred subjects, an honest enquirer into these matters would welcome an answer to the following difficulty:

"In his book on 'Esoteric Buddhism,' Mr. Sinnett states that souls or spirits pass the long interval between the one incarnation and another in a sort of quiescent, and at least half-unconscious, state, losing enough of their identity to preclude their carrying any recollection of one incarnation on to the next. In his novel, "Karma," Mr. Sinnett represents one character, Mrs. Lakesby, gifted with more than usual powers, as being very fond, when she has the chance, of allowing her spirit to escape from the trammels of the body and

meeting the spirits of departed—that is, dead friends—"and others" on the Astral plane where she holds agreeable converse with them.

"How are these two statements reconcilable?

"October 22nd, 1887. N. D."

Mr. Sinnett would probably reply that the answer could only be given fully by reprinting all that he has written in various published works, on the conditions of existence in Kama-Loca, and Devachan, and on the higher and lower aspects of *Self*. The normal course of events will conduct a human being who quits the material body through Kama-Loca to the Devachanic state, in which Mrs. Lakesby would not be able to interview him. But while in Kama-Loca she might at least imagine she did this, and, perhaps not too wisely, indulge in the practice of so doing. If we remember rightly the Baron, in "Karma," who is represented as knowing a good deal more than Mrs. Lakesby, gifted as she is, throws some discredit upon her view concerning the Astral plane and its inhabitants. At the best when a clairvoyant can gain touch with a soul in Kama-Loca, it is the lower self remaining there, though it has left the body, that she deals with. And though that lower self may be very recognisable for people who have known it in the earthly manifestation, it will be *lower* than the lower self of earth and not higher because ethereal. That is to say on earth the living man is more or less under the guidance of his higher self. But the higher has no longer any business to transact with the lower self of Kama-Loca, and does not manifest there at all.

Finally it must always be remembered that a romance, even though written by an Occultist, is a romance still, designed to suggest broad conceptions rather than to expound scientific and doctrinal details.

"Being courteously invited to address any questions bearing on the matter contained in LUCIFER to the Editors, Madame la Marechale Canrobert would gladly know:—First, What is the distinction made (page 11) between *the soul* and the starry spirit? Is it that soul which is again alluded to (page 91) as the animal soul, in opposition to the Divine soul? Second, What are the external forms of the individualised being spoken of also on page 91?"

A. The human soul, that which is subject to human passions, but which can also yearn towards the nobility of the Divine soul, is that which is spoken of on page 11. The starry spirit is the Divine-astral. The animal soul is that which animates the mere physical life, the unintelligent existence of the body. The "external forms" referred to on page 91 are the successive human shapes which the starry spirit inspires during its long pilgrimage. M. C.

Reviews.

THE REAL HISTORY OF THE ROSICRUCIANS.*

MR. WAITE'S new book will be welcomed by that large class of readers who regard occultism, alchemy, and all like studies with antagonism and suspicion. Secret societies supposed to deal with such subjects are, from their point of view, better exposed and ridiculed than treated with respect or taken seriously. The author of the present volume does not, however, cast disrespect on occult science, nor does he discuss the Rosicrucians in a spirit of levity or disdain. He recognises that there may be, and probably is, a grand spiritual and moral philosophy in the higher aspects of true alchemy, but in these pages he treats the subject of the society from the historical, and not at all from the mystical side, and confines himself to tracing its recorded history, its rise, fall, and *raison d'etre.* The conscientious study of these records relating to the Brotherhood has brought Mr. Waite to the conclusion that they do not support the traditions which up to the present have surrounded the society with a veil of unknown antiquity and have endowed its members with a halo of marvellous wisdom. It is these conclusions that will charm the incredulous, and may probably blind them to the indications of an undercurrent of belief in the reality of occult science, *per se*, which the author has evidently not desired to suppress. To investigate and disentangle the network of facts, theories, and traditions which must necessarily envelope a society that up to the commencement of the seventeenth century had not been heard of by the general public is no easy task, and Mr. Waite may be congratulated upon the calm and judicial spirit with which he has treated his subject, as well as upon the moderation with which he advances his own views. To be able to gather from these open records how far the members of such a society may have held in their keeping some of the inner secrets of Nature is of course impossible to ordinary humanity. The real character and aims of such an association can be known only to passed Initiates. In his preface Mr. Waite says: "I claim to have performed my task in a sympathetic but impartial manner, purged from the bias of any theory, and above all uncontaminated by the pretension to superior knowledge, which claimants have never been able to substantiate." This statement is fully justified in the pages of the book under review. Its value does not lie so much in any new presentation of the facts or theories pertaining to the Rosicrucians, and which are so frequently distorted by ignorant commentators, as in the compact and systematic arrangement of some of the principal writings available. He has brought together not only the leading works of the various writers known, or supposed to be Rosicrucians, but he has also collected the criticisms and conjectures on these current at the time of their

* A. E. Waite. Published by G. Redway.

appearance in Germany, together with others of a much more recent date. Consequently the reader has before him almost all the information of this description he could require, and which he could not obtain for himself except by the expenditure of time and trouble that very few are either able or willing to give.

It is not surprising that Mr. Waite should have satisfied himself that the Rosicrucians have no sort of claim to the reverence and admiration in which scholars and mystics have held them up to the present time. But these conclusions will form only one more of other proofs to students of esotericism, that the task of writing a true and real history of a secret occult society from its records, where such exist, is an impossibility. For even when such societies left reliable information of their pursuits, aspirations, and beliefs, the language employed has always been of such a character as to baffle entirely the ordinary exoteric reader, whether he were historian, literateur, or scientist. Such literature can be interesting only to the student on the track of esoteric knowledge, or to one who has in a great measure acquired the meaning conveyed, for himself in other ways. This method of giving to the world, as it were, the proceeds, of life-long research in the realms of unseen Nature, has been adopted by alchemists, magicians, priests, and hierophants from all ages. None but those who were sufficiently steadfast in the cause of truth could read and understand what was thus written. The numerous and minute directions for the working of spells and cures, etc., left by Paracelsus, and which are apparently as straight forward and practicable as the receipts in a modern cookery book, would turn out probably much less successful in the hands of an amateur, no matter how highly educated on the physical plane, than the more delicate dishes taken from such receipts manipulated by an entirely inexperienced servant. For these elaborate instructions are given in terms that appeal simply to the material senses of those who are in search of power rather than of wisdom, whereas the real effort to produce the result has to take place on the Astral plane of nature. The spiritual or soul side of man, must be awakened and utilised, before the Philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life, can be discovered.

The comprehension of the potentialities of the human body, their nurture and eventual utilisation for purely unselfish ends and spiritual, *i.e.*, real wisdom, is, or ought to be, the work of all secret occult societies. But to return to Mr. Waite's book. The popular notion that this Brotherhood is of great, almost incredible antiquity, is utterly condemned by him. He fails to find any documentary evidence to show that it existed before the early part of the seventeenth century, and argues that the well-known antiquity of the Rose and Cross in symbolism is no proof of the antiquity of a society using them "at a period subsequent to the Renaissance." Granting that the device of the Rose and Cross, as emblems of a particular order or brotherhood, does not guarantee its equal antiquity with them, still it must be admitted that these symbols bearing as they do a profoundly esoteric interpretation, and being adopted by a society of a distinctly occult character, is an argument in support of the theory that the founder or originator of this order had some reason other than fancy for thus labelling his fraternity. Elsewhere he says, "I have shown indisputably that there was no novelty in the Rosicrucian pretensions, and no originality in their views. They appear before us as Lutheran disciples of Paracelsus."

The author here seems to be not entirely logical in his deductions. When he states that he has not met in his search with either letters, records, or papers that mention or suggest the existence of such a society before the seventeeth century, he is of course, as a historian, safely ensconced from attack. In this capacity as an impartial seeker after facts, it is outside the area of his work in the absence of data to theorise on probabilities. When, however, in dealing with the manifestoes of the seventeenth century, he finds therein evidence that shows him the Brotherhood had no back history or ancestry, his conclusions are open to criticism. The very fact of the want of originality and novelty in the views, aims and aspirations set forth in the "Fama," and "Confessio" surely gives strength to the theory that holds to the antiquity of the society, rather than to its being the outcome of a spontaneous effort. All true students of mysticism have good reason to believe, even when they do not absolutely know, that the various schools of occultism considered from their highest or most spiritual and abstract teaching, lead to the same goal. They may be called by different names, and their methods in minor details may not be the same, but the wisdom *au fond* is identical. Therefore when Mr. Waite casts discredit upon the Rosicrucians for not advertising novelties in their manifesto, in the mystical line of thought, he reminds us of a man who in making up his mind on the value of a violin, decides that it cannot be of great age, because it emits only the same set of sounds that such musical instruments have been accustomed to give forth from time immemorial.

As far as can be ascertained by studying the state of thought and society at the period when the Rosicrucians were first heard of in Europe, this particular order manifested itself as an antidote to the general tendency towards the material side of alchemy, which honey-combed the educated classes of Germany. Wonder-seekers then, as now, did not apprehend that ethics, both social and spiritual, are the fundamental basis of real wisdom, consquently the great cry was for power, no matter of what description, for the accumulation of wealth. The craving for arcane knowledge, so widely diffused, and which alchemists were truly known to possess, had gradually degenerated into a purely, selfish desire for the secret of transmuting metals. To supply this eager demand charlatans of every description rushed to the front professing to teach all who joined their standards, *i.e.*, who could pay the necessary fee, how to turn common metal into pure gold. The craze for this power was so universal, the motive of it so unspiritual, that in order to stem the tide of the folly, and to checkmate the impostors who were bringing discredit on the *Sacred Art*, the "Fama" was issued by a body of people who took as their symbols the Rose and Cross. From this point of view the Rosicrucians historically come before the world in the light of a group of Reformers.

Different people interpret in different ways the two manifestoes—the "Fama" and "Confessio." Mr. Waite appears to place great importance on the adherence to Christian dogmas observable in the wording of these papers. But in taking the documents literally, he seems to overlook the necessity that all writers were under, in those troubled times, of pandering to the narrow and prejudiced minds of the leaders of the so called Christian Church, by apparently adhering to the Ritual. Naturally, the author of the "Fama" worded it in such a manner as to avoid persecution or suspicion of heresy. Those to whom it

was really addressed would not be misled by its tone of orthodoxy, and the general public and the church would pass it by as harmless. Moreover, as Mr. Waite remarks further on, "the philosophical and scientific opinions and pretentions of the Rosicrucian Society have more claim on our notice" than their theology. Speaking again of the school of thought current at the time this organisation was floated, and which he tells us the Rosicrucians followed, he says. . . . "Mystics in an age of scientific and religious materialism, they were connected by an unbroken chain with the theurgists of the first Christian centuries, they were alchemists in the spiritual sense, and the professors of a Divine Magic. Their disciples, the Rosicrucians, followed closely in their footsteps, and the claims of the "Fama" and "Confessio" must be reviewed in the light of the great elder claims of alchemy and magic." In spite of this, Mr. Waite judges the Society, it would appear, by what he admits to be the minor and less important side of its object, for he speaks of it eventually, as a body of "pre-eminently learned men and a Christian Sect." We will not stop to consider the probability or possibility of a body of "pre-eminently learned men," being at the same time a "Christian Sect."

Having thus deprived the Rosicrucians of the dignity, reverence and romance, that cling round great antiquity; having saddled them with the tenets and dogmas of conventional mediæval christianity, Mr. Waite next proceeds to demolish their emblems, or at all events, to deny that they attached any esoteric interpretation to them. He says . . . "The whole question of the Crucified Rose, in its connection with the Society is one of pure conjecture, that no Rosicrucian manifestoes, and no acknowledged Brother have ever given any explanation concerning it, and that no presumption is afforded by the fact of its adoption, for the antiquity of the Society, or for its connection with Universal Symbolism." Allowing for the necessity in writing a history of a mystical society of taking the documents as they stand, Mr. Waite rather ignores the fact that the evidence for the statement above is of a negative character. That in their manifestoes and records there appears no explanation of their emblems, hardly justifies the conclusion that they were incapable of giving any. It would indeed have been a new departure in the annals of Secret Societies if the founders of this particular order had left behind the explanation of their signs and symbols. The study and interpretation of symbology forms a most important element in the education of occult disciples, and therefore to assume that the projectors of this organisation should be unaware of the mystic reading of the Rose and Cross, is a hypothesis that no student of mysticism could accept.

It is, on the whole, generally assumed by those who have taken any pains to investigate the evidence, that Johann Valentin Andreas was the author of the "Fama," the *Confessio Fraternitatis*, and also of the "Chymical Marriage" of Christian Rosencreutz, and to that extent he must be looked upon exoterically as the founder of the Rosicrucian Society, as first known to history. He was deeply versed in mystic studies and alchemy, and had besides a widespread reputation as a scholar and learned man. His "Chymical Marriage," to anyone with even a slight acquaintance with alchemical literature, reveals him as one who had penetrated deeply into some of the mysteries of nature. Consequently, he must have been well aware that the Rose and Cross bore a profoundly occult signifi-

cation. Considering the man himself, the character of his studies, and his well known devotion to alchemy and mysticism, it is certainly more reasonable to suppose that he took those emblems (presuming he had any choice in the matter) for his society, not as some suggest, because they happened to form a part of his own armorial bearings, or that the Rose and Cross on a Heart was used by Martin Luther, but because he recognised their full value and importance as symbols of cosmic evolution.

Mr. Waite seems, on the whole, to agree with the idea that Andreas was the author of the "Fama" and "Confessio," and regards the "Chymical Marriage" as undoubtedly his production. He also allows that the latter pamphlet can only have been the work of a man deeply embued with alchemical speculations, a mystic and follower of Paracelsus. How then can he ask us to believe that the Society formed under such auspices was *au fond*, nothing but a Christian sect based on the teachings of Martin Luther! To the public at large these theories may perhaps appear sufficiently plausible in face of the wording of those parts of the manifestoes that touch on theology. To students of esotericism, however, such conclusions will be absolutely unacceptable, and we can not allow to pass without comment Mr. Waite's hypothesis that the Rosicrucian Society, as it first came before the world, was simply a society for the propagation of the deteriorated Christianity of the middle ages. No mystic, whether calling himself Rosicrucian, Cabbalist, Theosophist, Christian, or Buddhist, would either, intellectually or spiritually, accept the narrow dogmas and intolerant views of the Christian church, even when to some extent cleansed of many of its grosser abuses by the energy of Martin Luther's Reform.

The two lines of thought are essentially different. In the case of the Christian, no matter of what denomination, his thoughts are bound down and paralysed within the rigid circle drawn by the materialistic reading of Christ's birth, life, and death. The true occultist takes those episodes spiritually or allegorically, finding their correspondences within himself as well as in the universe. To say that a human being can at one and the same time be an occultist, and a sectarian Christian, is as impossible as to speak of a Christian Jew. A true Christian, *i.e.*, one who understood and followed absolutely the teachings of Jesus, would be also a true Rosicrucian. Membership of particular churches or societies does not unfortunately endow the individual immediately with the virtue, knowledge or power, that is the theoretical goal of his initial action. Such membership is, or may be a step in the direction of Divine Wisdom, but one step does not carry him to the summit of the path. Men do not become either Rosicrucians, Christians, or Theosophists merely by joining the Societies working under those particular names. But certain tendencies in their temperaments urge them into the special Society where the mode of thought seems best fitted to help them, to realise the magnitude and glory of the possibilities inherent in their own souls.

Between the humanity of to-day, and the development of a sixth sense, which will enable it to perceive what now is imperceptible, there is but a thin veil of obstructing matter, metaphorically speaking. This veil is even now being continually pierced by psychics, first in one direction then in another, letting in through these tiny openings glimpses of the invisible world around. In a little while the veil will be worn away entirely, and the humanity of that future time

will doubtless wonder how the humanity of this age, which we find so enlightened, could have been so unintuitive and blind to the most important side of their natures. Until the race however has by soul evolution attained to this sixth sense, real histories of Mystical Societies can hardly be hoped for. Members of such Societies, who by study and training have attained some degree of knowledge *may* not disclose the secrets, non-members cannot get at them. The reading-classes of to-day may, after reading Mr. Waite's book, think they have learnt something of the body of people called Rosicrucians, and until now supposed to have some claim to arcane knowledge. The students of occultism will know that the vital part of the subject is and must remain ever impregnable, excepting from its esoteric side.

"NINETEENTH CENTURY SENSE."*

SENSE! What is "sense"? A word meaning either little or much; simple and clear to the understanding, or various and carrying with it many connotations. It is one or other according as we measure the depth, the thoroughness, or the *reality* of the knowledge acquired. From a purely physical "sensation" we may trace the word through endless shades of signification; through "good" sense, "sound" sense, through the artistic and finer sensibilities, the "moral" sense, till it loses itself in the vague hint of a dim, unformed consciousness, pointing the way to the new world of the "inner senses."

All these meanings and more are connoted by the phrase "Nineteenth Century Sense;"* for, by a daring metaphor, the tools which modern science places at our disposal are considered as "senses," and even the faculty and power of analysis is sometimes included under the word.

Beginning with the simplest, the reader is led on to the most astounding phenonema of modern spiritualism in the first thirty-seven pages of this strange work. The author depicts in vivid language his own experiences, and the triumphs of phenomena produced by one of his personal friends, in a style which is often quaint and striking, though at times the writer's disregard of many of the accepted rules of composition becomes—to say the least—irritating. But the matter of his book earns forgiveness for the manner in which it is formulated.

After carrying his reader to a pitch of interest and expectation as to the phenomena he describes, Mr. Darby suddenly plunges him into the frozen sea of scepticism by stating that all the phenomena produced under what seemed the strictest test conditions, were produced by conjuring and legerdemain, and by explaining the physical causes of some of the visions he has so graphically described. It will suffice to cite a single instance in illustration. "The President of the American Branch of the Indian Society of Theosophists (Professor Coues) . . . spent an evening with me some time back in conversation on the subject of psychical phenomena. We parted at midnight.

* NINETEENTH CENTURY SENSE: The Paradox of Spiritualism. By John Darby. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, and 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

At seven o'clock the next morning I suddenly awoke, beholding the astral of the professor standing at my bed-side."

This vision Mr. Darby explains by reference to the fact of the persistence of retinal images and the super-excitability of the nerves and brain. "Astral projections," he concludes, "are of precisely similar significance." We would feel obliged to the eminent American professor of physiology referred to if he would give his written opinion on the question thus raised. For Theosophists have heard of persons whose brains were in complete repose and fully occupied otherwise who have also seen the astral form of Professor Coues. How's this?

He concludes, nevertheless, that materialistic agnosticism is the only "creed"? Far from it. This portion of the book is purely introductory; it forms the five door-steps leading to the Spiritus Sanctus—the laboratory of the Divine Spirit.

From this black depth of doubt and confusion, the reader is lifted suddenly into the clear ether, and his feet are placed on the "Rosicrucian Way."

Whether called "Rosicrucian," or by whatever other name, the "Way" is the "Way of Life," the path which leads to freedom, to wisdom, to true living. Whole pages might well be quoted; a few aphorisms must suffice.

> "A thing is to the sense that uses it what to the sense
> It seems to be; it is never anything else."

Many passages recall "Light on the Path," though Mr. Darby probably never saw that book; but life is one, and *true* occultism is one.

Speaking of mankind as divided into two classes, *men* in whom is the Holy Ghost, the Divine Spirit or the *Logos*, he says:

> "With people self-wise or over-sufficient, with the proud and the uncharitable, with all who are *without understanding as to the common good being the only good*, with him who fails to see that gifts *are in men as almoners only*—with all these the Holy Ghost is absent, otherwise so lacking in measure as to be incapable of making itself felt."

The italicised passages give the key-note of the true science and art of living. To quote again:

> "Settled into tranquillity by entirely satisfactory recognition of noumenon through phenomenon an end is reached where instrument is prepared and ready for use. Analysis has shown the Rosicrucian what he is; more than this—what he can become as to his Ego. If out of his understanding, he puts office [*the service of others.*—ED.] before self, he learns directly of the God, as the God comes to live in and to make use of him."
>
> "Proving to one's self that one's self is God"; and again, "God . . . the One is in all; the All is in one."

The next chapter contrasts strangely with the one just quoted from—strangely, that is, to the outer sense. The one full of deep philosophy, of questionings of God, the Self, the World, clothed in the profound and significant paradoxes in which wisdom finds expression; the other an idyll, a sketch of nature, deeply coloured by the influence of Walt Whitman, whose *style*, perhaps, has had too great an influence on Mr. Darby, who has caught its jerky and unpleasant strings of detached sentences.

This is Chapter V.; Chapter VI. deals with Matter in its relation to the Ego, the spirit of the treatment being indicated by the following conclusion :

"That there shows itself, out of a process of exclusion, conducted even only so far as the analysis of matter, a something which is not matter. The analysis demonstrates the something to be of individual signification ; further, that it is to it what a flute or other instrument is to harmony."

The final words express a purely occult doctrine, which is worked out at length in the succeeding chapter on the Ego.

This is the fundamental thought of the book, the last fifty pages of which describe the author's individual experiences in nascent psychic development.

They are not of a very striking character, but exhibit with sufficient clearness the early forms of this new growth. Unfortunately, the author seems to have lacked the desire to pursue the road thus opened to him, and the final pages of his work are but a lame and halting conclusion to a remarkable production.

The book is well adapted for those who stand halting on the verge of mysticism, while for the student who has advanced further, its pages may serve as a means for helping others.

The Editors of LUCIFER beg to acknowledge the following books, which will be noticed in future numbers :—

From Messrs. Ward and Downey : "A Modern Magician," by Fitzgerald Molloy. "Twin Souls."

From Messrs. David Nutt & Co. : "The Gnostics and their Remains," by C. H. King.

From the Authors : "Natural Genesis," by Gerald Massey. "Sepher Yezirah," by Dr. Wynn Westcott. "Palingenesia," by "Theosopho and Ellora." "Mohammed Benani," by Ion Perdicaris. "Lays of Romance," by W. Stewart Ross.

From George Redway : "Posthumous Humanity," translated by Col. H. S. Olcott.

*** The Editors regret that the pressure on their space prevents their noticing in detail the various Theosophical Magazines :—THE THEOSOPHIST, THE PATH, LE LOTUS, and L'AURORE. A full summary of their contents for November and December will appear next month. The same remark applies to a letter on "Karma," received from Mr. Beatty, which will be published and fully answered next month.

From the Note Book of an Unpopular Philosopher

I am Sternly Rebuked for some remarks made in the last number. My reflections with regard to the respective value of Mussulman and Christian pledges exchanged, as also on the doubtful propriety of zoological symbolism in the Churches—are pronounced wantonly wicked and calculated to hurt the tender feelings of Christian readers—if any. Protestant England—it is solemnly urged—is full of truly good men and women, of sincere church-goers, who "walk in the ways of the Lord." No doubt there are such, and no doubt they do, or try to, which is a step in advance of those who do not. But then none of the "righteous" need recognize their faces in the mirror presented by the "Unpopular Philosopher" only to the *unrighteous*. And again—

"The Ways of The Lord. . . ." The ways of *which* Lord? Is the jealous Lord of Moses meant, the God who thundered amidst the lightnings of Sinai, or the meek "Lord" of the Mount of Olives and Calvary? Is it the stern God that saith "*vengeance is mine*," and who must be "*worshipped in fear*," or the "man-God" who commanded *to love one's neighbours as oneself, to forgive one's enemies* and *bless those who revile us*? For the ways of the two Lords are wide apart, and can never meet.

No one who has studied the Bible can deny for one single moment that a large proportion (if *happily* not all) of modern Christians walk indeed "in the *ways* of the Lord"—Number I. This one is the "Lord" who *had respect unto Abel*, because the meat of his sacrifice smelt sweet in his nostrils; the "Lord" who commanded the Israelites to *spoil* the Egyptians of their jewels of silver and gold;* also to "*kill every male among the little ones*," as "*every woman . . . but all the women children* (virgins) *to keep alive for themselves*" (Numb. XXXI., 17, *et seq.*); and to commit other actions too coarse to be repeated in any respectable publication.

Hence the modern warriors who achieve such feats (with the modern improvement occasionally, of shooting their enemies out of the mouths of big guns) walk, most undeniably, "in the ways" of the Lord of the Jews, but *never in the ways* of Christ. So does the modern trader who keeps the Sabbath most rigorously, attending Divine Service thrice on that day, after treating during the whole week his hired clerks as the brood of Ham "who shall be their (Shem and Japhet's) servants."

So does, likewise, he who helps himself, David-like, to a Bath-Sheba, the wife of Uriah, without the least concern whether he simply robs or kills the Hittite husband. For he has every right to take for his sampler "a friend of God"—the *God* of the old covenant.

But will either of these pretend they walk in the ways of their Lord of the *new* Dispensation? Yet, he who raises his voice in a protest against the "ways" of the Mosaic God, therefore, in favour of those preached by the very *antithesis* of Jehovah—the meek and gentle "Man of Sorrow"—he is forthwith set up on the pillory and denounced to public opprobrium as an *anti-Christian* and an Atheist! This, in the face of the words: "*Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven . . . . And every one that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand . . . . and great was the fall thereof!*"

The "Will of My Father?" Is this "Father" identical with the God of Mount Sinai and of the Commandments? Then what is the meaning of the whole Chapter V. of Matthew, of the Sermon on the Mount, in which every one of these Commandments is virtually criticised and destroyed by the new amendments?

"*Ye have heard that it hath been said 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth'; but I say unto you that you resist not evil*," etc.

* And no doubt also the Anglo-Indians to *spoil* the King of Burmah of his?

Glance at the big centres of our Christian civilisations. Look at the jails, the court and the prison-houses, the tribunals, and the police; see the distress, with starvation and prostitution as its results. Look at the host of the men of law and of judges; and then see how far the words of Christ, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, Judge not that ye be not judged," apply to the whole structure of our modern civilised life, and how far we may be called *Christians*.

How well the commandment—"*He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone*"—is now obeyed, may be seen by following day after day, the law reports for slander, calumny and defamation. Obedience to the injunction, and warning against the sin of offending children, "*these little ones*," of whom is the Kingdom of Heaven, is found in the brutal treatment of fatherless children on the streets by the Christian police, of other children by their parents, and finally, in the merciless flogging of wee bits of culprits driven to crime by their own parents and starvation. And is it those who denounce such an anti-Christian spirit in legislation, the Pharisaical church and society, who shall be branded for speaking the truth? The magistrate, who has sworn on the Bible—contrary to Christ's express injunction—to administer justice; the pious defaulter, who swears falsely on it, but cannot be convicted; the sanctimonious millionaire who fattens on the blood and sweat of the poor; and the aristocratic "Jezebel" who casts mud from her carriage wheels on her "fallen" sister, on the street, a *victim perchance, of one of the men of her own high caste* —all these call themselves Christians. The *anti-Christians* are those who dare to look behind that veil of respectability.

The best answer to such paradoxical denunciation may be found in one of "Saladin's" admirable editorials. The reader must turn to *The Secular Review* for October 22nd, 1887, and read some pertinent reflections on "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," and the "Child-thieves" flogging. Well may a "heathen Chinee" or a "mild Hindu" shudder in horror at the picture in it of that "drawing of blood" out of the baby-bodies of infant thieves. The process is executed by a Christian policeman acting under the orders and in the presence of a righteous Christian magistrate. Has either of the two ever given a thought during the "child-torture" to the words of their Christ: "*Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea*"?

Yes, they *are* walking "in the ways of the God of Israel"! For, as "*it repented the Lord that he had made man*" so wicked and so imperfect, that "Lord" drowned and destroyed him "from the face of the Earth," without more ado. Verily so, "*both man and beast, and the creeping thing and the fowls*," though the latter had neither sinned, nor were they "wicked." And why shouldn't the righteous men on Earth do likewise? It repents the Christian citizens of pious LUGDUNUM perchance also, that they create the starving little wretches, the foundlings abandoned to vice from the day of their birth? And the truly good Christian men, who would believe themselves damned to hell-fire were they to miss their Sabbath Service, forbidden by law to drown *their* creatures, resort to the next best thing they can; they "draw blood" from those little ones whom their "Saviour" and Master took under his special protection.

May the shadow of "Saladin" never grow less, for the fearless honest words of truth he writes:—

"And whose blood was in the veins of these two boys? Whose blood reddened the twigs of the birch? Peradventure that of the magistrate himself, or of the chaplain of the prison. For mystical are the grinding of the wheels of the mill of misery. And God looks on and tolerates. And I am accounted a heretic, and my anti-Christian writings are produced against me in a Court of Justice to prevent my getting justice, because I fail to see in all this how Christianity "elevates" woman and casts a "halo of sacred innocence round the tender years of the child." So be it. I have flung down my gage of battle, and the force of bigotry may break me to death; but it shall never bend me to submission. Unsalaried and ill-supported, I fight as stubbornly as if the world flung at my feet its gold and laurels and huzzas; for the weak need a champion and the wronged an avenger. It is necessary that Sham find an opponent and Hypocrisy a foe: these they will find in me, be the consequences what they may.

"SALADIN."

This is the epitomized history of the "Unpopular Philosopher"; aye, the story of all those who, in the words of "Lara," know that "Christianity will never save humanity, but humanity may save Christianity," *i.e.*, the ideal spirit of the Christos-Buddha—of THEOSOPHY.

LUCIFER

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"LUCIFER" TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, GREETING!

MY LORD PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND,—

WE make use of an open letter to your Grace as a vehicle to convey to you, and through you, to the clergy, to their flocks, and to Christians generally—who regard us as the enemies of Christ—a brief statement of the position which Theosophy occupies in regard to Christianity, as we believe that the time for making that statement has arrived.

Your Grace is no doubt aware that Theosophy is not a religion, but a philosophy at once religious and scientific; and that the chief work, so far, of the Theosophical Society has been to revive in each religion its own animating spirit, by encouraging and helping enquiry into the true significance of its doctrines and observances. Theosophists know that the deeper one penetrates into the meaning of the dogmas and ceremonies of all religions, the greater becomes their apparent underlying similarity, until finally a perception of their fundamental unity is reached. This common ground is no other than Theosophy—the Secret Doctrine of the ages; which, diluted and disguised to suit the capacity of the multitude, and the requirements of the time, has formed the living kernel of all religions. The Theosophical Society has branches respectively composed of Buddhists, Hindoos, Mahomedans, Parsees, Christians, and Freethinkers, who work together as brethren on the common ground of Theosophy; and it is precisely because Theosophy is not a religion, nor can for the multitude supply the place of a religion, that the success of the Society has been so great, not merely as regards its growing membership and extending influence, but also in respect to the performance of the work it has undertaken—the revival of spirituality in religion, and the cultivation of the sentiment of BROTHERHOOD among men.

We Theosophists believe that a religion is a natural incident in the

life of man in his present stage of development; and that although, in rare cases, individuals may be born without the religious sentiment, a community must have a religion, that is to say, *a uniting bond*—under penalty of social decay and material annihilation. We believe that no religious doctrine can be more than an attempt to picture to our present limited understandings, in the terms of our terrestrial experiences, great cosmical and spiritual truths, which in our normal state of consciousness we vaguely *sense*, rather than actually perceive and comprehend; and a revelation, if it is to reveal anything, must necessarily conform to the same earth-bound requirements of the human intellect. In our estimation, therefore, no religion can be absolutely true, and none can be absolutely false. A religion is true in proportion as it supplies the spiritual, moral and intellectual needs of the time, and helps the development of mankind in these respects. It is false in proportion as it hinders that development, and offends the spiritual, moral and intellectual portion of man's nature. And the transcendentally spiritual ideas of the ruling powers of the Universe entertained by an Oriental sage would be as false a religion for the African savage as the grovelling fetishism of the latter would be for the sage, although both views must necessarily be true in degree, for both represent the highest ideas attainable by the respective individuals of the same cosmico-spiritual facts, which can never be known in their reality by man while he remains but man.

Theosophists, therefore, are respectors of all the religions, and for the religious ethics of Jesus they have profound admiration. It could not be otherwise, for these teachings which have come down to us are the same as those of Theosophy. So far, therefore, as modern Christianity makes good its claim to be the *practical* religion taught by Jesus, Theosophists are with it heart and hand. So far as it goes contrary to those ethics, pure and simple, Theosophists are its opponents. Any Christian can, if he will, compare the Sermon on the Mount with the dogmas of his church, and the spirit that breathes in it, with the principles that animate this Christian civilisation and govern his own life; and then he will be able to judge for himself how far the religion of Jesus enters into his Christianity, and how far, therefore, he and Theosophists are agreed. But professing Christians, especially the clergy, shrink from making this comparison. Like merchants who fear to find themselves bankrupt, they seem to dread the discovery of a discrepancy in their accounts which could not be made good by placing material assets as a set-off to spiritual liabilities. The comparison between the teachings of Jesus and the doctrines of the churches has, however, frequently been made—and often with great learning and critical acumen—both by those who would abolish Christianity and those who would reform it; and the aggregate result of these comparisons, as your Grace must be well aware, goes to prove that in almost every point the doctrines of the churches and the practices of Christians are *in direct opposition to the teachings of Jesus.*

We are accustomed to say to the Buddhist, the Mahomedan, the Hindoo, or the Parsee: "The road to Theosophy lies, for you, through your own religion." We say this because those creeds possess a deeply philosophical and esoteric meaning, explanatory of the allegories under which they are presented to the people; but we cannot say the same thing to Christians. The successors of the Apostles never recorded the *secret doctrine* of Jesus—the "mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven"—which it was given to them (his apostles) alone to know.* These have been suppressed, made away with, destroyed. What have come down upon the stream of time are the maxims, the parables, the allegories and the fables which Jesus expressly intended for the spiritually deaf and blind to be revealed later to the world, and which modern Christianity either takes all literally, or interprets according to the fancies of the Fathers of the secular church. In both cases they are like cut flowers: they are severed from the plant on which they grew, and from the root whence that plant drew its life. Were we, therefore, to encourage Christians, as we do the votaries of other creeds, to study their own religion for themselves, the consequence would be, not a knowledge of the meaning of its mysteries, but either the revival of mediæval superstition and intolerance, accompanied by a formidable outbreak of mere lip-prayer and preaching—such as resulted in the formation of the 239 Protestant sects of England alone—or else a great increase of scepticism, for Christianity has no esoteric foundation known to those who profess it. For even you, my Lord Primate of England, must be painfully aware that you know absolutely no more of those "mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven" which Jesus taught his disciples, than does the humblest and most illiterate member of your church.

It is easily understood, therefore, that Theosophists have nothing to say against the policy of the Roman Catholic Church in forbidding, or of the Protestant churches in discouraging, any such private enquiry into the meaning of the "Christian" dogmas as would correspond to the esoteric study of other religions. With their present ideas and knowledge, professing Christians are not prepared to undertake a critical examination of their faith, with a promise of good results. Its inevitable effect would be to paralyze rather than stimulate their dormant religious sentiments; for biblical criticism and comparative mythology have proved conclusively—to those, at least, who have no vested interests, spiritual or temporal, in the maintenance of orthodoxy—that the Christian religion, as it now exists, is composed of the husks of Judaism, the shreds of paganism, and the ill-digested remains of gnosticism and neo-platonism. This curious conglomerate which gradually formed itself round the recorded sayings (λογια) of Jesus, has, after the lapse of ages, now begun to disintegrate, and to crumble away from the pure and precious gems of Theosophic truth which it has so long over-

* S. Mark, iv. 11; Matthew, xiii. 11; Luke, viii. 10.

lain and hidden, but could neither disfigure nor destroy. Theosophy not only rescues these precious gems from the fate that threatens the rubbish in which they have been so long embedded, but saves that rubbish itself from utter condemnation; for it shows that the result of biblical criticism is far from being the ultimate analysis of Christianity, as each of the pieces which compose the curious mosaics of the Churches once belonged to a religion which had an esoteric meaning. It is only when these pieces are restored to the places they originally occupied that their hidden significance can be perceived, and the real meaning of the dogmas of Christianity understood. To do all this, however, requires a knowledge of the Secret Doctrine as it exists in the esoteric foundation of other religions; and this knowledge is not in the hands of the Clergy, for the Church has hidden, and since lost, the keys.

Your Grace will now understand why it is that the Theosophical Society has taken for one of its three "objects" the study of those Eastern religions and philosophies, which shed such a flood of light upon the inner meaning of Christianity; and you will, we hope, also perceive that in so doing, we are acting not as the enemies, but as the friends of the religion taught by Jesus—of true Christianity, in fact. For it is only through the study of those religions and philosophies that Christians can ever arrive at an understanding of their own beliefs, or see the hidden meaning of the parables and allegories which the Nazarene told to the spiritual cripples of Judea, and by taking which, either as matters of fact or as matters of fancy, the Churches have brought the teachings themselves into ridicule and contempt, and Christianity into serious danger of complete collapse, undermined as it is by historical criticism and mythological research, besides being broken by the sledge-hammer of modern science.

Ought Theosophists themselves, then, to be regarded by Christians as their enemies, because they believe that orthodox Christianity is, on the whole, opposed to the religion of Jesus; and because they have the courage to tell the Churches that they are traitors to the MASTER they profess to revere and serve? Far from it, indeed. Theosophists know that the same spirit that animated the words of Jesus lies latent in the hearts of Christians, as it does naturally in all men's hearts. Their fundamental tenet is the Brotherhood of Man, the ultimate realisation of which is alone made possible by that which was known long before the days of Jesus as "the Christ spirit." This spirit is even now potentially present in all men, and it will be developed into activity when human beings are no longer prevented from understanding, appreciating and sympathising with one another by the barriers of strife and hatred erected by priests and princes. We know that Christians in their lives frequently rise above the level of their Christianity. All Churches contain many noble, self-sacrificing, and virtuous men and women, eager to do good in their generation according to their lights and opportunities.

and full of aspirations to higher things than those of earth—followers of Jesus in spite of their Christianity. For such as these, Theosophists feel the deepest sympathy ; for only a Theosophist, or else a person of your Grace's delicate sensibility and great theological learning, can justly appreciate the tremendous difficulties with which the tender plant of natural piety has to contend, as it forces its root into the uncongenial soil of our Christian civilization, and tries to blossom in the cold and arid atmosphere of theology. How hard, for instance, must it not be to "love" such a God as that depicted in a well-known passage by Herbert Spencer :

"The cruelty of a Fijian God, who, represented as devouring the souls of the dead, may be supposed to inflict torture during the process, is small, compared to the cruelty of a God who condemns men to tortures which are eternal. . . . The visiting on Adam's descendants through hundreds of generations, of dreadful penalties for a small transgression which they did not commit, the damning of all men who do not avail themselves of an alleged mode of obtaining forgiveness, which most men have never heard of, and the effecting of reconciliation by sacrificing a son who was perfectly innocent, to satisfy the assumed necessity for a propitiatory victim, are modes of action which, ascribed to a human ruler, would call forth expressions of abhorrence."

(*"Religion : a Retrospect and a Prospect."*)

Your Grace will say, no doubt, that Jesus never taught the worship of such a god as that. Even so say we Theosophists. Yet that is the very god whose worship is officially conducted in Canterbury Cathedral, by you, my Lord Primate of England ; and your Grace will surely agree with us that there must indeed be a divine spark of religious intuition in the hearts of men, that enables them to resist so well as they do, the deadly action of such poisonous theology.

If your Grace, from your high pinnacle, will cast your eyes around, you will behold a christian civilisation in which a frantic and merciless battle of man against man is not only the distinguishing feature, but the acknowledged principle. It is an accepted scientific and economic axiom to-day, that all progress is achieved through the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest ; and the fittest to survive in this Christian civilization are not those who are possessed of the qualities that are recognised by the morality of every age to be the best—not the generous, the pious, the noble-hearted, the forgiving, the humble, the truthful, the honest, and the kind—but those who are strongest in selfishness, in craft, in hypocrisy, in brute force, in false pretence, in unscrupulousness, in cruelty, and in avarice. The spiritual and the altruistic are "the weak," whom the "laws" that govern the universe give as food to the egoistic and material—"the strong." That "might is right" is the only legitimate conclusion, the last word of the 19th century ethics, for, as the world has become one huge battlefield, on which "the fittest" descend like vultures to tear out the eyes and the hearts of those who have fallen

in the fight. Does religion put a stop to the battle? Do the churches drive away the vultures, or comfort the wounded and the dying? Religion does not weigh a feather in the *world* at large to-day, when worldly advantage and selfish pleasures are put in the other scale; and the churches are powerless to revivify the religious sentiment among men, because their ideas, their knowledge, their methods, and their arguments are those of the Dark Ages. My Lord Primate, your Christianity is five hundred years behind the times.

So long as men disputed whether this god or that god was the true one, or whether the soul went to this place or that one after death, you, the clergy, understood the question, and had arguments at hand to influence opinion—by syllogism or torture, as the case might require; but now it is the existence of any such being as God, at all, or of any kind of immortal spirit, that is questioned or denied. Science invents new theories of the Universe which contemptuously ignore the existence of any god; moralists establish theories of ethics and social life in which the non-existence of a future life is taken for granted; in physics, in psychology, in law, in medicine, the one thing needful in order to entitle any teacher to a hearing is that no reference whatever should be contained in his ideas either to a Providence, or to a soul. The world is being rapidly brought to the conviction that god is a mythical conception, which has no foundation in fact, or place in Nature; and that the immortal part of man is the silly dream of ignorant savages, perpetuated by the lies and tricks of priests, who reap a harvest by cultivating the fears of men that their mythical God will torture their imaginary souls to all eternity, in a fabulous Hell. In the face of all these things the clergy stand in this age dumb and powerless. The only answer which the Church knew how to make to such "objections" as these, were *the rack and the faggot;* and she cannot use that system of logic *now*.

It is plain that if the God and the soul taught by the churches be imaginary entities, then the Christian salvation and damnation are mere delusions of the mind, produced by the hypnotic process of assertion and suggestion on a magnificent scale, acting cumulatively on generations of mild "hysteriacs." What answer have you to such a theory of the Christian religion, except a repetition of assertions and suggestions? What ways have you of bringing men back to their old beliefs but by reviving their old habits? "Build more churches, say more prayers, establish more missions, and your faith in damnation and salvation will be revived, and a renewed belief in God and the soul will be the necessary result." That is the policy of the churches, and their only answer to agnosticism and materialism. But your Grace must know that to meet the attacks of modern science and criticism with such weapons as assertion and habit, is like going forth against magazine guns, armed with boomerangs and leather shields. While, however, the progress of ideas and the increase of knowledge are undermining the popular theology, every

discovery of science, every new conception of European advanced thought, brings the 19th century mind nearer to the ideas of the Divine and the Spiritual, known to all esoteric religions and to Theosophy.

The Church claims that Christianity is the only true religion, and this claim involves two distinct propositions, namely, that Christianity is true religion, and that there is no true religion except Christianity. It never seems to strike Christians that God and Spirit could possibly exist in any other form than that under which they are presented in the doctrines of their church. The savage calls the missionary an Atheist, because he does not carry an idol in his trunk ; and the missionary, in his turn, calls everyone an Atheist who does not carry about a fetish in his mind ; and neither savage nor Christian ever seem to suspect that there may be a higher idea than their own of the great hidden power that governs the Universe, to which the name of "God" is much more applicable. It is doubtful whether the churches take more pains to prove Christianity "true," or to prove that any other kind of religion is necessarily "false ;" and the evil consequences of this, their teaching, are terrible. When people discard dogma they fancy that they have discarded the religious sentiment also, and they conclude that religion is a superfluity in human life—a rendering to the clouds of things that belong to earth, a waste of energy which could be more profitably expended in the struggle for existence. The materialism of this age is, therefore, the direct consequence of the Christian doctrine that there is no ruling power in the Universe, and no immortal Spirit in man except those made known in Christian dogmas. The Atheist, my Lord Primate, is the bastard son of the Church.

But this is not all. The churches have never taught men any other or higher reason why they should be just and kind and true than the hope of reward and the fear of punishment, and when they let go their belief in Divine caprice and Divine injustice the foundations of their morality are sapped. They have not even natural morality to consciously fall back upon, for Christianity has taught them to regard it as worthless on account of the natural depravity of man. Therefore self-interest becomes the only motive for conduct, and the fear of being found out, the only deterrent from vice. And so, with regard to morality as well as to God and the soul, Christianity pushes men off the path that leads to knowledge, and precipitates them into the abyss of incredulity, pessimism and vice. The last place where men would now look for help from the evils and miseries of life is the Church, because they know that the building of churches and the repeating of litanies influence neither the powers of Nature nor the councils of nations ; because they instinctively feel that when the churches accepted the principle of expediency they lost their power to move the hearts of men, and can now only act on the external plane, as the supporters of the policeman and the politician.

The function of religion is to comfort and encourage humanity in its life-long struggle with sin and sorrow. This it can do only by presenting mankind with noble ideals of a happier existence after death, and of a worthier life on earth, to be won in both cases by conscious effort. What the world now wants is a Church that will tell it of Deity, or the immortal principle in man, which will be at least on a level with the ideas and knowledge of the times. Dogmatic Christianity is not suited for a world that reasons and thinks, and only those who can throw themselves into a mediæval state of mind, can appreciate a Church whose religious (as distinguished from its social and political) function is to keep God in good humour while the laity are doing what they believe he does not approve; to pray for changes of weather; and occasionally, to thank the Almighty for helping to slaughter the enemy. It is not "medicine men," but spiritual guides that the world looks for to-day—a "clergy" that will give it ideals as suited to the intellect of this century, as the Christian Heaven and Hell, God and the Devil, were to the ages of dark ignorance and superstition. Do, or can, the Christian clergy fulfil this requirement? The misery, the crime, the vice, the selfishness, the brutality, the lack of self-respect and self-control, that mark our modern civilization, unite their voices in one tremendous cry, and answer—NO!

What is the meaning of the reaction against materialism, the signs of which fill the air to-day? It means that the world has become mortally sick of the dogmatism, the arrogance, the self-sufficiency, and the spiritual blindness of modern science—of that same Modern Science which men but yesterday hailed as their deliverer from religious bigotry and Christian superstition, but which, like the Devil of the monkish legends, requires, as the price of its services, the sacrifice of man's immortal soul. And meanwhile, what are the Churches doing? The Churches are sleeping the sweet sleep of endowments, of social and political influence, while the world, the flesh, and the devil, are appropriating their watch-words, their miracles, their arguments, and their blind faith. The Spiritualists—oh! Churches of Christ—have stolen the fire from your altars to illumine their séance rooms; the Salvationists have taken your sacramental wine, and make themselves spiritually drunk in the streets; the Infidel has stolen the weapons with which you vanquished him once, and triumphantly tells you that "What you advance, has been frequently said before." Had ever clergy so splendid an opportunity? The grapes in the vineyard are ripe, needing only the right labourers to gather them. Were you to give to the world some proof, on the level of the present intellectual standard of probability, that Deity—the immortal Spirit in man—have a real existence as facts in Nature, would not men hail you as their saviour from pessimism and despair, from the maddening and brutalizing thought that there is no other destiny for man but an eternal blank, after a few short years of bitter toil and sorrow?—aye;

as their saviours from the panic-stricken fight for material enjoyment and worldly advancement, which is the direct consequence of believing this mortal life to be the be-all and end-all of existence?

But the Churches have neither the knowledge nor the faith needed to save the world, and perhaps your Church, my Lord Primate, least of all, with the mill-stone of £8,000,000 a year hung round its neck. In vain you try to lighten the ship by casting overboard the ballast of doctrines which your forefathers deemed vital to Christianity. What more can your Church do now, than run before the gale with bare poles, while the clergy feebly endeavour to putty up the gaping leaks with the "revised version," and by their social and political deadweight try to prevent the ship from capsizing, and its cargo of dogmas and endowments from going to the bottom?

Who built Canterbury Cathedral, my Lord Primate? Who invented and gave life to the great ecclesiastical organisation which makes an Archbishop of Canterbury possible? Who laid the foundation of the vast system of religious taxation which gives you £15,000 a year and a palace? Who instituted the forms and ceremonies, the prayers and litanies, which, slightly altered and stripped of art and ornament, make the liturgy of the Church of England? Who wrested from the people the proud titles of "reverend divine" and "Man of God" which the clergy of your Church so confidently assume? Who, indeed, but the Church of Rome! We speak in no spirit of enmity. Theosophy has seen the rise and fall of many faiths, and will be present at the birth and death of many more. We know that the lives of religions are subject to law. Whether you inherited legitimately from the Church of Rome, or obtained by violence, we leave you to settle with your enemies and with your conscience; for our mental attitude towards your Church is determined by its intrinsic worthiness. We know that if it be unable to fulfil the true spiritual function of a religion, it will surely be swept away, even though the fault lie rather in its hereditary tendencies, or in its environments, than in itself.

The Church of England, to use a homely simile, is like a train running by the momentum it acquired before steam was shut off. When it left the main track, it got upon a siding that leads nowhere. The train has nearly come to a standstill, and many of the passengers have left it for other conveyances. Those that remain are for the most part aware that they have been depending all along upon what little steam was left in the boiler when the fires of Rome were withdrawn from under it. They suspect that they may be only playing at train now; but the engineer keeps blowing his whistle and the guard goes round to examine the tickets, and the breaksmen rattle their breaks, and it is not such bad fun after all. For the carriages are warm and comfortable and the day is cold, and so long as they are tipped all the company's servants are very obliging. But those who know where they want to go, are not so contented.

For several centuries the Church of England has performed the difficult feat of blowing hot and cold in two directions at once—saying to the Roman Catholics "Reason!" and to the Sceptics "Believe!" It was by adjusting the force of its two-faced blowing, that it has managed to keep itself so long from falling off the fence. But now the fence itself is giving way. Disendowment and disestablishment are in the air. And what does your Church urge in its own behalf? Its usefulness. It is *useful* to have a number of educated, moral, unworldly men, scattered all over the country, who prevent the world from utterly forgetting the name of religion, and who act as centres of benevolent work. But the question now is no longer one of repeating prayers, and giving alms to the poor, as it was five hundred years ago. The people have come of age, and have taken their thinking and the direction of their social, private and even spiritual affairs into their own hands, for they have found out that their clergy know no more about "things of Heaven" than they do themselves.

But the Church of England, it is said, has become so liberal that all ought to support it. Truly, one can go to an excellent imitation of the mass, or sit under a virtual Unitarian, and still be within its fold. This beautiful tolerance, however, only means that the Church has found it necessary to make itself an open common, where every one can put up his own booth, and give his special performance if he will only join in the defence of the endowments. Tolerance and liberality are contrary to the laws of the existence of any church that believes in divine damnation, and their appearance in the Church of England is not a sign of renewed life, but of approaching disintegration. No less deceptive is the energy evinced by the Church in the building of churches. If this were a measure of religion what a pious age this would be! Never was dogma so well housed before, though human beings may have to sleep by thousands in the streets, and to literally starve in the shadow of our majestic cathedrals, built in the name of Him who had not where to lay His head. But did Jesus tell you, your Grace, that religion lay not in the hearts of men, but in temples made with hands? You cannot convert your piety into stone and use it in your lives; and history shows that petrifaction of the religious sentiment is as deadly a disease as ossification of the heart. Were churches, however, multiplied a hundred fold, and were every clergyman to become a centre of philanthropy, it would only be substituting the work that the poor require from their fellow men but not from their spiritual teachers, for that which they ask and cannot obtain. It would but bring into greater relief the spiritual barrenness of the doctrines of the Church.

The time is approaching when the clergy will be called upon to render an account of their stewardship. Are you prepared, my Lord Primate, to explain to YOUR MASTER why you have given His children stones, when they cried to you for bread? You smile in your

fancied security. The servants have kept high carnival so long in the inner chambers of the Lord's house, that they think He will surely never return. But He told you He would come as a thief in the night; and lo! He is coming already in the hearts of men. He is coming to take possession of His Father's kingdom there, where alone His kingdom is. But you know Him not! Were the Churches themselves not carried away in the flood of negation and materialism which has engulfed Society, they would recognise the quickly growing germ of the Christ-spirit in the hearts of thousands, whom they now brand as infidels and madmen. They would recognise there the same spirit of love, of self-sacrifice, of immense pity for the ignorance, the folly, and the sufferings of the world, which appeared in its purity in the heart of Jesus, as it had appeared in the hearts of other Holy Reformers in other ages; and which is the light of all true religion, and the lamp by which the Theosophists of all times have endeavoured to guide their steps along the narrow path that leads to salvation—the path which is trodden by every incarnation of CHRISTOS or the SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

And now, my Lord Primate, we have very respectfully laid before you the principal points of difference and disagreement between Theosophy and the Christian Churches, and told you of the oneness of Theosophy and the teachings of Jesus. You have heard our profession of faith, and learned the grievances and plaints which we lay at the door of dogmatic Christianity. We, a handful of humble individuals, possessed of neither riches nor worldly influence, but strong in our knowledge, have united in the hope of doing the work which you say that your MASTER has allotted to you, but which is so sadly neglected by that wealthy and domineering colossus—the Christian Church. Will you call this presumption, we wonder? Will you, in this land of free opinion, free speech, and free effort, venture to accord us no other recognition than the usual *anathema*, which the Church keeps in store for the reformer? Or may we hope that the bitter lessons of experience, which that policy has afforded the Churches in the past, will have altered the hearts and cleared the understandings of her rulers; and that the coming year, 1888, will witness the stretching out to us of the hand of Christians in fellowship and goodwill? This would only be a just recognition that the comparatively small body called the Theosophical Society is no pioneer of the Anti-Christ, no brood of the Evil one, but the practical helper, perchance the saviour, of Christianity, and that it is only endeavouring to do the work that Jesus, like Buddha, and the other "sons of God" who preceded him, has commanded all his followers to undertake, but which the Churches, having become dogmatic, are entirely unable to accomplish.

And now, if your Grace can prove that we do injustice to the Church of which you are the Head, or to popular Theology, we promise to acknowledge our error publicly. But—"SILENCE GIVES CONSENT."

"EMERSON AND OCCULTISM."

"'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by."
—*Erd. Geist*, FAUST.

THE sunset, to the boor a mere mass of evening vapours, presaging rain for his fields or heat for his harvest, expands for the poet, standing beside him and beholding the self-same firmament, into a splendid picture, rich in crimson and purple, in golden light and gleaming colour, mingled in harmonious purity.

Whence so great a difference?

The poet has finer eyes; and within the mere material forms perceives a subtle essence, which flows everywhere through nature, adding to all it touches a new wealth of joy and power. The poet's eyes have opened to a new reality; he no longer values things for themselves; but in proportion as they contain this quality, they become dear to him.

But beyond the poet, there is yet a third rank. The poet, it is true, rejoices in nature, and perceives its beauty and symbolic character. But he rests in the beauty of the symbol, and does not pass to the reality symbolised. Rapt in adoration of the beauty of the garment, he does not pierce through to Him who wears the garment. This remains for the philosopher—the sage. Yet the boor has his place in Nature. He has tilled and subdued the soil, has brought its latent powers into action; in command of nature, he is far in advance of the mere nomad savage, for whom nature is a maze of uncertain and unconquered forces.

The savage, the boor, the poet; these types have their parallels in mental life.

When the crude conceptions of nature, which mark dawning civilisation, give place to those fair and truer, because more harmonious, views which bear the name of Science; when the principle of Continuity, the reign of Universal Law, have displaced the first notions of Chance and Discord, the work of the physical scientist is done; he must stand aside, and make way for the philosopher, the transcendentalist. Modern Science has replaced the crudities of mediæval theology by the idea of an orderly universe permeated by Law, binding alike the galaxy and the atom, as the tillage of the farmer has replaced the nomadism of the savage.

But within the world of the boor nestles the poet's world, and within the world of the physical scientist lies an ethereal, spiritual universe, with its own powers, its own prophets. The great trilogy of friends at the beginning of this century, who rose like three mountain peaks above

their contemporaries, Goethe, Carlyle, and Emerson, were chosen by Destiny as prophets of this nature within nature.

Their gleanings have been rich enough to tempt many to enter the same field, though they have no more exhausted its wealth than Homer and Shakespeare have exhausted poetry.

The new world they have explored, is the land of hope of the future, for which we must leave the impoverished soil of theology, and the arid deserts of materialism.

What these three masters taught, Occultism teaches; and we propose to show them as great natural masters in the mystic knowledge.

To do this with any completeness in the space at our disposal is necessarily impossible; for the present, we must content ourselves with shewing from the writings of one of the masters, Emerson, that he recognised some of the chief laws announced by Occultism.

The first truth to be insisted on, concerning this nature within nature, the spiritual universe, is that it exists for its own ends, and not as an adjunct to the material world; in other words, the end of morals is to make archangels rather than good citizens.

Spirit is the reality; matter, the secondary; or, as Goethe says, the *Garment* of God.

No occultist could insist on the subordinate character of matter more vehemently than Emerson—he writes:

"Nature is a mutable cloud, which is always and never the same. Through the bruteness and toughness of matter, a subtle spirit bends all things to its own will. The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man. It is *a remoter and inferior incarnation of God*, a projection of God into the unconscious."

The Occultist sees in this world of spirit the home of that true joy of which all earthly happiness is the shadow, and whispered intimation. There all ideals find their realization, all highest hopes their fulfilment; there flow abundant fountains of celestial bliss, whose least presence makes earthly things radiant.

Of spirit, Emerson writes:

"But when following the invisible steps of thought, we come to enquire, Whence is matter? and where to? Many truths arise to us out of the recesses of consciousness. We learn that the highest is present to the soul of man, that the dread universal essence which is not wisdom, or love; or beauty, or power; but all in one, and each entirely, is that for which all things exist, and that by which they are; that spirit creates; that behind nature, throughout nature spirit is present. As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws, at his need, inexhaustible power."

But to obtain a footing in this world of essential being, is to be emancipated from the domination of Time and Space, to enter a universe where they do not exist; for Space and Time are no realities, but, as Carlyle says, the "deepest of all *illusory appearances*." Emancipation from Space and Time; how much more this implies than is at first sight

apparent. The first fruit of this freedom is a feeling of eternalness, the real basis of the doctrine of immortality. It is an attainable reality, this sense of eternalness; let the sceptic and materialist say what they will.

Of this truth, also, we may bring Emerson as witness. He writes:

"To truth, justice, love, the attributes of the soul, the idea of *immutableness* is essentially associated. In the flowing of love, in the adoration of humility, there is no question of continuance."

Once recognise the truth that we can gain a footing in a world free from the tyranny of time, that the soul exists in such a world, and a new philosophy is at once required. Freedom from Time implies the eternity of the soul, and the facts of life and death take a new position and significance. If the soul be eternal, death must be an illusion, a garment in which Nature wraps some hidden law.

In the following words of Emerson, on this subject:

"It is the secret of the world that *all things subsist and do not die*, but only retire a little from sight, and afterwards return again. Whatever does not concern us, is concealed from us. As soon as a person is no longer related to our present well-being, he is concealed or *dies*, as we say. When the man has exhausted for the time the nourishment to be drawn from any one person or thing, that object is withdrawn from his observation, and though still in his immediate neighbourhood, he does not suspect its presence. Nothing is dead; men feign themselves dead, and endure mock funerals and mournful obituaries, and there they stand looking out of the window, sound and well, in some new disguise. Jesus is not dead; he is very well alive; nor John, nor Paul, nor Mahomet, nor Aristotle."

we have an accurate exposition of the occult doctrine of Reincarnation—the progressive discipline of the soul through many lives—which has been parodied in the popular fable of metemphsychosis.

The true occult doctrine does not picture a series of bodies in each of which the soul makes a temporary sojourn. In this, as in all else, it begins with spirit and then descends to matter. It depicts that vital energy which we call a soul, alternately exuding from itself and re-absorbing into its own nature an environment or physical encasement, whose character varies with the increasing stature of the soul. According to the teaching of occultism, the successive formations of this objective shell—whose purpose is to provide for the development of the animal nature—alternate with periods of subjective life, which give expansion to the powers of the soul.

As corollary to this doctrine, occultism postulates a second—that the incidents of each objective environment or physical life—are not fortuitous and isolated, but that they are bound to all that precede and follow them, and moreover that "the future is not arbitrarily formed by any separate acts of the present, but that the whole future is in unbroken continuity with the present, as the present is with the past."

To the various developments of this law, eastern philosophy has given the name of Karma; the west has as yet no name for it. But though

unnamed, its leading ideas have not been unperceived by those western minds which have penetrated into the world of supernature.

Thus we find Emerson writing:

"Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. Crime and punishment grow on one stem; punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of pleasure which concealed it. You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. The thief steals from himself; the swindler swindles himself. Everything in nature, even motes and feathers, goes by law and not by luck. *What a man sows, he reaps.*"

The picture of an orderly universe, where matter is the garment of spirit—spirit visualised—where souls march onward in orderly procession to boundless perfection; where the life of each permeates and flows through the life of all; where the wrong of each is turned to the benefit of all by the firm hand of an invisible and ever active law, incessantly disciplining and correcting, till the last dross of self and sin is purged away, and instead of man there remains God only, working through the powers that were man's; such is the conception Occultism holds.

"I know not," says Emerson—

"I know not whether there be, as is alleged, in the upper region of our atmosphere a permanent westerly current, which carries with it all atoms which rise to that height, but I see that when souls reach a certain clearness of perfection, they accept a knowledge and motive above selfishness. A breath of Will blows eternally through the universe of souls in the direction of the Right and Necessary. It is the air which all intellects inhale and exhale, and it is the wind which blows the world into order and orbit.

"Let us build altars to the Beautiful Necessity which rudely or softly educates men to the perception that there are no contingencies, that Law rules through existence, a Law which is not intelligent but intelligence, not personal nor impersonal—it disdains words, and passes understanding; it dissolves persons; it vivifies nature, yet solicits the pure in heart to draw on its all, its omnipotence."

Discipline always and everywhere throughout the universe; to discipline, development, all other facts are subordinate; for their sake, all laws are enunciated, all spiritual facts are insisted on; all truths which tend not to the melioration of human life—if any such there be—are worthless. Discipline, development. What development does Occultism predict for man? Man's future destiny, in the view of Occultism, is so stupendous, that we prefer merely to erect a finger-post pointing out the direction of the path, using the words of Emerson:

"The youth puts off the illusions of the child, the man puts off the ignorance and tumultuous passions of the youth; proceeding thence, puts off the egotism of manhood, and becomes at last a public and universal soul. He is rising to greater height, but also to realities; the outer relations and circumstances dying out, he is entering deeper into God, God into him, until the last garment of egotism falls, and he is with God, shares the will and the immensity of the First Cause."

From first to last, Occultism has preached no doctrine more emphatically than the necessity of dependence on the intuitions, and

the reality of interior illumination. "Seek out the way by making the profound obeisance of the soul to the dim star that burns within; within you is the light of the world," writes the Occultist.

And this doctrine is repeated again and again in the writings of the philosopher we have been quoting from. He writes:

"A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmanent of bards and sages. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but that the light is all. The consciousness in each man is a sliding scale, which identifies him now with the First Cause, and now with the flesh of his body; life above life, in infinite degrees. There is for each a Best Counsel, which enjoins the fit word and the fit act for every moment. There is no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins. The walls are taken away, we lie open on one side to the deeps of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God. The simplest person who, in his integrity, worships God, becomes God; yet for ever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable."

The life of one is the life of all. The good of one re-acts on all. The walls by which selfishness conceives itself enclosed and isolated, are unreal, have no existence. Spirit is fluid and all-pervading; its beneficent power flows unchecked from soul to soul, energising, harmonising, purifying. To resist all discordant tendencies which check this salutary flow, this all-permeating love, is to come under the reign of Universal Brotherhood; and to the honour of Occultism be it said, that Universal Brotherhood is blazoned highest on its standard.

"Thus," writes Emerson—

—"Are we put in training for a love which knows not sex nor person, nor partiality, but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere. One day all men will be lovers, and every calamity will be dissolved in universal sunshine. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service."

But to the axiom "Kill out the sense of separateness" Occultism adds another, "Yet stand alone." Before the lesson of life can be learnt, the soul must in some sort detach itself from its environment, and view all things impersonally, in solitude and stillness. There is an oracle in the lonely recess of the soul to which all things must be brought for trial. Here all laws are tested, all appearances weighed.

About this truth always hangs a certain solemnity, and Emerson has given it a fitting expression in the following words:

"The soul gives itself alone, original, and pure, to the Lonely, Original, and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it. Then it is glad, young, and nimble. Behold, it saith, I am born into the great, the universal mind. I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect. I am somehow receptive of the great soul, and thereby I do overlook the sun and the stars, and feel them to be the fair accidents and effects which change and pass. More and more the surges of everlasting nature enter into me, and I become public and human in my regards and actions. So I come to live in thoughts, and act with energies, which are immortal."

The last words of this sentence lead us to the occult idea of *Mahatma-hood*, which conceives a perfected soul as "living in thoughts, and acting with energies which are immortal."

The *Mahatma* is a soul of higher rank in the realms of life, conceived to drink in the wealth of spiritual power closer to the fountain-head, and to distil its essence into the interior of receptive souls.

In harmony with this idea, Emerson writes:

"Truth is the summit of being; justice is the application of it to affairs. All individual natures stand in a scale, according to the purity of this element in them. The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel; this natural force is no more to be withstood than any other natural force. A healthy soul stands united with the Just and the True, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole, so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object betwixt them and the sun, and whoso journeys towards the sun, journeys towards that person."

Occultism conceives the outer world and all its accidents to be so many veils, shrouding the splendour of essential nature, and tempering the fiery purity of spirit to the imperfect powers of the understanding soul. This illusory power Occultism considers to be the "active will of God," a means to the ends of eternal spirit.

In the view of Occultism, life is a drama of thinly veiled souls; as Shakespeare writes:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep!"

We shall conclude with two passages from Emerson's essays, on the subject of illusions:

"Do you see that kitten chasing so prettily her own tail? If you could look with her eyes, you might see her surrounded with hundreds of figures performing complex dramas, with tragic and comic issues, long conversations, many characters, many ups and downs of fate; and meantime it is only puss and her tail. How long before our masquerade will end its noise of tambourines, laughter, and shouting, and we shall find it was a solitary performance?"

We must supplement this rather playful passage with one in a higher strain:

"There is no chance, and no anarchy, in the universe. All is system and gradation. Every god is there sitting in his sphere. The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament; there is he alone with them alone, they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning him up to their thrones. On an instant, and incessantly, fall snowstorms and illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd which sways this way and that, and whose movement and doings he must obey: he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will, and think or act for himself? Every moment new changes and new showers of deceptions to baffle and distract him. And when, by-and-bye, for an instant, the air clears, and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones—they alone with him alone."

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F.T.S.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT:

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

BY MABEL COLLINS,

Scribe of "THE IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS," and "THROUGH THE GATES OF GOLD."

[*Some of the readers of* LUCIFER *have taken great exception to the love passages between Fleta and Hilary, saying that they are not up to the standard of Theosophic thought, and are out of place in the magazine. The author can only beg that time may be given for the story to develope. None of us that is born dies without experiencing human passion; it is the base on which an edifice must rise at last, after many incarnations have purified it; "it is the blossom which has in it the fruit." Hilary is still only a man, he has not yet learned to the full the lesson of human life and human passion. Fleta promises him all that he can take and that plainly is only what she can give—the deep love of the disciple. But she cannot instantly free his eyes from the illusions caused by his own passionate heart; till he has suffered and conquered, he cannot recognise her for what she is, the pledged servant of a great master, of necessity more white-souled than any nun need be.*

Another strange criticism is made, condemning portions of the story as though expressive of the author's feelings and sentiments; whereas they are simply descriptive of the states through which Hilary is passing. They no more express the author's feelings than do those later parts which refer to the ordeals of Fleta, the accepted disciple, express the author's feelings. The two characters of the struggling aspirant and the advanced disciple, are studies from life. The stumbling-block of human passion which stands in Hilary's way, is the same which lost Zanoni his high estate; in the coming chapters of "The Blossom and the Fruit," we shall see Fleta flung back from the high estate she aims at, by this same stumbling-block, in an idealised and subtle form. She has not yet learned the bitter truth that the Occultist must stand absolutely alone, without even companionship of thought, or sympathy of feeling, at the times of the Initiations and the trials which precede them.—M. C.]

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued.)*

HILARY found himself in a room which no longer permitted him to regret his own rooms at home, for it was more luxurious. A great bath stood ready filled with perfumed water, and he hastened to bathe himself therein, with a sort of idea that he was perhaps suffering from hallucinations, some of which he might wash away. His scanty luggage had been brought into the room, and when the bath was over Hilary got out a velvet suit which he thought would do well for evening-dress in this palace of surprises. He was but just ready when a knock came at his door, and without further ceremony, Mark opened it and looked in.

"Come," he said, "we don't wait for anybody here. The cook won't stand it. He is a very holy father indeed, and nobody dare say him nay, unless it were the Princess herself. She always does as she likes. Are you ready?"

"Quite," replied Hilary.

Opening out of the entrance was a great oak door, double, and very richly carved. This had been shut when Hilary passed through before; now it stood open, and Mark led the way through it. They entered an immense room, of which the floor was polished so that it shone like a mirror. Two figures were standing in the midst of this room, dressed alike in clouds of white lace; they were the two Fletas, as to Hilary's eyes they still seemed.

His heart was torn as he gazed on them, waiting for a glance of love, a gleam of love-light, to tell him which was his own, his Fleta, his princess, the Fleta whom he served. There was none; they had been talking together very earnestly and both looked sad and a little weary.

As Hilary's eyes wandered from one face to the other his mind grew confused. And then suddenly a flash of bewitchingly beautiful laughter came on one of the faces; and immediately he decided that must be Adine. And yet, had he not seen just such laughter flash across Fleta's face? But all this passed in a moment, and no more time was given him for thought. A table stood at one end of the hall, set as a king's table might be; covered with the finest linen, edged with deep lace, and with gold dishes of fruit upon it; it was decorated with lovely flowers. Hilary opened his eyes a little even in the midst of his other much greater perplexities, to see this luxury here in the midst of the forest. And was it prepared in honour of Fleta, who ate a crust of dry bread in an ale-house with perfect cheerfulness, or rather, indifference? Fleta took her place at the end of the table; at least, one sister did so, and the other took her place beside Hilary—he could not yet determine which was which, and his whole soul was absorbed in the attempted solution of that problem. Mark sat at the other end of the table, evidently prepared to do such labours of carving as might be necessary. Two places were set at the other side of the table, but no one came to fill them. A very elaborate dinner was served, and a very good one; and Hilary thought he was satisfied now that it was Adine who sat next him, for she showed herself an unmistakable little gourmand. He had just come to this conclusion when his attention was distracted by the great doors being thrown open again for two persons to enter. Everyone rose, even Fleta, who advanced with a smile to meet these new comers. Hilary rose also and turned from the table. Two men stood there; one a man but little older than himself, and of extremely fine appearance. Little more than a boy, yet he had a dignity which made him something much more, and Hilary felt immediately a kind of jealousy, undefined, vague,

but still jealousy. For Fleta had put both her hands into those of this handsome young man and greeted him with great warmth. At his side stood a small shrivelled old man, in the same dress that Father Amyot always wore. This circumstance again made Hilary wonder what had become of Father Amyot; but he concluded Adine's account had been the correct one.

There was something familiar in the face of the young man, so Hilary thought; while he was thinking this, Fleta turned and introduced them to each other.

He was the young king to whom Fleta was betrothed.

This is a history of those things which lie behind the scenes, not a history of that which is known to all the world. We will give this young King the name of Alan. Let those who like fix upon his kingdom and assign to him his true name.

He sat down opposite Hilary; and the old priest took his place beside him. Hilary returned to his chair, feeling that all strength, and hope, and power, and life had gone from him. By a fierce and terrible revulsion of his whole nature and all his recent feelings, he returned to his cynical estimate of mankind and most of all of Fleta. She had brought him to this place simply to taunt and harass him and show him his madness and folly in aspiring to her love in the face of such a rival It cut Hilary's heart like a knife to find the young King so magnificent a creature. And Fleta, why had she come here to meet him? Why had she brought her unhappy lover with her? Hilary tore himself with doubts, and fears, and questions; and sat silent, not even noticing the plates that were placed before him and taken away untouched. The others talked and laughed gaily, Alan being apparently possessed of a hundred things to say. Hilary did not hear what they were, but it annoyed him to find his rival speaking so much in that rich, musical voice of his, while he himself sat dumb, silenced by a bitter pain that tore his heart.

"You are sad," said a soft voice at his side, "it is hard, if you love Fleta, to see her monopolised by some one else. How often have I had to suffer it? Well, it must be so, I suppose. Why am I sorry for you. I wonder? For if Alan were not here you would monopolise Fleta, and have no eyes for anyone else. Ah me!"

The sigh was very tender, the voice very low and soft; and that voice was Fleta's voice, those lovely eyes uplifted to his were Fleta's eyes Yes, it was so! He thought as he looked back. Did he not know Fleta well enough by now?

"Ah, you are playing with me," he exclaimed eagerly, "it is Fleta now, not Adine! Is it not so? Oh, my love, my love, be honest and tell me!"

He spoke like this under cover of the others' voices, but Fleta looked round alarmed.

"Hush!" she said, "take care. Your life would be lost if you revealed our secret here. After dinner is over, come with me."

This appointment made Hilary happy again; his heart leaped up, his pulses throbbed; all the world changed. He found some fruit was before him, he began to eat it, and to drink the wine in his glass. Fleta was watching him.

"You have just begun to dine!" said Fleta with a soft laugh. "Well, never mind; you are young and strong. Do you think you could live through a great many hardships?"

Hilary made the lover's answer, which is so evident that it need not be recorded. He did not know how he said it, but he desired to tell her that for her he would endure anything. She laughed again.

"It may be so!" she said thoughtfully; and then he caught her eyes fixed upon him with a searching glance that for an instant seemed to turn the blood cold in his veins. His terrible thoughts and doubts of her returned again the more fiercely for their momentary repulsion. He emptied his glass, but eat nothing more, and was very glad when they all rose from the table together, a few moments later. He followed the figure of the girl who had sat next him since Alan's entrance, believing that Fleta had then changed her place. She went across the great room and led the way into a greenhouse which opened out of it. A very wonderful greenhouse it was, full of the strangest plants. They were extremely beautiful, and yet in some way they inspired in him a great repugnance. They were of many colours, and the blossoms were variously shaped, but evidently they were all of one species.

"These are very precious," said Fleta, looking at the flowers near her tenderly. "I obtain a rare and valuable substance from them. You have seen me use it," she added, after a moment's pause. Hilary longed to leave the greenhouse and sit elsewhere; but that was so evidently not Fleta's wish that he could not suggest it. There were seats here and there among the flowers, and she placed herself upon one of them, motioning Hilary to sit beside her.

"Now," she said, "I am going to tell you a great many things which you have earned the right to know. To begin with, you are now in a monastery, belonging to the most rigid of the religious orders."

"Are you a Catholic?" asked Hilary suddenly. And then laughed at himself for such a question. How could Fleta be catalogued like this? He knew her to be a creature whose thought could not be limited.

"No," she answered simply. "I am not a Catholic. But I belong to this order. I fear such an answer will be so unintelligible as to be like an impertinence. Forgive me, Hilary."

Ah, what a tone she spoke in, gentle, sweet—the voice of the woman he loved. Hilary lost all control over himself. He sprang to his feet and stood before her.

"I do not want to know your religion," he exclaimed passionately, "I

do not want to know where we are, or why we are here. I ask you only this—Are you indeed my love given to me, as you said this morning?—or is your love given to the king, and are you only laughing at me. It is enough to make me think so, to bring me here to meet him! Oh, it is a cruel insult, a cruel mockery! For, Fleta, you have made me love you with all my heart and soul. My whole life is yours. Be honest and tell me the truth."

"You have a powerful rival," said Fleta deliberately. "Is he not handsome, courtly, all that a king should be? And I am pledged to him. Yes, Hilary, I am pledged to him. Would you have the woman you love live a lie for your sake, and hourly betray the man she marries?"

"I would have her give me her love," said Hilary despairingly, "at all costs, at all hazards. Oh, Fleta, do not keep me in agony. You said this morning that you loved me, that you would give yourself to me. Are you going to take those words back?"

"No," said Fleta, "I am not. For I do love you, Hilary. Did I not see you first in my sleep? Did I not dream of you? Did I not come to your house in search of you? Unwomanly, was it not? No one but Fleta would have done it. And Fleta would only have done it for love. You do not know what she risked—what she risks now—for you! Oh, Hilary, if you could guess what I have at stake. Never mind. None can know my own danger but myself."

"Escape from it!" said Hilary in a sort of madness. A passionate desire to help her came over him and swept all reasonable thoughts away. "You are so powerful, so free, there is no need for you to encounter danger. Does it lie in these people, in this strange place? Come back then to the city, to your home. What is there to induce you to run risks, you that have all that the world can offer? Is there anything you need that you cannot have?"

"Yes," said Fleta, "there is. I need something which no power of royalty can give me. I need something which I may have to sacrifice my life to obtain. Yet I am ready to sacrifice it—oh, how ready! What is my life to me! What is my life to me! Nothing!"

She had risen and was impatiently walking to and fro, moving her hands with a strange eager gesture as she did so; and her eyes were all aflame. This was the woman he loved. This, who said her life was nothing to her. Hilary forgot all else that was strange in her words and manner in the thought of this. Could she then return his love—no, it was impossible, if she meant these strange and terrible words that she uttered!

"Ah, this it is that keeps me back," she said, before he had time to speak. Her voice had altered, and her face had grown pale, so pale that he forgot everything else in watching her.

"This it is that keeps me from my strength, this longing for it!" And

with a heavy sigh she moved back to her seat and fell into it with a weariness he had never seen in her before. Her head drooped on her breast, she fell into profound thought. Presently she spoke again, disjointedly, and in such words as seemed unintelligible.

"I have always been too impatient, too eager," she said sadly, "I have always tried to take what I longed for without waiting to earn it. So it was long ago, Hilary, when you and I stood beneath those blossoming trees, long ages ago. I broke the peace that kept us strong and simple. I caused the torment of pain and peril to arise in our lives. We have to live it out—alas, Hilary, we have to live it out!—and live beyond it. How long will it take us—how long will it take!"

There was a despair, an agony in her voice and manner, that were so new, he was bewildered, he hardly recognised her. Her moods changed so strangely that he could not follow them, for he had not the key; he could not read her thought. He sat dumb, looking in her sad drawn face.

"My love, my love," he murmured at last, hardly knowing that he spoke, hardly knowing what his thought was that he spoke, only full of longing. "Would that I could help you! Would that I understood you!"

"Do you indeed wish to?" asked Fleta, her voice melting into a sort of tender eagerness.

"Do you not know it?" exclaimed Hilary. "My soul is burning to meet yours and to recognise it, to stand with you and help you. Why are you so far off, so like a star, so removed and unintelligible to me, who love you so! Oh, help me to change this, to come nearer to you!"

Fleta rose slowly, her eyes fixed upon his face.

"Come," she said. And she held out her hand to him. He put his into it, and together, hand in hand, they left the conservatory. They did not enter the great dining hall, where now there was music and dancing as Hilary could see and hear. They left the house of the strange flowers by a different doorway, which admitted them to a long dim corridor. Fleta opened the door by a key that was attached to a chain hanging from her waist; and she closed it behind her. Hilary asked no questions, for she seemed buried in thought so profound that he did not care to rouse her.

At the end of the corridor was a small and very low doorway. Fleta stooped and knocked, and without waiting for any answer pushed the door open,

"May I come in, Master?" she said.

"Come, child," was the answer, in a very gentle voice.

"I am bringing some one with me."

"Come," was repeated.

They entered. The room was small, and was dimly lit by a shaded lamp. Beside the table, on which this stood, sat a man, reading. He

put a large book which he had been holding, on to the table, and turned towards his visitors. Hilary saw before him the handsomest man he had ever seen in his life. He was still young, though Hilary felt himself to be a boy beside him; he rose from his chair and stood before them very tall and very slight, and yet there was that in his build which suggested great strength. He looked attentively at Hilary for a moment, and then turned to Fleta.

"Leave him here." Fleta bowed and immediately went out of the room without another word. Hilary gazed upon her in amazement. Was this the proud, imperious princess who yielded such instant and ready obedience? It seemed incredible. But he forgot the extraordinary sight immediately afterwards in the interest excited by his new companion, who at once addressed him:

"The Princess has often spoken to me of you," he said, "and I know she has much wished that this moment should arrive. She will be satisfied if she thinks you appreciate with your inner senses the step you are about to take if you accord with her wishes. But I think it right you should know it in every aspect as far as that is possible. If you really desire to know Fleta, to approach her, to understand her, you must give up all that men ordinarily value in the world."

"I have it not to surrender," said Hilary rather bitterly, "my life is nothing splendid."

"No, but you are only at the beginning of it. To you the future is full of promise. If you desire to be the Princess Fleta's companion, your life is no longer your own."

"No—it is hers—and it is hers now!"

"Not so. It is not hers now, nor will it be hers then. Not even your love does she claim for her own. She has nothing."

"I don't understand," said Hilary simply. "She is the Princess of this country; she will soon be the Queen of another. She has all that the world has to give a woman."

"Do you not know the woman you love better than to suppose that she cares for her position in the world?" demanded this man whom Fleta called her master. "At a word from me, at any hour, at any time she will leave her throne and never return to it. That she will do this certainly some day I know very well; and her sister will take her place, the world being no wiser than it now is. Fleta looks forward to this change eagerly."

"Well, perhaps," admitted Hilary.

"Neither has she your love nor your life as her own. In loving her you love the Great Order to which she belongs, and she will gladly give your love to its right owner. She has done this already in bringing you to me."

Hilary started to his feet, stung beyond endurance.

"This is mere nonsense, mere insult," he said angrily, "Fleta has accepted my love with her own lips."

"That is so," was the answer, "and she is betrothed to King Alan."

"I know that," said Hilary in a low voice.

"And what did you hold Fleta to be then? A mere pleasure seeker, playing with life like the rest, devoid of honour and principle? Was this your estimate of the woman you loved? What else indeed could it be, when you said, let her give her hand to King Alan while you know her love is yours! And you could love such a woman! Hilary Estanol, you have been reared in a different school than this. Does not your own conscience shame you?"

Hilary stood silent. Every word struck home. He knew not what to say. He had been wilfully blinding himself; the bandages were rudely drawn aside. After a long pause he spoke, hesitatingly:

"The Princess cannot be judged as other women would be; she is unlike all others."

"Not so, if she is what you seem to think her; then she is just like the rest, one of the common herd."

"How can you speak of her in that way?"

"How can you think of her as you do, dishonouring her by your thoughts?"

The two stood opposite each other now, and their eyes met. A strange light seemed to struggle into Hilary's soul as these bitter words rang sharply on his ear. Dishonouring her? Was it possible? He staggered back and leaned against the wall, still gazing on the magnificent face before him.

"Who are you?" he said at last.

"I am Father Ivan, the superior of the order to which the Princess Fleta belongs," was the reply. But another voice spoke when his ceased, and Hilary saw that Fleta had entered, and was standing behind him.

"And he is the master of knowledge, the master in life, the master in thought, of whom the Princess Fleta is but a poor and impatient disciple. Master, forgive me! I cannot endure to hear you speak as if you were a monk, the mere tool of a religion, the mere professor of a miserable creed."

She sank on her knees before Father Ivan, in an attitude strangely full of humility. The priest bent down and lifted her to her feet. They stood a moment in silence, side by side, Fleta's eyes upon his face devouring his expression with a passionate and adoring eagerness How splendid they looked! Suddenly Hilary saw it, and a wild, fierce, all-devouring flame of jealousy awoke in his heart—a jealousy such as King Alan, no, nor a hundred King Alans, could not have roused in him.

For he saw that this Ivan, who wore a priest's dress, yet was evidently no priest, who spoke as if this world had no longer any meaning for him, yet who was magnificent in his personal presence and power—he saw

that this man was Fleta's equal. And more, he saw that Fleta's whole face melted and softened, and grew strangely sweet, as she looked on him. Never had Hilary seen it like that. Never had Hilary dreamed it could look like that. Stumbling like a blind man he felt for the door, which he knew was near, and escaped from the room—how he knew not. Hurriedly he went on, through places he did not see, and at last found himself in the open air. He went with great strides away through the tall ferns and undergrowth until he found himself in so quiet a spot that it appeared as if he were alone in the great forest. Then he flung himself upon the ground and yielded to an agony of despair which blotted out sky and trees and everything from his gaze, like a great cloud covering the earth.

(To be continued.)

TWILIGHT.

I sit alone in the twilight,
Dreaming—but not as of old;
Blind to the flickering fire-light,
Mystic visions my spirit enfold.

What means this struggle within me,
This new hope of a far-off goal?
This fighting against superstition,
That would fetter my awakening soul?

Why cannot I pray as I once did,
For self before all the world?
Whence came the flash of lightning
That self from its pedestal hurled?

But what if I'm struggling blindly,
What if this new hope is vain,
Can I go back to my old faith?
A voice whispers—"Never again."

So I will press forward—believing
Hands unseen will guide to the goal,
And tho' dim yet the light on my pathway,
Nirväna breathes peace to my soul.

K. D. K.

THE SPIRIT OF HEALING.

IT is somewhat difficult to say what real or theosophical work is when exactly defined, and, in consequence, it becomes very easy to speak of an effort as untheosophical—that is not sufficiently unselfish in motive. The fact is that the word Theosophy has such a very wide meaning, embracing, as it does, the true spirit of all creeds and religions, and confining itself to none in particular, that no work done in the spirit of truth and wisdom is really untheosophical. Hence, unless the speaker is possessed of more knowledge than ordinary men concerning the causes which underlie our actions, the application of the word untheosophical is incorrect. In fact, if it is once granted that it is possible to work from an impersonal standpoint in favour of a particular creed or religion, that work becomes theosophical in character. Thus it is only work (in the widest sense of the word and on all planes) from the personal standpoint, and which, therefore, militates against Universal Brotherhood, which can really be described as untheosophical. But this by no means presupposes that work which has outwardly the appearance of theosophical genuineness is not really selfish. It is, of course, the old story of the wolf in sheep's clothing. We do but need one example—the truly-called *profession* of Medicine. We constantly hear of the wonderful self-sacrifice of medical men ; of men who die at their posts rather than desert a possible case in times of epidemic and cholera ; of men who suck tracheotomy tubes with almost certain death by diphtheria staring them in the face ; finally we hear, though but seldom, of the honest, earnest devotion of a lifetime in places and districts where the fees are so small that it is barely possible for the doctor to live on his earnings. These are the heroes of the profession. Their work, for the most part, consists of an unselfish devotion to the alleviation of suffering, culminating in a final sacrifice of their personal selves—for death is nothing less than this. But we must turn to the less favourable side of the picture—the struggle not for a living, but for wealth, and work, fired by ambition and the search for fame. Of course, apart from the personal, selfish element in it, the ambitious struggle in other professions than those of the Church or Medicine is of no great or unnatural harm ; but in these two cases it is more than harmful, it is a degrading betrayal of trust. It is Simonism with a vengeance ; yes, kind friends, it approaches very nearly to the case of Judas, who held the bag, and betrayed his Master with a kiss. It may be asked why this sweeping denunciation is made of the two noblest professions ; of those two which, considered from the ethical standpoint, consist of devotion to the service of man? The reason

is not very far to seek. The power which true healers possess—healers alike of body and soul, is not one which can be sold for money or bartered for wealth and fame. At least, if the possibility does exist, it bears a suspicious resemblance to the old idea of selling one's soul to the devil in exchange for power and prosperity. It may be replied to this that there is no harm in bartering knowledge of drugs, of pathology, diagnosis of disease, surgical skill, etc.—in short, all the knowledge acquired by education—for money. I answer No! for it is material given for material, and nothing more. But these are not the sole properties of the true healer, and those who do not possess these other properties I speak of are not healers, and while they may *profess* medicine* and may be *in* it, are yet not *of* it.

As regards the Church and its professors of religion, the case is even worse; they have no material products of education to barter, and for the most part are contented with telling their flock to "do as I bid you, and not as I do." But among them there are noble examples of unswerving unselfishness and devotion, although for the most part those who enter the Church are too young to understand fully the nature of their high calling. Unfortunately the call in too many cases is not a call to minister and heal souls, but to make a living and heal the souls in the process. But again, it may be asked, what are these wonderful powers which constitute the true healer, and which are not to be bought or sold? The first one which occurs naturally to the mind is the power of sympathy. The old joke in *Punch* about "the good bedside manner" has a considerable substratum of truth when divested of its unpleasing folly. The substratum of that manner is that which is given by sympathy; and this is one of the first elements which constitute the power of healing. It gives the power of suffering with the patient and therefore of understanding what the sufferer is enduring. It is beyond diagnosis, although it assists it by being much surer—at least, as to the reality of the suffering. But this power of sympathy only expresses a part of the meaning of the power to heal. Sympathy tends to annihilate the personal distinctions between the healer and the sufferer; it tends to exalt the consciousness of the healer not only to know the remedy for the disease, but to be himself the power of cure, and also it is a vast occult power in virtue of which all the "elder brethren" of the Universal Brotherhood live their lives; in virtue of which the world's great enlighteners have not only lived their lives but *lived their death*, in order that they might benefit the sufferers who despised and rejected them. But this power of sympathy and the kindred powers which constitute the true healer, are really secret powers and secret remedies. Therefore they are openly tabooed by the medical profession, although the said professors cannot avoid using them. But secret remedies are to some degree justly avoided. For it is but

* So medicine is, in the Shakespearian use of the word, and also from its Greek derivation, not to give drugs, but to cure or heal.

natural to regard secret remedies with suspicion. At best their use seems like working in the dark and blindly, and, consequently, any results obtained must be empirical. Again, the medical profession seems to plume and feather itself upon possessing a slight leaven of its ideal condition, and, by constituting itself into a kind of trades' union, declines as a body to have anything to do with any remedy of which the composition is not made fully known. This, at least, is the more charitable view, for, on the other hand, the doctors know only too well how eagerly the public rushes after any new "quack" medicine, and seeks to cure itself without calling in their aid. The doctors reply to this that they will have nothing to do with a medicine whose composition is a secret, and which is therefore devoted, to a great extent, to replenishing the purse of its discoverer, and not to the cure of diseases from a love of man and a hatred of suffering. This is a very high-sounding idea, and a noble one, when it is not what the Americans would call only "high-falutin." But even when a remedy is made public property, it is not necessarily *pro bono publico;* in fact, as a rule, it serves only the good of the dispensing chemist. He sees the prescription and notes it, the public does not; and, as a rule, the chemist obtains the drugs cheaply, and compounds them at the same rate as this medicine was originally sold under the patent of its discoverer. Still, with all the dislike of the profession for secret remedies, there is no doubt at all that in the case of the heads of the profession some of the best results are obtained by the use of prescriptions, which practically constitute a secret formula. The especial combination which the particular man has discovered to be of use is his property, and his only until he writes a book, for the various chemists who make it up, and the various patients who drink it, are not to the full aware of its value and use. The difference between this and quack medicine lies merely in the peculiar names and large advertisements, but very often these are balanced by the fame of the particular surgeon or physician. But, in all honour to physicians and surgeons, who do in many cases have and show a large-hearted sympathy for suffering, it must be remembered that many of the greatest and busiest of them give hours of their valuable time to those who are too poor to pay in any other form than that of grateful thanks. There are, again, others who disregard all the rules which govern trades' union society, and boldly take their stand upon Christ's dictum, that "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." In other words, they say that any medicine which they personally find valuable in the alleviation of pain and disease must be used even at the risk of themselves being called "unprofessional." Again, others will use these so-called secret remedies, and say nothing about it, preferring to pin their faith to the wittily termed eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out." At this point it is possible to draw a parallel between the use of the terms "untheosophical" and "unprofessional." It would seem that both are used

in very much the same trades' union sense. In the case of the word "unprofessional," it is to be regretted that it is due very largely to a lack of charity and of the spirit of enquiry. In the case of the word "untheosophical" it is often used in consequence of a lack of charity, and further in the spirit of scandal and gossip. Unless a man or woman is a theosophist pure and simple, who carries out in their *entirety*, the objects of the Theosophical Society, the use of the word untheosophical betrays *them* to be untheosophical and to fail in carrying out those objects which they have promised to further to the best of their power.

In the light of the foregoing it is now possible to examine the manner in which Count Mattei's remedies have been received. The Count himself is a member of a noble family of Bologna, he has travelled much, but returned there in 1847, and took part in the movement which led to the liberation of Italy. In early life he much wished to study medicine, but was prevented from doing so by his father's wish. Still his desire for knowledge was not quenched, and he attempted to follow the bent of his own mind. He rightly concluded that the instincts of the lower animals would lead them to search for herbs and plants which would cure their ailments, and that careful observation of these instincts might disclose medicines of the greatest value to human sufferers. Thus he adopted the habit of taking walks in the company of a number of dogs which were suffering from various diseases, and carefully watched their proceedings. Gradually the new pharmacopœia assumed shape, and the instinct of the dogs showed that particular diseases were met by particular remedies. These observations were made more than sixty years ago, and were not forgotten amid the occupations of a busy life. Indeed, when those occupations became less, Count Mattei returned with ardour to his earlier studies. He became a deputy in the Roman Parliament, but retired into private life after finding that his political views were not those of the men by whom he was surrounded. After this retirement the Count devoted himself to the study of medicine, in order that he might fit himself to apply certain principles which he believed he had discovered to be valuable for sick and suffering humanity. By his own account and the testimony of his patients he was not deceived, and the present remedies which bear his name are the result of twenty-five years' unceasing labour and experiment. He rapidly acquired an enormous practice, and during the early years of it his advice and his medicines were entirely gratis. But an unfortunate combination of circumstances, as well as the expense entailed by the preparation of the remedies, rendered it necessary for the Count to demand some small remuneration for his services. Then he learned that his bounty was abused, and that certain doctors, who had asked and obtained the remedies from him, departed from Bologna and retailed the remedies at extravagantly exorbitant prices. To such an extent was this carried that there exist authentic cases where a thaler was demanded for a single globule, and for the

globules (20-30) necessary to give a bath, 1,000 francs were asked in New York. Some idea of the extortion may be given when Count Mattei refers to the thaler price as being 1,350 times the price at Bologna. This would be enough to justify any amount of secrecy on Count Mattei's part, more especially as that secrecy entirely prevents the adulteration of the medicines which would inevitably follow, were they to become commercial property.

We have only too familiar an example in the ranks of the medical profession. Many of his confrères have been appealed to for the support of a physician, named Warburg. At this date it seems hardly possible to believe that this gentleman was the happy discoverer of Warburg's Fever Tincture. Perhaps in this country the value of the compound was not so highly appreciated as in India. But it is impossible to open any treatise on either surgery or medicine which is about twenty years old and not find the use of Warburg's tincture specially urged in all cases of high fever, and especially in cases of malarial fever and pyæmia. The compound had an enormous sale, and yielded a very substantial income to its discoverer, but as soon as he yielded to the pressure of professional opinion, and consented to publish his formula so that it might obtain an extended use, he obtained the reward of such philanthropy. Every chemist now prepares the prescription and sells it at very nearly the original price, and what is more, never refunds a fraction of a farthing in the shape of a royalty to the discoverer. Consequently, we have before us the edifying spectacle of the learned discoverer compelled to exist on the charity of his professional confrères. Count Mattei has, at all events, protected himself against this, for although he states that in the event of his death he has provided against the loss of his secret to the world, and intends to leave it carefully as a legacy to suffering humanity, there is not the slightest doubt that he alone is the possessor of his own secret. That it is possible to obtain wealth from using this system is very evident. Certain among the chief of his followers are in the habit of visiting London at intervals, and the number of those who consult them is really wonderful. I am assured by an eye-witness that the crowd is far beyond that which besieges the door of the most fashionable physician of the day. When one reads the literature of the subject, one becomes more and more astonished at its simplicity. All diseases resolve themselves into three main forms, and constitutions vary accordingly. There are sanguine and lymphatic constitutions, and the various combinations of these two; there are also febrile disturbances and diseases of the liver and spleen. Consequently there are three chief medicines, which are used in an extraordinary state of dilution. It is no use, here at least, to discuss the value of these infinitesimal doses, so that may be left for future discussion. To a professional mind the most extraordinary claim on Count Mattei's part will be that of curing cancer by

internal and external medicines, and wholly without the use of the knife. He claims positively to cure every case in which the cancer has not ulcerated, and to cure a large proportion even of those which have already done so. Even of those which have been neglected, and have remained long in the ulcerated state, he claims to restore a certain proportion (though not a large one) to health. Of course, to any man who has seen the difficulty which attends the early diagnosis of cancer, these claims are very high-sounding indeed—almost to absurdity. The difficulties which attend diagnosis, even almost to the time when the knife *has been* used, and the tissue submitted to the microscope, are very great. But in Count Mattei's second division there is no such difficulty. It is then possible by certain indications, as well as by the use of the microscope, to be sure of the nature of the disease. Here Mattei steps in and claims that, by the use of one of his medicines, which exerts an *electric* influence on cancer, and by one of what he terms his vegetable electricities, he can restore the sufferer to health. Surely *conservative* surgery, if it be worthy of the name, will investigate such a claim. Of the vegetable electricities there is no doubt whatever. Cases of neuralgia and sciatica and articular rheumatic pain have been seen to yield to them as to magic; consequently, even in the last stages of cancer, when there is no refuge save the grave left to the sufferer, I have reason to believe Count Mattei, to some extent, when he claims to enable the said sufferer to sink gently away in full consciousness, and without the use of morphia.

To those who know anything of the occult uses and powers of plants, the fact that Count Mattei gathers his herbs at particular phases of the moon, will convey a good deal of meaning. Further, they will feel an additional assurance as to their value, and will no longer wonder, on one side at least, that Count Mattei chooses to keep his secret. It would seem probable to some extent that Count Mattei is one of the "elder brethren" of the race, although how far he is consciously so may be a matter for speculation, which could only be set at rest by Mattei himself and his compeers and superiors. What is definitely certain is that his system of medicine in its theories, if not in its practice, is a distinct step in advance in the healing art. Mattei is one of those pioneers of advance who spend the greater part of their lives in introducing for public use a secret of which they have become possessed. Mr. Keeley, of Philadelphia,* appears to be another of those pioneers who are in advance of their times. But Mr. Keeley, in his work, resembles Friar Bacon, who blessed (?) the world with gunpowder. No doubt civilization has been enormously extended by its aid; but however much use it may have been to man in adapting the face of nature to his service, it has at any rate subserved the gratification of his passions. Count Mattei appears

* The discoverer of the new power now known as the Keeley-motor and inter-etheric force.

to have none of these "defects of his qualities," and to have endeavoured to bless the world without giving to it attendant curses. Still it is always possible that when his secret shall become known it will draw attention to plants which have just as destructive and poisonous an influence as the plants and herbs he uses have of healing power. At all events, at present his secret is of use to the world, and so far as may be seen he makes a just and "brotherly" use of it. Has enough been said above to show that the fact that his medicines are "secret" compounds should be no barrier to their use? What is still more important is that true theosophists should recognise that Count Mattei has done what they endeavour to do, and devoted his life to Real Work. A. I. R.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY'S CONVENTION OF 1887.

SAFELY returned from my long tour of ten months, my first duty upon reaching home is to remind the Branches that the time approaches for the Annual Meeting of the Convention of the General Council—27th to 30th of December. It appears that the attendance this year will be much larger than ever before; some thinking that we shall register between 200 and 300 Delegates: besides the old, there will be some twenty new Branches entitled to representation and votes. The yearly extension of our Society is thus steadily augmenting the strength of the General Council, and the importance of its Annual Convention. As the Society settles gradually upon its constitutional basis, the volume of committee and parliamentary work lessens and more time becomes available for theosophical lectures, the formation of friendships, and the cultivation of a good mutual understanding as to the work before us.

The Adyar Library, to which considerable gifts of old MSS. and books have been made since last December, is already being put to use. The Dwaita Catechism was issued at the last Convention, and at this year's the Vishistadvaita and Advaita Catechisms will be ready; as will also a compilation of Buddhistic Morals from the sacred literature of Ceylon. It is hoped that members of our many Branches will kindly bring forward as many ancient works upon every Department of Aryan knowledge as they can procure for this best of national monuments, the Adyar Library.

Every effort will be made to promote the comfort of Delegates, as heretofore. Lectures are being arranged for, but learned Mofussil members who are willing to read discourses upon special topics interesting to Delegates, are requested to at once correspond with the Secretary, and if the MSS. are ready, to send them in for approval.

. . . . . .

In conclusion let me assure our colleagues of all races, creeds and colors, that a hearty and brotherly welcome awaits them at their Theosophical home at Adyar.

Adyar, 17th October, 1887. H. S. OLCOTT, P.T.S.

A REMARKABLE CHRISTMAS EVE.

IT was a dark and solitary path, a narrow, hardly perceptible, footway in a dense forest, hemmed in by two walls of impenetrable thorns and wild creepers, covering, as with a net-work, the trunks of the tall, bare, moss-covered trees. The path led through the woods down to a deep valley in which a few country-houses were nestled. Night was fast approaching, and the hurricane, that blew across the country, boded evil to many a traveller, by land and sea. The wind, which had hitherto been only moaning through the trees, in low sad tones reminding one of a funereal dirge, was now beginning to roar with fury, filling the forest as with the howling of a hundred hungry wolves. Very soon a drizzling, ice-cold rain veiled the whole forest in a damp shroud of fog.

One solitary traveller was wearily wending his way along this deserted path. The hour was late, and the darkening shadows were creeping on steadily, making the gloom in the thicket still more depressing. The young man looked worn and tired, as he again and again brushed aside the entangled briars which impeded his progress forward. He was well-dressed, and wore a marine officer's cap. But his coat was now in rags, torn by the hard, frozen, cruel thorns, and his hands were bleeding in the struggle he had had with the briars for a whole long night and a day since he had lost his way in the huge forest. Panting, he stopped at last; and, as he heaved a deep sigh, he fell down half-insensible at the foot of an old shaggy oak. Then, half-opening his weary eyes, he murmured in despair, as he placed his hand on his heart:—"I wonder how long *this* will yet beat. . . . I feel as if it were gradually stopping."

He closed his eyes once more, and very soon the feeble palpitations he was watching within himself, turned his half-paralysed thought into a new groove of ideas. Now the hardly audible beatings of his heart seemed to transform themselves into the ticking of an old clock quite near to him. He imagined the old Nüremberg timepiece in his mother's room. He was dripping wet, chilled to the marrow of his bones, and was fast losing consciousness. But, forgetting for one moment his situation, and where he was, he caught himself soliloquising as was his custom, when alone.

"This clock," he thought, "has to be wound up . . . else it will stop. So shall this heart. A man has to eat and drink to renew the fuel which feeds life, the clock too . . . no; the clock is different to man. Let it rest for a week, for two, three months, even for a year. . . Still, if wound up again, it will tick on as merrily as ever. But once the supply of the body is stopped—well, what then? Shall the working power cease for ever, or the ticking of the heart be resumed as that of the clock? No,

no! . . . You may feed the dead body of man as much as you please! it shall awaken to life no more. . . . A queer problem to solve,—What becomes of that something which made the body move? The food is not the cause, is it? . . . No; the food is only the fuel. . . . There must be some inward fire ever burning, as long as it is supplied. . . . But when the supply of the fuel ceases? Ah! . . that is it . . . where does it go? . . Does anything really die? . . What form shall *my* inner fire take? . . Shall it return to *its* primordial light . . . and be no more? . . Oh, how I suffer! . . No, no; I must not allow this, *my* fire, to go out. No, not before I see once more my loved ones . . . my mother and Alice. . . ."

Arising with great effort he pursued his way with tottering steps, feeling his way in the darkness. But instantly a wild gust of wind, tearing along the narrow pathway, caused the great trees to sway and rock as if in very agony. Catching in its icy clasp the weakened form of the young man, the hurricane nearly upset him. Being already wet through and through with rain and cold, he shivered and groaned aloud, as he felt a sharp pain penetrating his limbs from the brain downwards. One more short struggle and he heavily fell on the cold hard ground. Clasping his hands over his brow, he could only whisper again: "Mother, I can do no more. . . . Farewell, mother, for ever! Alice—fare thee well!" . . .

His strength was gone. For over thirty hours he had tasted no food. He had travelled night and day in the hope of being with his family on Christmas Eve, that blessed day of joy and peace. Never yet had he spent a Christmas Eve away from home; but that year had been an unusually unfortunate one for him. His vessel had been wrecked and he had lost all. It was only by the greatest of chances that he had been enabled to find his way back to his country, in time to take the train that brought him from a large seaport to the small town some twenty miles' distance from his home. Once there, he had to travel that distance by coach. But just as he was preparing to start on his last journey, he met a poor sailor, a companion of his shipwreck. With tears in his eyes the man told him that having lost all, he had no more money left to take him to his wife and children, who were yet two days' journey by rail from where he was; and that thus, he could not be with them to make merry Christmas together. So the good-hearted young officer, thinking he could easily walk the short distance that separated him from home, had emptied his purse into the sailor's hands and started on his way on foot, hoping to arrive on that same evening.

He set out early in the morning and bethought himself of a short cut through the vast forests of his native place. But on that afternoon he hurt his foot badly, and being able to move only at a very slow pace, the night had overtaken him in the forest in which he had finally lost his way during that terrible night. He had wandered since the morning during the whole long day, until pain, exhaustion, and

the hurricane had overpowered him. And now, he was lying helpless on the bare frozen ground, and would surely die before the dawn.

How long he lay there he never remembered; but, when he came back to himself. he thought he could move, and resolved to make a last supreme effort after the short rest. The wind had suddenly fallen. He felt warmer and calmer now, as he sat leaning against a tree. Old habit brought him back to his previous train of thought.

"Never, mother dear, never," he addressed her in thought, "never have I spent a Christmas away from your dear selves. . . . Never, since my boyhood, when father died twelve years ago! I made a vow then that, come what would, I should spend each Christmas Eve at home; and now, though life seems slowly ebbing out of my body, I want to keep my promise. They must be waiting for me even now, they, and Alice, my sweet fair cousin, who tells me she never loved but me! Reginald and Lionel, my brothers, who are earnestly waiting for me; my shy pretty May, and little Fanny. . . . They are all longing to see me, my dear ones, all expecting their old brother Hugo to return and decorate their Christmas-tree. . . . Oh, mother, mother, see you I must! I will be with you on this Christmas Eve, come what may!"

This passionate longing appeal seemed to give him a ten-fold strength. He made a desperate effort to rise from his place, and found he could do so quite easily. Then, overcome with joy, he flew rather than walked through the dense black forest. He must have surely mistaken the distance, as a minute later he found himself in the brushwood, and saw the well-known valley so familiar to him, and even discerned in the bright moonlight the home that contained all his dear ones. He ran still faster, more and more rapidly, and even forgot in his excitement to wonder whence he had found the power of using his lame foot so easily. . . . At last he reached the lawn, and approached the cosy old house, all wrapped in its snowy winter garments, and sparkling in moonlight like a palace of King Frost. From a large bay-window poured out torrents of light, and as he drew still nearer, trying to see through it, he caught a glimpse of the loved faces, which he stopped to look at, before knocking at the door. . . .

"Oh, my mother! I see her there," he exclaimed. "There she is, seated in her arm-chair, with her knitting by her side, her beautiful silvery hair as soft and glossy as ever under her snow-white cap. I see her kind eyes and placid features still unmarked by the furrows of age. . . . She looks troubled. . . . She listens to the fierce gusts of wind which cause the windows to shake and rattle. How that wind *does* try to get into the house, and, finding itself no welcome guest, hark, how it rolls away. . . . How strange! . . . I *hear*, but I do *not feel* the wind. . . . Oh! . . . Kneeling at my mother's feet, there's Alice. Her arms are clasped around mother's knees; her golden curls fall on her back. . . . But—but, why are her large violet eyes filled with tears as she looks

with up-turned face into mother's sad eyes? . . . Hush! What is she saying? . . . I hear it, even through that wall. . . .

"'Don't be uneasy, mother, dear, Hugo will come back. You know he told us so in his last letter. He said that after their shipwreck he was kindly cared for by those who saved the crew. He wrote also that he had borrowed money for the journey, and that he would be with us at the latest on Christmas Eve! . . . Bad roads and the stormy night will have detained him. . . . The coach, you say? Well, and though the coach has long since passed by, he may have taken a carriage. He will soon be here, mother.'

"Ah, dear Alice, I see—she looks at her finger, with its little ruby ring I placed on it. She puts it to her lips, and I hear her murmuring my name. . . .

. . . . . .

(From Hugo's diary, where he recorded that night's experience.)

. . . . I rushed into the house at that appeal, and, as I now remember, without knocking at the door, as if I had passed through the stone walls. I tried to speak, but no sound appeared to reach their ears. Nor did anyone seem to see or greet me. . . . I drew Alice by the arm, but she never turned round, only continued to murmur sweet words of consolation into my mother's ear. Good God, what agony! Why do they not hear, or even see me. . . . Am I really here? I look round the room. The old home is just as I had left it nine months since. There is my father's picture hanging over the mantel-piece, looking at me with his kind smile; the old piano open, with my favourite song on it. . . . The cat sleeping as usual, on the hearthrug, and purring, as she stretches out her lazy paws. Albums on the table, my photograph, with its bright and happy look! How different to my present self! Here am I, standing in an agony of doubt, before my loved ones, seeing them, feeling them, touching them . . . and yet unseen by them, unnoticed, as one who is not there. . . . Not even my shadow on the wall over their own. But who then, am I? . . . Why have they grown so blind to my presence? Why do their hearts and senses remain so dense? I try again and again. I call them piteously by their names, but they heed me not. My heart, my love, all is here, but my physical body seems far away. Yes, it is far, far away, and now I see it, as it lies cold and lifeless in that forest, where I must have left it. It is surely for *me*, not for that body, that they care! And is it because I am no longer clothed with flesh that I must be as only a breath, an empty naught, to them? . . .

Full of despair, I turned away, and passing through the folding doors, arrived in the adjoining room, where my young brothers and sisters were busily occupied decorating the Christmas tree. There it stands, the old friend of my youth. I see it, and even discern its resinous perfume. . . . Towering up towards the ceiling, its lower branches are bending to the ground, laden with golden fruits, with toys and wax

tapers. My brothers and sisters are gathered around it. But Reginald looks grave. I see him turning to May, and hear him saying:

"Are you not anxious about Hugo? I wonder what can have become of him!"

"I did not like to tell mother," May replies with a little shiver, "but I had a dreadful dream last night. I saw Hugo white and cold. He looked sorrowfully at me, but when he tried to speak he could not. His look haunts me still!" she softly sobbed, with tears rolling down her cheeks.

But now little Fanny gives a scream of delight. The child has discovered among the Christmas presents a real pipe, a pipe with silver bells.

"Oh, *this* shall be for Hugo, and then he will have music whenever he smokes!" exclaims the little one, merrily laughing, and holding out the toy in the direction where I am standing.

For a moment I hope she sees me. I try to take the pipe, but my hand cannot clasp it, and the toy seems to slip away from me as if it were a shadow. . . . I try to speak again, but it is of no use . . . . they see me not, neither do they hear me! . . .

Grieved beyond words, I left them, and returning into the next room, went up straight to Alice, who was still at mother's side, murmuring to her loving words. I spoke again, I entreated, I besought them to look at me, and my suffering was so great that I felt that death would be preferable to this!

Then came a last and supreme effort. Concentrating all my will, I bent over Alice, and gasped out with my whole soul:

"If ever you loved me, Alice, know and hear me now!" I exclaimed, as I pressed my lips to hers.

She gave a shudder, a start, and then, opening her eyes wider and wider, she shrieked in terror:

"Hugo! Hugo! Mother, do you see? Hugo is here!"

She tried to clasp me in her arms, but her hands met together, and only joined as if in prayer.

"Hugo, Hugo, stay, why can I not touch you? Mother, look! look! Here is Hugo!"

She was growing wilder and more excited with every moment.

My mother looked faint and frightened, as she said:

"Alice, what is the matter, child? What do you see? Hugo is not here!"

The children, hearing Alice's cry, flew into the room, all eager with expectation.

"Where is Hugo? Where is he?" they prattled.

I felt that I was invisible to all but Alice. She was the only one to see me, Therefore, realizing that the body had to be saved from its danger in the woods without loss of time, I drew her after myself with

all my will. I slowly moved towards the door, never taking my look off her eyes. She followed me, as one in a state of somnambulism.

My mother looked stunned and bewildered.

Rising with difficulty from her place, she would have made for the door also, but sank back into her arm-chair powerless and covered her face with her hands.

"Boys, follow Alice," said May. "Wait . . . the carriage is there ready to go after the doctor's children. Take it. Call the gardener and John to go with you. I will stay with mother." And whispering to Reginald, she added, "Tell John to take rugs and blankets . . . but I am afraid poor Hugo is dead!"

She then turned to mother, who had fainted. I would see no more, but *willing* Alice to follow me, I left the house.

She came slowly after me, her face all white, her large eyes full of a look of terror, but also of resolution in them. On she would have gone on foot, in the drizzling rain, her golden hair all flying about her head, had she been allowed to do so by my brothers and servants. The strange cortege was ushered into the open carriage, the coachman being ordered to follow her directions. On it went, as speedily as the horse could go. I found myself floating now before them, and, to my own amazement, sliding backwards, with my face turned towards Alice, strongly willing that she should not lose sight of me. Two hours afterwards, the carriage entered the brushwood, and they were obliged to alight.

The night was now very dark and stormy, and notwithstanding the lanterns, the group made way with great difficulty into the thicket. The wind had begun to blow and howl with the same fury as when I had left the wood, and seemed to have caught them all in its chilly embrace. The boys and servants panted and shivered, but Alice heeded nothing. What cared *she* for that! The only thought of my beloved was I, Hugo. . . . On, on we went, her tender feet wounded with the brambles, and the wet sprays of branches brushing against her white face. On, on she ran, till, with a sudden and loud cry of joy and terror mixed, she fell down. . . .

At the same instant *I* collapsed, and *fell also on the ground, as it seemed to me;* and then all became a blank. . . . As I learned later, at that moment the boys drew near, and lowering their lanterns found Alice with her arms clasped around a form, and when the lanterns were placed close to it they saw before them the body of their brother Hugo, a corpse!

"Sure enough he is dead, the poor young master!" cried John, our old servant, who was close behind.

"No, no!" Alice answered. "No, he is not dead. . . . His body is cold, but his heart still beats. Let us carry him home. . . . Quick, quick!"

Lifting up the body gently and placing it in the carriage they covered it with rugs and shawls, and drove at a furious speed back to our home. It was near midnight when the carriage stopped at the gate.

"Reginald, run on quickly and give the good news to mother!" cried Alice. "Tell May to have hot bottles and blankets ready, on the sofa in the drawing-room. It is warm there near the fire. . . . Tell them all that Hugo lives, for I *know* he does," she went on repeating.

More lights were brought out, and the servants carried carefully their burden into the house, where they placed it on the sofa, hot flannels and restoratives being immediately applied. Noiselessly and breathlessly went on the work of love around the apparently dead body, and was at last rewarded. A sigh was heard, a deeper *breath* was drawn, and then the eyes slowly opened and *I* looked round in vague surprise at all those loved and anxious faces crowding eagerly around me.

"Don't speak yet, Hugo," whispered Alice anxiously. "Don't, till you feel stronger."

But I could not control my impatience.

"How am I here?" I asked. "Ah, I remember. I lost my way in the old forest. . . . Ah, yes; I recollect now all. . . . The cold biting wind, my lame foot, after I stumbled and fell, knocking my head against a stone, and all became a blank to me!"

"Hush, Hugo, hush my boy," said my mother wiping tears of joy from her still pale and suffering face. "You will tell us all that presently. . . . Now rest."

But I could not refrain from speaking, as thoughts crowded into my head, and recollections came vividly back. "No, no, I am better," I went on. "I am strong again, and I must let you know all that I dreamed. I was here, and I saw you all. . . . Oh, the torture I suffered when you knew me not! . . . Mother, darling, did you not see me, your son? But she, my Alice, saw and followed me, and it is she who saved me from death! Ah, yes! I remember now, you found my body, and then all was darkness again. Kiss me, mother! Kiss me all, let me feel that I am really with you in body, and am no longer an invisible shadow. . . . Mother I kept my promise; I am here on Christmas Eve! Light the tree, my little Fan, and give me the pipe with the bells I saw you holding, and heard you say it was for old brother Hugo."

The child ran into the other room and returned with the pipe I had seen her playing with a few hours before. This was the greatest and final proof for me, as for my family. The event was no vision then, no hallucination, but true to its merest details! As my mother often said afterwards, referring to that wonderful night, it was a weird and strange experience, but one which had happened to others before, and will go on happening from time to time. Of late years, when I had been happily married to my Alice (who will not let me travel far away

without her, any longer) I have dived a good deal into such psychic mysteries, and I think I can explain my experience. I think that by privation, cold, and mental agony, I had been thrown into such abnormal conditions, that my astral body, as it is now generally called, my "conscious self," was able to escape from the physical tenement and take itself to the home I so passionately desired to reach. All my thoughts, and longings being intensely directed towards it, I found myself there where I wished to be, in spirit. Then the agony of mind from the consciousness that I was invisible to all, added to the fear of death unless I could impress them with my presence, became finally productive of the supreme effort of will, the success of which alone could save me. This joined to Alice's sensitiveness and her love for me, enabled her to sense my presence, and even to see my form, whereas others saw nothing. Man is a wonderful and marvellous enigma; but it is one which has to, and *will*, be completely unriddled some day, the scepticism of the age notwithstanding.

. . . . . .

Such is the simple story told to the writer by an old naval officer, about the most "memorable Christmas Eve" that came within his own experience.

CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER.

A HALF CONVERT.

Buddha! my earthly memory is so dimmed
By this poor passing life which travels a hem
Across my soul, and thought I cannot stem
Pours like a flood to wash all traces limned
Of former selves, that I shall ne'er recall
The steps I came, nor know the fleshly tents
In which I sojourned;—yet the fraying rents
Of time-worn garments I have seen, and all
The dust upon my feet, and I the sin
Of tiger and of cobra passions striven
To crush. These were strait gates, and through them driven
My chariot wheels, so prithee set me free
From other births, lest I seek Peter's key,
O! Sakya Muni, let me trembling in.

MARY N. GALE.

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SOCIALISM.

BY A SOCIALIST STUDENT OF THEOSOPHY.

THE writer of the article on "Brotherhood" in your last issue has given an erroneous impression of Socialism, which, as a student of Theosophy (I do not know if I can yet call myself a disciple), who has been, in a large measure, drawn to this great study *through Socialism*, I may, perhaps, be allowed to correct. Indeed, I should feel that I was shirking a task clearly indicated to me at the present moment, were I to leave such errors, so far as all readers of LUCIFER are concerned, uncorrected.

"T.B.H.," the writer of the article in question—an interesting and, I believe, useful article in many respects—has, I venture to conjecture, confused the general system or class of systems known as Socialism, with certain methods of propagating its principles. Let me commence by quoting the paragraph in his article to which I take exception. He says (LUCIFER No. 3, p. 213):—

(1). "Socialism, as preached in this nineteenth century, it [the Universal Brotherhood, which is the mainspring of Theosophy.—J.B.B.] certainly is not. (2). Indeed, there would be little difficulty in showing that modern materialistic Socialism is directly at variance with all the teachings of Theosophy. (3). Socialism advocates a direct interference with the results of the law of *Karma*, and would attempt to alter the dénouement of the parable of the talents by giving to the man, who hid his talent in a napkin, a portion of the ten talents acquired by the labour of his more industrious fellow."

I will first take the three statements contained in this paragraph separately, and, for convenience's sake, in inverted order. The allegation against Socialism contained in the third is the most specific, and that which, in the eyes of Theosophists, must appear the most serious. This statement, namely, that "Socialism advocates a direct interference with the results of the law of Karma, and would attempt &c.," constitutes, in fact, the only definite premise in his argument. Of course, if Socialists do advocate, consciously or unconsciously, anything of the sort, they advocate a physical and psychical impossibility, and their movement is fore-doomed to failure. More than this, if they do so *consciously*, they are sinning against the light, and are impious as well as childish in their efforts. Of such, clearly, the Universal Brotherhood is not.

But neither Socialists nor Socialism, "as preached in this nineteenth century," do anything of the kind. By "Materialistic" Socialism, I presume "T.B.H." implies (if he has really *studied* Socialism at all, which I venture to doubt) so much of it as can be urged upon purely worldly grounds, such as the better feeding, housing, &c., of those who do the active work of society, technical instruction, such general education as fits a man for the domestic and secular duties of life, and the reorganisation of society with these objects upon a

"co-operative" basis,* in which public salaried officers, elected by their fellows, will take the place of capitalists and landlords, and in which the production and distribution of wealth will be more systematically regulated. This system, of course, takes no account of the law of Karma.

In a rough sort of way, however, all Socialists recognise the law, so far as its effects are visible in this world on the physical, intellectual, and moral planes. The fact that "the evil that men do," and classes and nations of men also, "lives after them," none are more ready to own and act upon. The action and reaction of individual *will* and individual and social *circumstance*, both upon each other and upon individual and social *conditions*, forms part of the foundations of Socialism. *Quâ* Socialists we do not, of course, take any more account of the law of Karma than do non-Socialist Christians and Agnostics, but I maintain there is nothing whatever in Socialism repugnant to a beliet in this law. If anything, it is the other way. All Socialists, whether they call themselves Collectionists or Anarchists, Christian Socialists,† Communists, or purely economic Socialists, are anxious to give freer play to human abilities and social impulses, by creating leisure and educational opportunities for all. We may thus, if it is permitted to me to speculate while criticising, become the instruments of a greater equalisation, distribution, and acceleration of Karmic growth, "good" or "evil," upon and among individual souls, during their incarnation on this planet. This would come to pass by the transferring of a great deal of the responsibility for Karmic results which now lies with each individual in his personal capacity, upon the collective entities composed of individuals acting in public capacities; *e.g.*, as nations, provinces, communes, or trade corporations.

It is surely true, even now, to speak of a collective, *e.g.*, a national or municipal Karma, as we do of a national conscience. We speak of reward or retribution to nations and cities as if they had distinct personalities—are these mere "figures of speech"? But what is more important is that Socialists may prepare the way for a revelation of the noble truths of Theosophy to the multitude; they may help to raise the intellectual and instinctive moral standard of the whole community to such an extent that all will, in the next generation following after the Social Revolution,‡ be amenable to those truths. In this way Socialism would not, indeed, interfere with the results of the law of Karma, but

* Co-operative, that is to say, in the sense that the various sections and individual members of society shall *willingly* co-operate, being fully conscious of their interdependance.

ST. GEORGE LANE FOX.

† Socialists who consider their Christianity to supply them with sufficient motives for their Socialism. They do not strictly form a sect either of Socialists or of Christians.

‡ This word, of course, is employed in the general sense, without any reference to the physical character which the revolution may assume. It may be attended with violence, or it may be as peaceful as, for instance, the religious revolution accomplished by Constantine in the fourth century. All I am postulating is a more or less sudden transformation of the existing social order, effected by one of those impulses with which evolution seems to complete its periods, and of which Theosophy may some day afford the explanation.

would, as the precursor of Theosophy, be the indirect means of enabling multitudes to rise and free themselves from its bonds.

As to the parable of the talents, well, Socialists would be only too glad to see its moral better enforced in this and other "civilised" countries. To them it seems impossible that it could be *less* enforced or taken to heart than it is now. They see that under the present system of Society—that vast engine of usury by which whole classes are held in economic servitude to other classes—many are encouraged to live in sloth and hide their talents, even if they put them to no worse uses than that. This could hardly happen under a *régime* of economic Socialism (such a *régime*, for instance, as Laurence Grönlund contemplates in his "Co-operative Commonwealth"); for these able-bodied or talented citizens who declined to work would simply be left to starve or sponge upon their relatives. Under a purely communist *régime*,* no doubt there would be a few who would shirk their proper share in the social work, but at least none would be brought up from infancy, as now, to "eat the bread of idleness."

Finally on this point, if to advocate such changes as Socialists advocate, the substitution of social co-operation for competition; of production with a view to use, for production with view to profit; of peace between nations, classes, and individuals, for war; of harmonious organisation to the advantage of all, for *laissez faire*, and chaos for the advantage (or supposed advantage) of a few. If I say, to advocate such changes be to advocate interference with the results of the law of Karma, so is every proposal for the amelioration of the physical or intellectual welfare of our fellows. And if participation in this and other movements, which may with equal justice be called "materialistic," be prohibited to Theosophists, they may as well, for all good their Universal Brotherhood will do to the mass of those at present outside it, stay at home and content themselves with communing with the select few who alone will ever be in a position to appreciaie them. If, for one reason or other, they do not care to co-operate with Socialists, let them, at least, recognise that the latter are preparing their way for them, doing the dirty (?) and laborious work, without which Theosophy can never descend from the serene heights in which it now dwells, to replenish, spiritually, this sadly benighted world. For, apart from a healthier physical and psychical atmosphere than "civilised" life engenders in either rich or poor (collective Karmic effects), a fair amount of leisure and freedom from sordid care are indispensable in most human beings for the higher development of the perceptive or gnostic faculties. At present this minimum of leisure and economic independence is probably unattainable by nineteen-twentieths of the population. Yet this self-same society, with its scientific learning and experience, its machinery, and its business organisation, contains within it all the germs of such a reconstruction of the physical environment as shall very

* The only kind to which T. B. H.'s remarks are in any way applicable.

shortly place the means of spiritual and psychical regeneration within the reach of all.

"T. B. H.'s" second statement is that "Indeed there would be very little difficulty in showing that modern materialistic Socialism is directly at variance with all the teachings of Theosophy." Such an expression as "materialistic Socialism" is, as I have already hinted, erroneous. *All* Socialism is materialistic in the sense that it concerns itself primarily with the material or physical conditions of mankind. So do chemistry and mechanics, pure or applied; so, in ordinary politics, do Liberalism and Conservatism. *No* Socialism is materialistic in the sense that it is based upon any materialistic, as distinct from spiritualistic or pantheistic conceptions of the universe. It has hardly any more to do with such questions than have cotton-spinning or boot-making. I do not, however, pretend to mistake "T. B. H's" meaning. Taking Socialism in its essentially economic aspect (which I admit is the foremost for the present, and must remain so until it has been disposed of), he asserts that "there would be very little difficulty in proving &c." This is a mere general charge against it, although, I think, a less plausible, and therefore—from the point of view of harmony between Socialists and Theosophists—a less serious one, than the particular charge which follows it, and with which I have already endeavoured to deal. For my own enlightenment, I should be glad to have some samples, taken at random, of his skill in showing this variance; but I doubt if such a demonstration could effect any good. Meanwhile it is impossible to *answer* the charge on account of its vague, albeit sweeping and all-comprehensive character. "All the teachings of Theosophy" are quite too much for a student like myself to attempt to compare with Economic Socialism, as a system; nor do I think one with ten times the learning and discernment that I can claim, would readily attempt it. I merely record, therefore, my sincere conviction that on this general point "T. B. H." is also mistaken, and that it is not Socialism, economic, or otherwise, which he has really been scrutinising and balancing, but the sayings or doings of some particular "Socialist," whom he has seen or read of.

Individual Socialists have, of course, many faults which cannot fairly be charged to the social and economic tenets they profess. Thus one besetting fault of militant advocates of the cause is the use of violent language against individual capitalists, police officials and landlords. It is so easy, even for men of a calibre superior to the average, to be drawn on from righteous indignation at a corrupt system, to abuse of the creatures and instruments thereof—or even, on occasion, to personal violence against them. Every good cause has its Peters, no less than its Judases. Socialism unfortunately has a rich crop of the former. Another still worse fault on the part of certain agitators, but one which might easily be predicted from the character of the struggle and the condition of the classes who must form the backbone of the Socialist Party, is the frequent appeal to lower motives, such as revenge and love of luxury.

But such faults, although by all human prevision necessary incidents in the movement, are by no means inherent in Socialism. Even the purely "materialistic" socialism of Karl Marx, to which "T. B. H." seems (although I think not with any clear picture of it in his mind) to refer, aims simply at securing the decencies and ordinary comforts of life to all, as a recompense for more evenly distributed social labour. The very conditions of life under a co-operative commonwealth such as Hyndman, Grönlund, and other followers of the late Karl Marx's economic ideal, have in view—above all the obligation (virtual, at any rate) under which every able-bodied member of the community would find himself or herself, to do a few hours of useful work of one kind or another every day, and the elimination of the commercial and speculative element, with the wretched insecurity and dangerous temptations which it involves, —would preclude inordinate luxury. A healthy simplicity of life would become, first, "fashionable," then usual.* Communism, of course, goes further than economic socialism, as it implies not only the claim of the individual upon the community for the means of *labour* and the enjoyment of its fruits or their equivalent, but his claim for *subsistence*, irrespective of the amount and social value of the labour which he is able to perform. It would abolish, therefore, not only individual property in the means of production, but in the products themselves. The practicability of Communism, the motto of which is, "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs," obviously depends upon the prevalence of more generous motives, of a higher sense of duty both to work and to give—a more perfect development, in fact, of the sense of human solidarity. It is for this very reason more commendable than mere economic socialism, as an ideal, to the attention of Theosophists; although its application, on the national or universal scale, cannot yet be said to have entered "the sphere of practical politics."

Communism, which may be either Collectivist or Anarchist, leads me to add a few words about Anarchism. I refer, of course, to the social ideal philosophically denoted by this name, and not to the means advocated by some of its supporters for putting an end to the present society. Anarchism involves Communism, as well as extreme decentralisation; more than this, it involves the abolition of all permanent machinery of law and order, such as "the State" is supposed to provide, and the abolition of physical force as a method of suasion, even for criminals and lunatics. As a protest against political domination of all kinds, and an antidote to the excessive centralisation advocated by some state-Socialists, Anarchism may be of some use, but it is obviously further even than Communism (of the Collectivist variety) from becoming a school of "practical" politics. It could only become so after society at large, all the world over, had grown sufficiently homogeneous and *solidaire* for its

* I do not, of course, mean to predict that "sin" (or its Theosophical equivalent) would die out. It is, after all, a relative matter to the capacities and potentialities of the individual and his surroundings. Under Socialism, sensuality, social or plutocratic pride, and other sins fostered by the present order, would simply give way to ambition (to obtain popular distinction, *e.g.*, as an artist or inventor) and perhaps to magic and other at present unfashionable vices.

members to co-operate spontaneously and automatically for all necessary purposes, grouping themselves into large or small organizations (limbs and organs) as required, and forming a complete *body-social*, or Mesocosm, if I may be allowed to coin a word for the purpose.

The erroneous conceptions of Socialism which I believe "T. B. H." to have formed, do not necessarily invalidate the first statement in the paragraph of his article upon which I have been commenting, to wit, that the Universal Brotherhood which he has in view (and which, I understand from him, forms the first part of the programme of the Theosophical Society) is not "Socialism as preached in this 19th century,"—or at any other time, past or future, for that matter. Still, I am inclined to hope that a more intimate study of Socialism will lead him to see that, whether identical or not, they are at any rate not antagonistic. My own belief is that Theosophy and "materialistic" Socialism will be found to be working along different planes in the same direction.

Any Universal Brotherhood of Theosophists must be based upon Socialist principles, *inter alia*: its foundations may extend further and deeper than those of Socialism, but cannot be less extensive. Greed and War (political or industrial) Social Caste and Privilege, Political Domination of Man over Man, are as out of place in a true Brotherhood as wolves in a flock of sheep. Yet the exclusion of these anti-social demons and the enthronement in their place of Universal Love and Peace, if effected by such a Brotherhood, would simply leave Socialists nothing to do but to organize the material framework of their co-operative commonwealths. To preach economic or "materialistic" Socialism to a world already converted to the highest and completest form of Socialism, would be to advocate the plating of gold with tin or copper.

Modern Socialism, if the noble aspirations of some of its apostles may be taken as an earnest of its future, is already developing (incidentally, of course, to its main economic and ethical doctrines) strong æsthetic and spiritual tendencies. No reader of William Morris or Edward Carpenter, to speak of English Socialists only, will fail to notice this. At present the mass of Socialists content themselves with basing their social and economic faith upon the ethical principles of Justice, Freedom and Brotherhood. But the highest, because most mystical of these principles, that of Brotherhood, or better, Human Solidarity—the ancient conception of "Charity"—forms the unconscious link between modern Socialism on the one hand, and Esoteric Buddhism, Esoteric Christianity, and Theosophy generally, on the other. I say *unconscious* link, but I mean to imply that it may soon be rendered conscious and visible. As the various "orthodox" varieties, first of Christianity, then of Mohammedanism, perish with the destruction or collapse of the Social systems that have grown up along with them, this simple religion of Human Solidarity will take possession of the deserted shrines of Christ and Allah, and will begin to seek out its own fount of inspiration. Then will be the time for the Universal Brotherhood of Theosophists to step into the breach.

J. BRAILSFORD BRIGHT (*M.A. Oxon.*).

THE GREAT QUEST.

" In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of that idol of my thought."

—*Shelley.*

" Après l'amour éteint si je vécus encore
C'est pour la vérité, soif aussi qui dévore ! "

—*Lamartine.*

THE loss of youth and love is the perpetual wail of the poets. A never-changing spring-time of life, where the sweet dreams of youth would be realised in the fruition of reciprocal love, such would be a heaven to them, and such *is* a heaven while it lasts. If we add to this the refined æsthetic taste that can delicately balance and appreciate to a nicety every joy of the senses, and the highly-developed intellect which can roam at will over the accumulated store of past ages of culture, what would there be left for poets to dream of? With heart, senses and mind worthily employed, and with the well-balanced nature that knows moderation alone can give continued bliss, could not man rest satisfied at last? What more could he desire?

It is useless to deny that life has very sweet gifts to give, though the number is limited of those who are capable of receiving them in their fulness. But even while these gifts are being enjoyed, it is felt that the horizon is bounded. With what questioning uncertainty—albeit with fascination—does youth open its eyes upon the glamour of the dazzling world! The love of the Springtide, even in fruition, is continually building fairy bowers in the future—it never for long rests content in the present, while to the intellect the bounded scope of utmost learning is a still more definite goad towards a knowledge that shall transcend all past experience.

And even were man content to continue to drink of the one cup of bliss, he is never allowed to do so. The lessons of life, the great teacher, are continually being altered, and the tempest of the heart takes the place of the calm that was never expected to end.

If, then, we must look in vain to find permanent bliss in any of these things—if, beyond the highest intellectual culture of an intellectual age there gleams the vision of a higher knowledge—if behind the artistic refinement of this, as of all past flowers of civilization, the fount of all sweetness lies hid—if even the heart-binding communion of earthly love is but a faint reflex of the deep peace realized by him who has torn aside the veil that hides the Eternal, surely all man's energies should be devoted to the quest which will yield him such results.

The whole philosophy of life may be summed up in the Four great Truths that Buddha taught, and no more convincing description of them

can be read than that given in the lovely lines of the eighth book of the "Light of Asia."

He who has once been deeply imbued with these great truths—who has realised the transitory nature of all earthly bliss, and the pains and sorrows that more than counterbalance the joys of life—will never in his truest moments desire to be again blessed, either in the present or in any future incarnation, with an uniformly happy life, for there is no such soporific for the soul as the feeling of satisfaction, as there is no such powerful goad as the feeling of dissatisfaction. He is bound to pass through periods of joy, but they will be looked forward to with fear and doubting, for then it is that the sense-world again fastens its fangs on the soul, to be followed by the pain of another struggle for freedom.

When first setting out on the great quest, it seems as if many life-times would fail to appease the dominant passion of the soul, but nature works quickly in the hottest climates, and from the very intensity of the desire may spring the strength and will to conquer it. Though it is probably the same key-note that is struck throughout, the dominant desire will appear to take a different tone through the ascending scale of life. It is a speculation, but one which would seem to receive endorsement from the analogies of nature; for as the human embryo in its ante-natal development, exhibits in rapid succession, but with longer pauses as it approaches the period of birth, the characteristics of the lower races of animal life from which man has evolved, so does the human soul realise in its passage through life the dominant desires and attractions which have affected it through countless past incarnations. The lower desires which in past lives may have been more or less completely conquered, will be experienced in rapid succession and left behind without much difficulty, till the great struggle of the life is reached, from which man must come out more or less victorious if he is to continue the progress at all.

If right intention were the only thing needed, if it were a guarantee against being led astray, or if straying did not necessitate retardation on the road, there would be no such supreme necessity that belief should be in accordance with facts; but even in worldly affairs we see every day that purity of intention is no guard against the failures that come from lack of knowledge. In the great spiritual science therefore, which deals with the problem of life as a whole—not the mere fragment which this earthly existence represents—it will be seen how vitally necessary it is that facts should be conceived correctly.

To us whose eyes are blinded to the heights above, by the mists of our own desires, the only rays of light which can illumine the darkness of our journey on the great quest, are the words (whether or not in the form of recognised revelation) left by the masters who have preceded us on the road, and the counsel of our comrades who are bound for the

same goal. But words are capable of many interpretations, and the opinions of our comrades are coloured by their own personality—the ultimate touch-stone of truth must therefore be looked for in the disciple's own breast.

Having stated the necessity for correct belief, let us now consider the question of the great achievement—the annihilation of Karma—the attainment of Nirvana. It must be acknowledged as a logical proposition that Karma can never annihilate Karma, *i.e.*, that no thoughts words, or acts of the man in his present state of consciousness, can, ever free him from the circle of re-births. This view would seem to necessitate some power external to the man to free him—a power which has touch of him, and which would have to be allied to him.

Now the teachings which have been put before the world in "Light on the Path" state the other side of the question. "Each man is to himself absolutely the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*." And again, "For within you is the light of the world, the only light that can be shed on the Path. If you are unable to perceive it within you, it is useless to look for it elsewhere." It would seem that the solution of this great paradox must be sought for in the constitution of man, as described in theosophic writings. Indeed, it is the scientific statement of deep spiritual truths which gives to the Theosophic teachings their remarkable value, and which seems likely to carry conviction of their truth to the Western peoples, who have for too long been accustomed to the mere emotional sentimentality of the orthodox religions, and to the pessimistic negation of science.

The higher principles, as they have been called, in the constitution of man, particularly the divine Atma, through which he is allied to the all-pervading Deity, must ever remain deep mysteries. But at least they are cognisable by the intellect, as providing logical stepping-stones for spanning the great gulf between Humanity and Divinity,—the Power—the correct cognition of which provides the very link between both systems of thought—which is at the same time external to man, and has touch of him by its own divine light which enlightens him, and which is also the very man himself—his highest and truest Self.

For most of us it is the "God hidden in the Sanctuary," of whose very existence we are unaware, is known under the name of Iswara or the Logos—the primal ray from the Great Unknown. It is the Chrestos of the Christians, but, save, perhaps, to a few mystics in the Roman or Greek churches, it has been degraded past recognition by their materialistic anthropomorphism. A help to its better understanding may be obtained by a reference to Sanscrit philosophy, which describes man's nature as consisting of the three *gunas* or qualities—Satwa, goodness, Rajas, passion and Tamas, darkness, or delusion—and the nature of most men is made up almost entirely of the two last named—while the Logos is pure Satwa.

The vexed question, therefore, as to whether man is freed by his own dominant will, or by the power of the Logos, will be seen to be very much a distinction without a difference. For the attainment of final liberation the God within and the God without must co-operate.

Desire being, as Buddha taught, the great obstacle in the way, its conquest by the dominant will is the thing that has to be done, but the Divine will cannot arise in its power, till the conviction of the Supreme desirability of attaining the eternal condition is rendered permanent; and it is this that necessitates the goad which the Logos is continually applying by its light on the soul.

We are now face to face with a very difficult problem—it is, in fact the gulf which separates the Occultist from the Religionist, and it is here that it is so necessary to get hold of the correct idea.

> "Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,
> Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;
> The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge,
> With many a place of rest."

The short cut to perfection referred to in the first two lines has been called in Theosophic writings "the perilous ladder which leads to the path of life." To have faced the fearful abyss of darkness of the first trial, without starting back in terror at the apparent annihilation which the casting aside of the sense-life implies, and out of the still more awful silence of the second trial; to have had the strength to evoke the greater Self—the God that has hitherto been hidden in the sanctuary—such is the language used with reference to the very first—nay, the preliminary—steps on this path, while the further steps are represented by the ascending scale of the occult Hierarchy, where the neophyte or chela, through a series of trials and initiations, may attain the highest Adeptship, and the man may gradually leave behind him his human desires and limitations, and realise instead the attributes of Deity.

PILGRIM.

(To be continued.)

"GOD SPEAKS FOR LAW AND ORDER."

INTRODUCTION.

THE readers of the curious article which follows are requested to remember that the writers of signed papers in LUCIFER, and not the editors, are responsible for their contents. Captain Serjeant's views excite much interest among a large number of earnest people, who use Biblical forms and phraseology to picture to themselves the hidden things of nature and of spirit—things which we, the editors, and also the large majority of Theosophists, believe to be more clearly conveyed under the symbolism of the ancient Wisdom-Religion of the East, and better expressed in its terminology. The article is an attempt to explain the significance of a very curious cloud formation observed by many persons in Scotland, on the 16th of September last, a sketch of which appeared in the *St. Stephen's Review* on the 24th of the same month. In the centre of the sketch appears a side view of the British Lion rampant, with his paw on the head of a bearded man, who bears a considerable likeness to Mr. Parnell; to the right of the Lion is an excellent likeness of Her Majesty, crowned, as in the Jubileee coinage, and smiling very naturally; and to the left of the picture is an Irish harp. The appearance, by the testimony of many witnesses, must have been remarkably perfect and striking. Cloud-forms of a similar kind have been recorded many times in history, and they are usually connected in the public mind with some important political event. The Cross of Constantine will, no doubt, recur to the readers' mind, but the sword and reversed crescent, which everyone saw in the sky when the Turks were driven out of Vienna, may be less generally known; as also the reversed thistles, with the outline of a Scotchman, armed with claymore and targe, and falling backward, which was observed in the clouds by the King and Court at Windsor on the night before the battle of Culloden.

The question of what interpretatation is to be put upon remarkable cloud appearances, is of little interest to anyone who believes that such phenomena are merely accidental arrangements of the watery vapours of the atmosphere driven by currents of air. Apart, however, from the obvious consideration that this way of regarding the phenomenon only raises the further question of what causes the currents of air to run in these particular ways, it may be safely said that the chances are millions of millions of millions to one, against the appearance in the clouds of any such perfect and complete picture of well-known persons and emblems, as were seen in Scotland on the 16th of September. Of course it may be argued, on the other hand, that the clouds are for ever forming and re-forming in millions of millions of millions different ways, and that the mathematical chances are that one of these ways will occasionally represent an earth scene, But even if the infinite number of continual permutations and transformations of cloud substance be held to account for the occasional appearance of some graphic picture of human things, it does not in any way explain why these rare pictures, when they do occur, should be perfect and appropriate symbols; neither does it account for their appearance at the particular moment when the extraordinary events, to which they are appropriate, are occurring, or about to occur.

The phenomenon of vapours and fumes taking the shape of persons and things, is one of the oldest and best accredited facts in magic, and these cloud appearances, if they be viewed as having any significance, are merely instances of a similar action on a large scale produced by some conscious or unconscious force in nature.

If it be allowed, however, that the occasional assumption by vapours of the shapes and likenesses of terrestrial things is not a "fortuitous concourse of atoms," but occurs in accordance with some obscure law of Nature that in itself is the

result of the mutual interaction and interdependence of everything in the Universe, the important question still remains—whether these appearances, when they do occur, are "intended" as warnings or omens? Should the lion, the harp, her Majesty, and Mr. Parnell, of the Scottish cloud-picture, be taken as having any more significance in the affairs of the nation, or of the world at large, than chemical phenomena can be supposed to presage disturbances or rejoicings in the world of nature? To answer this question would involve considerations which only an advanced Occultist would be able to comprehend; so we shall merely say, that although there are natural symbols which carry in them a definite meaning for those who can read that secret language, still symbols are generally significant in proportion as people themselves put a significance into them.

A triangle or a cube is nothing but a triangle or a cube to a yokel, but to an Occultist they contain the philosophy of the Universe. Even so, Captain Serjeant, "the New Dispensationist," and Theosophist, can put the meaning he likes into this or any other symbolical representation. We do not quite agree with either his methods or his results in the case before us, but the conclusions he draws are the same that are now being reached by many minds pursuing very different paths; and these conclusions may be summed up by saying that great changes are approaching, both in the temporal and in the spiritual life of humanity, and that these changes will eventuate in better things and nobler ideas.

An Interpretation of the Vision, by Serjeant.

(The New Dispensationist.)

Thus may be interpreted the symbolical appearance represented and described in the *St. Stephen's Review* of 24th September 1887. The lion * of the house of Judah † arises with Victoria ‡ the female principle of the victor § of this world of ignorance, error, sin, crime and misery. The lion represents that wisdom which is the only true and lasting power on earth. He shall crush out the anarchy and confusion now so manifest in *the world* which is the state of ignorance existing on this earth. Without a miracle shall all this be accomplished?

As insidious doubt has crept into the hearts of the children of men, so shall insidious truth creep in to dispel all doubt; ignorance developed into wisdom shall be the destruction of the world.‖ Ignorance is the former or lower expression of knowledge, and knowledge is the former or lower expression of wisdom—ignorance¶ is the cross—wisdom is the crown. Ignorance regarded in a

* It is somewhat difficult to follow the argument of this passage, unless the meaning of the words is explained. The Lion of the House of Judah is equivalent to "the Lord" and to "the Victor" mentioned below. In the writer's phraseology "Victor is the symbol of the Trinity of Wisdom, Love, Truth." Now the Lion is symbolical of Wisdom; but, as it is impossible to sever one element of the Trinity from another, it is necessary to remember that whenever the word wisdom is used it carries with it the other two as well. The above sentence would then seem to mean the conjunction of the male and female principles to effect the purpose of the manifestation of the Trinity above mentioned; by which manifestation all ignorance is dispelled. [Ed.]

† Judah means *praised*; the true idea being *the Lord be praised.* Too much attention cannot be paid to the meanings of the words used in the sacred writings of all nations and peoples.

‡ *i.e.* the Queen, on whose lands *the Sun never sets;* it must be remembered that—"neither is the woman without the man, nor the man without the woman in the Lord."—(1 Corinthians xi, 11.

§ "And no man can say *Jesus is Lord* (*i.e.* Victor), but in the Holy Spirit."—(1 Corinthians xii., 3, Revised Version.) It is especially necessary to remember that whenever allusion is made to Victoria, it is not Her Most Gracious Majesty who is meant but the unseen Victoria whose outward manifestation the Queen is alleged to be. It is as though the Queen is the mouth-piece of the intelligence behind, as the Foreign Secretary may be the mouth-piece of the Foreign policy of the Government. The language used is purely symbolical and by using words as symbols an esoteric meaning is attached to the most commonplace events in life. It is a truly occult argument, but one which matter-of-fact people will regard as nonsensical. [Ed.]

‖ According to the explanations of the writer *(v. supra)*, *The World* signifies a state of ignorance and darkness. Taken in this sense the above sentence becomes a truism. [Ed.]

¶ Ignorance is the equivalent of the Body, which is the Cross. By this light the Wisdom means the life of the Spirit. [Ed.]

true light is really an incentive to knowledge, for no man would try to attain to knowledge were he not ignorant. And no man would strive to attain to wisdom, did he not possess the knowledge which ever silently proclaims to him its crowning happiness. Wisdom is not only the celestial crown which every embodied soul is ultimately destined to possess, but it is also that particular state of Heaven called the "New Jerusalem" which shall descend from the Spirit (*i.e.* God, see John iv., 24.) to earth in these latter days (see Revelation xxi.)

Man was created* an ignorant being for a great purpose, which he will ultimately realise and know. Were there no ignorance, there could be no error, without error there could be no sin. Were there no ignorance, no sin, there could be no crime, no unhappiness, no misery existing on the earth. When, therefore, general ignorance shall succumb to the disintegrating power of universal intelligence so rapidly developing in these latter days† (see Daniel xii., 4), and which is the quickening of the Spirit of God in man; then the very conditions responsible for evolving error, sin, crime, unhappiness, and misery will be entirely done away with, and thus the consummation of the age—or, as the old translation of the Bible has it, the end of the world—will be brought about as a necessary consequence of purification by the Fire of the Spirit, *Truth*, which is the Divine Son of the Supreme Spirit, or God. "When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the Truth"; then shall the princes of the House of David‡ arise from amongst the people to rule the nations in equity and justice, in prosperity and peace, and the reign of the One Almighty Spirit of Wisdom, Love, and Truth shall begin on earth—for the Lion (or wisdom) shall lie down with the Lamb (or innocence), and a little child (or truth, see Rev. xii., the coming man-child) shall lead them.

The soul-stirring and elevating harp of the sweet and trusting daughters of Judah§ is hushed—no crown surmounts it; and angels weep and mourn over the discord now prevailing in the world. Where are the harmonious chords which, through their inherent, soft, loving and sympathetic notes once rendered powerless that enemy of man—the serpent? Lost, through the ignorance and sin of the puny earth-worms of this world! Yet Ireland, in common with the whole earth, shall be freed ere long from the yoke of ignorance which is so sorely oppressing all God's creatures, for the crowned female head symbolically represents the "Sign in Heaven" *which has appeared*, of the Victoria or the woman‖ clothed with the Sun, the Divine Mother from whom will proceed the

* To say that Man was created ignorant for a great purpose would argue the idea of a creator, according to orthodox ideas. But the writer is known to repudiate this idea entirely. It is difficult, therefore, to see what he means, unless it is that the man of flesh was ushered into existence by an evolution which he has not yet completed—ignorant, to acquire knowledge gradually. [ED.]

† This is a *very* optimistic view of the case, and we can only hope to see it realised. The article "Signs of the Times" agrees with the views of the writer of this article. There is a development going on, but the forces against which it has to contend are too dense for an early realisation of this dreamlike Golden Age. It is too good to be true; but that it is possible to help it is also true. The Kingdom of Heaven may be taken by violence, and an entrance effected in an instant, but the process of attaining the position whence the attack may be delivered, is one extending over years. No student of occultism needs to be told this. [ED.]

‡ David means *beloved;* he was the first King of Israel, chosen of the Spirit. Israel means *one who strives with God—i.e.* one who strives against ignorance in order that he may be blessed together with his posterity. It was a name given to Jacob when he wrestled with the Angel (Genesis xxxii., 28), and applies *to all* who contend on the side of the Deity.

§ In the writer's phraseology, Judah is the equivalent of Erin in this case. It becomes exceedingly difficult to follow his meaning, for as everything is the equivalent of everything else, we are landed in a hopeless maze of paradox. On the principle that there is no truth without a paradox, there must be a great truth in this article (as there is), but its disentanglement is a matter of much labour and thought. The line of argument is the Judah meaning "be praised"—certain people who praised or followed the Lord (or Wisdom) were "oppressed and laid aside *their harps.*" There are people unjustly oppressed in Ireland, not by the outer troubles, but by the causes of the undoubted misery which prevails there. Consequently, the daughters of Judah and Erin are equivalent terms and interchangeable as symbols. The fact is that the author uses a peculiar cryptogram, as he himself states. [ED.]

‖ See "The Mother, the woman clothed with the Sun," Vols. I. and II.; and also the celebrated picture of "The Woman clothed with the Sun," by Carl Müller.

Child of Wisdom, Love and Truth, who shall rule all nations with a rod of iron,* and who shall be caught up unto God and unto His Throne.†

The following quotation from one of the replies to two leading articles, which appeared in the *Manchester Courier* of May 4th and 13th, may also tend to throw some light on the vision of the crowned female head: "The present year heralds the jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, on whose glorious Empire the sun never sets. It shall also proclaim the jubilee of another Queen Victoria, well known to the ancients as the Bride of God who awaits the arrival of the Bridegroom. This Queen is She of Sheba ‡—the female principle of the one who is the Victor § of this world of ignorance and darkness, sin and crime; and He is the Solomon,‖ or Man of Light, Truth and Life Eternal. On her glorious empire the golden rays of Love and Peace shall shine forth from the Living Sun which nevermore shall set. She is the woman clothed with the Sun, and from her will proceed the promised man-child who shall rule all nations with a rod of iron, and shall be caught up unto God and unto His Throne. Were the English nation but to realise the mighty import of the grand and everlasting truths which I now proclaim, it would, to a man, support us in that work in which we, the New Dispensationists, daily and hourly labour in the interests of a suffering humanity now being slowly ground to powder in the stern mill of social ignorance and degradation. The time has come for the promise to be made known of the fulfilment of the "Saving health of all nations"; the prophecies of the ancients relating to the ultimatum of the written Word of Truth clearly point to the present age; and the Eternal Fiat has gone forth from the Universal King: "Write, for these words are faithful and true"—"Behold, I make all things new." (Revelation xxi., 5.)

It is fashionable in the world to covertly sneer at the things of the Spirit, and to regard the Living God in Heaven as a Being either unable or unwilling to manifest His Almighty Power and Presence to the world in this orthodox nineteenth century. To all who may be inclined to ignorantly hold what I have here written to be the outcome of a disordered imagination I would say, in the words of Paul, an apostle: "not of men, neither by men."—"We speak wisdom among the full-grown, yet a wisdom, not of this world, nor of the rulers of this world, *which are coming to nought*: but we speak God's wisdom in a mystery, even the wisdom that hath been hidden, which God foreordained before the worlds unto our glory, *which none of the Rulers of this world knoweth.*"¶ "Now the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them because they are spiritually examined. But he that is spiritual examineth all things and is himself examined of no man. (See 1 Corinthians, ii.)

The year 1887 heralds the spiritual activity which will eventually culminate in the glorious consummation of the age.

W. Eldon Serjeant.

* *i.e.*, The Sceptre that endureth.

† *Revelation*, xii.

‡ The Queen of the South or Zenith (*i.e.* the most supreme point of the Heavens) who shall rise in judgment with this generation (see Matthew xii, 42), She'ba represents two Hebrew words (*Shèbhā* and *Shebhà*). The first of these is an obscure term, compared by Gesenius with the Ethiopic for "man"; the second signifies an oath or covenant.

§ *i.e.*, The Christ, the Messiah.

‖ *i.e.*, The man of "Sol" or the Sun. Hence, Christians worship on Sunday instead of on the Sabbath or on Saturday, as the Jews worship.

¶ *i.e.*, Theosophy, or the hidden outcome of the hidden wisdom of the ages.

AN INFANT GENIUS.

THE idea of re-incarnation, that is to say of a succession of earth-lives passed through by each individual monad, seems so new and so daring to the Western World, that we are always being asked, "Where are your proofs? Are we to take such a startling hypothesis as this simply on your *ipse dixit*, or on the authority of some ancient Oriental book or "problematical" Mahatma?"

To such a question the reply cannot be given in two or three words; for, while maintaining that there is at least as much reliance to be placed upon the Sacred Books of the East as on those of any other religion, and while holding firm to the belief that there *are* beings of a higher order of intelligence living upon this earth, and mixing even in its great life-currents, we cannot expect that merely because we say "Man does not leave this earth for good and all at Death," we therefore shall gain credence. Before the world of Science our position would have to be that of a Young with his undulatory hypothesis of light, or a Dalton with his atomic theory. We cannot bring proof positive to those who desire an Euclidic demonstration; we can only offer to them a hypothesis, and bid them treat it calmly and dispassionately, not flying straightway into a fury of abuse at our great impudence in daring to suggest a heresy, but weighing it with care, and trying whether or no it will explain some of the dark riddles of existence.

To ourselves, merely as a working hypothesis, the doctrine of re-incarnation seems to throw so much long-sought-for light upon the bewildering enigmas of life, and the strange vagaries of a fickle fortune, that we could not, even if we would, lay aside so fluent an interpreter of the utterances of the Sphinx—Existence. The seeming injustices in the lot of man fall into line as units of the great battalion of cause and effect; "What a man sows that must he also reap." How else account for all the misery that cries aloud on every hand, the starving multitudes, the good man persecuted, the charlatan triumphant? In the small purview of a life summed up in three-score years and ten, where is the indication of a Divine intelligence that metes to each his due?

But if this brief existence be not the only one that man incarnate must pass through, if it be, as we are assured, but one short link in a chain that spans a fathomless expanse of myriad years, then does the eternity of justice proclaim itself, handed on from birth to birth in the dark fuel of the torch of life.

Our purpose now, however, is not to strive to catalogue the countless instances where destiny appears to cry aloud, into the deaf ears of man, that life is fraught with dire responsibility for future life, but to point to

a case where she, in kindlier mood, has shown the gracious aspect of her face.

For the last few months London has been taken by storm by the marvellous musical talent of a child whose life, in this incarnation at least, is barely ten years old. We allude, of course, to Josef Hofmann. None of our readers who have heard this boy but must have wondered whence this phenomenal skill could have been derived. Other children have come before the public, and roused its listlessness a little with exhibitions of infantile precocity. But this young Josef has taken at once front rank among the stars of the musical world, and won a place only to be compared to that of the fairy-child Mozart.

Whence comes this breadth of feeling, this grasp of musical expression? It is certain that it comes not from his teacher; for his father alone has filled that capacity, and it does not show itself in *his* performance; and again, the only unsatisfactory part of the boy's playing is clearly the result of mannerisms such as the second-rate conductor of a provincial orchestra would, without fail, extol and inculcate. No; it is clear that the swing of rhythm, the determination of attack, the delicacy of sentiment, must come from a man's heart beating within that boyish frame, and a man's mind shining through that childish head. Could one forget the name of the performer for one instant, and shut from one's eyes his physical presence, it were a *man* that was revealing to us the secrets of the notes. The rife experience of years must needs precede such rendering of musical thought; an experience earned in many a fight with varying fortune, in sympathy with many a tale of woe, in rejoicing over many a glimpse of Love and Brotherhood.

Yet ten short years are all his tale! What magician could crowd into that tiny space the parti-coloured pictures of a fevered life of energy? No, it must be that the child has lived upon this earth before, has borne his lance in the thickest of the fray, has achieved distinction in some great branch of art and garnered up a store of thought and feeling, into the inheritance of which his heir, himself, has entered. He may squander it again; alas, so many have before; but there it is, for him to use aright or wrongly, and serious is the charge imposed upon his guardians that they shall lay the lesson to heart that to whom much is given, from him shall much be expected. But with that aspect of the case it is not for us here to deal. We have only adduced this boy's genius as one of the indications that life is in its succession a far more complex problem than the materialists or the orthodox religionists would lead us to believe. There are countless other suggestive little facts of early talent that must have come within the circle of the daily life of each of us; but without the thread of Karma whereon to string them, we pass them by; and it is only when some remarkable phenomenon, such as that of Josef Hofmann, bursts upon the world, that men fall to wondering. Yet it is by the accumulation of small

details that a philosopher like Darwin worked out his scheme of natural evolution ; and it is by the testing of such a theory as that of re-incarnation by many a little hitherto unexplained incident that we shall find its worth. Nor is it merely as a curious prying into mysteries that we should regard such research ; for, once let a man convince himself that though "Art is long," yet Life, in its recurrence, is longer, he will find in the thought that he is really laying up treasure in heaven (the *lives* to come), encouragement, despite all temporary failure, to do whatsoever his hand findeth to do with all his might.

W. Ashton Ellis.

FEAR.

Why fearest thou the darksome shades
That creep across the path of life?
Why tremble at the thought of strife
That oftentimes the soul invades?

Why sicken at the thought of ills?
The horrors that invade thy dreams,
The shadowland of forms, that seems
Dark terror to the soul it fills?

Why weary of the onward way,
Or dread the roughness of the road?
Why fear to struggle 'gainst the load,
The heavy burthen of life's clay?

Hast thou not seen?—when gone the night
And stilled the dropping of the shower,
The weary drooping wayside flower
Drink in new life from sunbeams bright.

Hast thou not loved, at dawn, to feast,
The longing of thy mortal eyes
With vivid colours of the skies,
Burst free from floodgates of the East?

And hast thou never tried, in thought,
To gain a clearer, truer view?
A mystic glimpse, a vision new,
That shows the darkness as it ought?

A phantom of material fear
Unworthy of a moment's dread;
For darkness would itself be dead,
Unless its mother light were near!

Then learn to grasp the purer light,
And learn to know the holier creed—
The brighter glow—the greater need,
The nearer day—the murkier night.

P. H. D.

THE ESOTERIC CHARACTER OF THE GOSPELS.

(Continued.)

II.

THE word Chréstos existed ages before Christianity was heard of. It is found used, from the fifth century B.C., by Herodotus, by Æschylus and other classical Greek writers, the meaning of it being applied to both things and persons.

Thus in Æschylus (Cho. 901) we read of Μαντεύματα πυθόχρηστα *(pythochrésta)* the "oracles delivered by a Pythian God" *(Greek-Eng. Lex.)* through a pythoness; and *Pythochréstos* is the nominative singular of an adjective derived from *chrao* χράω (Eurip. *Ion*, 1,218). The later meanings coined freely from this primitive application, are numerous and varied. Pagan classics expressed more than one idea by the verb χράομαι "consulting an oracle"; for it also means "fated," *doomed* by an oracle, in the sense of a *sacrificial victim to its decree*, or—"to the WORD"; as *chrésterion* is not only "the seat of an oracle" but also "an offering to, or for, the oracle." * *Chrestés* χρήστης is one who expounds or explains oracles, "a *prophet*, a *soothsayer*;" † and *chrésterios* χρηστὴριος is one who belongs to, or is in the service of, an oracle, a god, or a "Master"; ‡ this Canon Farrar's efforts notwithstanding. §

All this is evidence that the terms Christ and Christians, spelt originally *Chrést* and *Chréstians* χρηστιανοὶ ‖ were directly borrowed from the Temple

* The word χρεών is explained by Herodotus (7. 11. 7.) as that which an oracle declares, and τὸ χρεών is given by Plutarch (Nic. 14.) as "fate," "necessity." *Vide* Herod. 7. 215; 5. 108; and Sophocles, Phil. 437.

† See Liddell and Scott's Greek-Engl. Lex.

‡ Hence of a *Guru*, "a teacher," and *chela*, a "disciple," in their mutual relations.

§ In his recent work—"The Early Days of Christianity," Canon Farrar remarks:—"Some have supposed a pleasant play of words founded on it, as . . . . between *Chréstos* ('sweet' Ps. xxx., iv., 8) and Christos (Christ)" (I. p. 158, *foot-note*). But there is nothing to suppose, since it begun by a "play of words," indeed. The name *Christus* was *not* "distorted into Chrestus," as the learned author would make his readers believe (p. 19), but it was the adjective and noun *Chréstos* which became distorted into *Christus*, and applied to Jesus. In a foot-note on the word "Chrestian," occurring in the First Epistle of Peter (chap. iv., 16), in which in the *revised* later MSS. the word was changed into *Christian*, Canon Farrar remarks again, "Perhaps we should read the ignorant heathen distortion, *Chréstian*." Most decidedly we should; for the eloquent writer should remember his Master's command to render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's. His dislike notwithstanding, Mr. Farrar is obliged to admit that the name *Christian* was first INVENTED, by the sneering, mocking Antiochians, as early as A.D. 44, but had not come into general use before the persecution by Nero. "Tacitus," he says, "uses the word Christians with something of apology. It is well known that in the N. T. it only occurs three times, and always involves a hostile sense (*Acts* xi. 26, xxvi. 28, as it does in iv. 16)." It was not Claudius alone who looked with alarm and suspicion on the Christians, so nicknamed in derision for their carnalizing a subjective principle or attribute, but all the pagan nations. For Tacitus, speaking of those whom the masses called "Christians," describes them as a set of men *detested for their enormities* and crimes. No wonder, for history repeats itself. There are, no doubt, thousands of noble, sincere, and virtuous *Christian-born* men and women now. But we have only to look at the viciousness of Christian "heathen" converts; at the *morality* of those proselytes in India, whom the missionaries themselves decline to take into their service, to draw a parallel between the converts of 1,800 years ago, and the modern heathens "touched *by grace*."

‖ Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Lactantius, Clemens Alexandrinus, and others spelt it in this way.

terminology of the Pagans, and meant the same thing. The God of the Jews was now substituted for the Oracle and the other gods; the generic designation "Chréstos" became a noun applied to one special personage; and new terms such as *Chréstianoï* and *Chréstodoulos* "a follower or servant of Chrestos"—were coined out of the old material. This is shown by Philo Judæus, a monotheist, assuredly, using already the same term for monotheistic purposes. For he speaks of θεόχρηστος *(théochréstos)* "God-declared," or one who is declared by god, and of λόγια θεόχρηστα *(logia théochrésta)* "sayings delivered by God"—which proves that he wrote at a time (between the first century B.C., and the first A.D.) when neither Christians nor Chrestians were yet known under these names, but still called themselves the Nazarenes. The notable difference between the two words χράω—"consulting or obtaining response from a god or oracle" (χρεω being the Ionic earlier form of it), and χριω *(chrio)* "to rub, to anoint" (from which the name Christos), have not prevented the ecclesiastical adoption and coinage from Philo's expression θεόχρηστος of that other term θεόχριστος "anointed by God." Thus the quiet substitution of the letter ι for η for dogmatic purposes, was achieved in the easiest way, as we now see.

The secular meaning of *Chréstos* runs throughout the classical Greek literature *pari passu* with that given to it in the mysteries. Demosthenes' saying ὦ χρηστέ (330, 27), means by it simply "you nice fellow"; Plato (in Phaed. 264 B) has χρηστός εἶ ὅτι ἡγεῖ—"you are an excellent fellow to think . . ." But in the esoteric phraseology of the temples "chrestos," * a word which, like the participle *chréstheis*, is formed under the same rule, and conveys the same sense—from the verb χράομαι ("to consult a god")—answers to what we would call an adept, also a high *chela*, a disciple. It is in this sense that it is used by Euripides (Ion. 1320) and by Æschylus (1 c). This qualification was applied to those whom the god, oracle, or any superior had proclaimed this, that, or anything else. An instance may be given in this case.

The words χοῆσεν οικιστῆοα used by Pindar (p. 4-10) mean "the oracle *proclaimed* him the coloniser." In this case the genius of the Greek language permits that the man so proclaimed should be called χρηστός (*Chréstos*). Hence this term was applied to every Disciple recognised by a Master, as also to every good man. Now, the Greek language affords strange etymologies. Christian theology has chosen and decreed that the name Christos should be taken as derived from χρίΩ, χοίσω (Chriso), "anointed with scented unguents or oil." But this word has several significances. It is used by Homer, certainly, as applied to the rubbing with oil of the body after bathing (*Il.* 23, 186; also in *Od.* 4, 252) as other ancient writers do. Yet the word χρίστης (*Christes*) means rather a *white-washer*, while the word Chrestes (χρήστης)

* *Vide* Liddell and Scott's Greek and English Lexicon. *Chréstos* is really one who is continually warned, advised, guided, whether by oracle or prophet. Mr. G. Massey is not correct in saying that " . . . . The Gnostic form of the name Chrest, or Chrestos, denotes the *Good God*, not a human original," for it denoted the latter, *i.e.*, a good, holy man; but he is quite right when he adds that "*Chrestianus* signifies . . , . 'Sweetness and Light.'" "The *Chrestoi*, as the *Good People*, were pre-extant. Numerous Greek inscriptions show that the departed, the hero, the saintly one—that is, the 'Good'—was styled *Chrestos*, or the Christ; and from this meaning of the 'Good' does Justin, the primal apologist, derive the Christian name. This identifies it with the Gnostic source, and with the 'Good God' who revealed himself according to Marcion—that is, the Un-Nefer or Good-opener of the Egyptian theology."—*(Agnostic Annual.)*

means priest and prophet, a term far more applicable to Jesus, than that of the "Anointed," since, as Nork shows on the authority of the Gospels, he never was anointed, either as king or priest. In short, there is a deep mystery underlying all this scheme, which, as I maintain, only a thorough knowledge of the *Pagan* mysteries is capable of unveiling.* It is not what the early Fathers, who had an object to achieve, may affirm or deny, that is the important point, but rather what is now the evidence for the real significance given to the two terms *Chréstos* and *Christos* by the ancients in the pre-Christian ages. For the latter had no object to achieve, therefore nothing to conceal or disfigure, and their evidence is naturally the more reliable of the two. This evidence can be obtained by first studying the meaning given to these words by the classics, and then their correct significance searched for in mystic symbology.

Now *Chrestos*, as already said, is a term applied in various senses. It qualifies both Deity and Man. It is used in the former sense in the Gospels, and in Luke (vi., 35), where it means "kind," and "merciful." *χρηστός ἐστιν ἐπὶ τοὺς,*" in 1 Peter (ii., 3), where it is said, "Kind is the Lord," *χρηστὸς ὁ κύριος.* On the other hand, it is explained by Clemens Alexandrinus as simply meaning a good man; *i.e.* "All who believe in *Chrést* (a good man) both *are*, and *are called Chréstians*, that is good men." (Strom. lib. ii.) The reticence of Clemens, whose Christianity, as King truly remarks in his "*Gnostics*," was no more than a graft upon the congenial stock of his original Platonism, is quite natural. He was an Initiate, a new Platonist, before he became a Christian, which fact, however much he may have fallen off from his earlier views, could not exonerate him from his pledge of secrecy. And as a Theosophist and a *Gnostic*, one who *knew*, Clemens must have known that *Christos* was "the WAY," while *Chréstos* was the lonely traveller journeying on to reach the ultimate goal through that "Path," which goal was *Christos*, the glorified Spirit of "TRUTH," the reunion with which makes the soul (the Son) ONE with the (Father) Spirit. That Paul knew it, is certain, for his own expressions prove it. For what do the words *πάλιν ὠδίνω, ἄχρις οὗ μορφωθῇ χριστὸς ἐνὑμῖν*, or, as given in the authorised translations, "I am again in travail until *Christ be formed in you*" mean, but what we give in its esoteric rendering, *i.e.* "until you find *the* Christos within yourselves as your only 'way.'" (*vide* Galatians iv., 19 and 20.)

Thus Jesus, whether of Nazareth or Lüd,† was a Chréstos, as undeniably as

* Again I must bring forward what Mr. G. Massey says (whom I quote repeatedly because he has studied this subject so thoroughly and so conscientiously).

"My contention, or rather explanation," he says, "is that the author of the Christian name is the Mummy-Christ of Egypt, called the *Karest*, which was a type of the immortal spirit in man, the Christ within (as Paul has it), the divine offspring incarnated, the Logos, the Word of Truth, th *Makheru* of Egypt. It did not originate as a mere type! The preserved mummy was the *dead bod of any one* that was *Karest*, or mummified, to be kept by the living; and, through constant repetition, this became a type of the resurrection from (not of!) the dead." See the explanation of this further on.

† Or Lydda. Reference is made here to the Rabbinical tradition in the Babylonian Gemara, called *Sepher Toledoth Jeshu*, about Jesus being the son of one named Pandira, and having lived a century earlier than the era called Christian, namely, during the reign of the Jewish king Alexander Jannæus and his wife Salome, who reigned from the year 106 to 79 B.C. Accused by the Jews of having learned the magic art in Egypt, and of having stolen from the Holy of Holies the Incommunicable Name, Jehoshua (Jesus) was put to death by the Sanhedrin at Lud. He was stoned and then crucified on a tree, on the eve of Passover. The narrative is ascribed to the Talmudistic authors of "Sota" and "Sanhedrin," p. 19, Book of Zechiel. See "Isis Unveiled," II. 201; Arnobius; Elephas Levi's "*Science des Esprits*," and "The Historical Jesus and Mythical Christ," a lecture by G. Massey.

that he never was entitled to the appellation of *Christos*, during his life-time and before his last trial. It may have been as Higgins thinks, who surmises that the first name of Jesus was, perhaps, χρεισος, the second χρησος, and the third χρισος. "The word χρεισος was in use before the H (cap. *eta*) was in the language." But Taylor (in his answer to Pye Smith, p. 113) is quoted saying "The complimentary epithet Chrest . . . . signified nothing more than a good man."

Here again a number of ancient writers may be brought forward to testify that *Christos* (or *Chreistos*, rather) was, along with χρησος=Hrésos, an adjective applied to Gentiles before the Christian era. In *Philopatris* it is said εἰ τύχοι χρηστος καὶ ἐν ἔθνεσιν, *i.e.* "if chrestos chance to be even among the Gentiles," etc.

Tertullian denounces in the 3rd chapter of his *Apologia* the word "*Christianus*" as derived by "crafty interpretation";* Dr. Jones, on the other hand, letting out the information, corroborated by good sources, that *Hrésos* (χρησός) was the name given to Christ by the Gnostics, and even by unbelievers," assures us that the real name ought to be χρισός or Chrisos—thus repeating and supporting the original "pious fraud" of the early Fathers, a fraud which led to the carnalizing of the whole Christian system.† But I propose to show as much of the real meaning of all these terms as lies within my humble powers and knowledge. Christos, or the "Christ-condition," was ever the synonym of the "Mahatmic-condition," *i.e.*, the union of the man with the divine principle in him. As Paul says (Ephes. iii. 17) "κατοικῆσαι τὸν χριστὸν διὰ τῆς πίστεως ἐν ταῖς καρδίαις ὑμῶι." "That you may find Christos in your *inner* man through *knowledge*" not faith, as translated; for *Pistis* is "knowledge," as will be shown further on.

There is still another and far more weighty proof that the name *Christos* is pre-Christian. The evidence for it is found in the prophecy of the Erythrean Sybil. We read in it ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΧΡΕΙΣΤΟΣΘΕΟΝ ΥΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡ ΣΤΑΥΡΟΣ. Read esoterically, this string of meaningless detached nouns, which has no sense to the profane, contains a real prophecy—only not referring to Jesus—and a verse from the mystic catechism of the Initiate. The prophecy relates to the coming down upon the Earth of the Spirit of Truth (Christos), after which advent—that has once more nought to do with Jesus—will begin the Golden Age; the verse refers to the necessity before reaching that blessed condition of inner (or subjective) theophany and theopneusty, to pass through the crucifixion of flesh or matter. Read exoterically,

* Christianus quantum interpretatione de unctione deducitas. Sed ut cum perferam Chrestianus pronunciatus a vobis (nam nec nominis certa est notitia penes vos) de suavitate vel benignitate compositum est." Canon Farrar makes a great effort to show such *lapsus calami* by various Fathers as the results of disgust and fear. "There can be little doubt," he says (in *The Early Days of Christianity*) "that the . . . . name Christian . , . . was a nick-name due to the wit of the Antiochians. . . . It is clear that the sacred writers avoided the name (Christians) because it was employed by their enemies (Tac. Ann. xv. 44). It only became familiar when the virtues of Christians had shed lustre upon it. . . . ." This is a very lame excuse, and a poor explanation to give for so eminent a thinker as Canon Farrar. As to the "virtues of Christians" ever shedding *lustre* upon the name, let us hope that the writer had in his mind's eye neither Bishop Cyril, of Alexandria, nor Eusebius, nor the Emperor Constantine, of murderous fame, nor yet the Popes Borgia and the Holy Inquisition.

† Quoted by G. Higgins. (See Vol. I., pp. 569—573.)

the words "*Iesous Chreistos theou yios soter stauros*," meaning literally "Iesus, Christos, God, Son, Saviour, Cross," are most excellent handles to hang a Christian prophecy on, but they are *pagan*, not Christian.

If called upon to explain the names IESOUS CHREISTOS, the answer is: study mythology, the so-called "fictions" of the ancients, and they will give you the key. Ponder over Apollo, the solar god, and the "Healer," and the allegory about his son Janus (or Ion), his priest at Delphos, through whom alone could prayers reach the immortal gods, and his other son Asclepios, called the *Soter*, or Saviour. Here is a leaflet from esoteric history written in symbolical phraseology by the old Grecian poets.

The city of Chrisa* (now spelt Crisa), was built in memory of Kreusa (or Creusa), daughter of King Erechtheus and mother of Janus (or Ion) by Apollo, in memory of the danger which Janus escaped.† We learn that Janus, abandoned by his mother in a grotto "to hide the shame of the virgin who bore a son," was found by Hermes, who brought the infant to Delphi, nurtured him by his father's sanctuary and oracle, where, under the name of Chresis (χρησις) Janus became first a *Chrestis* (a priest, soothsayer, or Initiate), and then very nearly a *Chresterion*, "a sacrificial victim,"‡ ready to be poisoned by his own mother, who knew him not, and who, in her jealousy, mistook him, on the hazy intimation of the oracle, for a son of her husband. He pursued her to the very altar with the intention of killing her—when she was saved through the pythoness, who divulged to both the secret of their relationship. In memory of this narrow escape, Creusa, the mother, built the city of Chrisa, or Krisa. Such is the allegory, and it symbolizes simply the trials of Initiation. §

* In the days of Homer, we find this city, once celebrated for its mysteries, the chief seat of Initiation, and the name of *Chrestos* used as a title during the mysteries. It is mentioned in the *Iliad*, ii., 520 as "Chrisa" (χρῖσα). Dr. Clarke suspected its ruins under the present site of *Krestona*, a small town, or village rather, in Phocis, near the Crissæan Bay. (See E. D. Clarke, 4th ed. Vol. viii. p. 239, "Delphi.")

† The root of χρητός *(Chretos)* and χρηστος *(Chrestos)* is one and the same; χράω which means "consulting the oracle," in one sense, but in another one "consecrated," *set apart*, belonging to some temple, or oracle, or devoted to oraculer services. On the other hand, the word χρε (χρέω) means "obligation," a "bond, duty," or one who is under the obligation of pledges, or vows taken.

‡ The adjective χρηστὸς was also used as an adjective before proper names as a compliment, as in Plat. Theact. p. 166A, "Οὗτος ὁ Σωκράτης ὁ χρηστός;" here Socrates is the *Chréstos*), and also as a surname, as shown by Plutarch (V. Phocion), who wonders how such a rough and dull fellow as Phocion could be surnamed *Chréstos*.

§ There are strange features, quite suggestive, for an Occultist, in the myth (if one) of Janus. Some make of him the personification of *Kosmos*, others, of *Cœlus* (heaven), hence he is "two-faced" because of his two characters of spirit and matter; and he is not only "Janus *Bifrons*" (two-faced), but also *Quadrifrons*—the perfect square, the emblem of the Kabbalistic Deity. His temples were built with *four* equal sides, with a door and *three* windows on each side. Mythologists explain it as an emblem of the *four* seasons of the year, and *three* months in each season, and in all of the twelve months of the year. During the mysteries of Initiation, however, he became the Day-Sun and the Night-Sun. Hence he is often represented with the number 300 in one hand, and in the other 65, or the number of days of the Solar year. Now *Chanoch* (Kanoch and *Enosh* in the Bible) is, as may be shown on Kabalistic authority, whether son of Cain, son of Seth, or the son of Methuselah, one and the same personage. As *Chanoch* (according to Fuerst), he is the *Initiator*, *Instructor*—of the astronomical circle and solar year," as son of Methuselah, who is said to have lived 365 years and been taken to heaven alive, as the representative of the Sun (or god). (See Book of Enoch,). This patriarch has many features in common with Janus, who, exoterically, is Ion but IAO cabalistically, or Jehovah, the "Lord God of Generations," the mysterious Yodh, or ONE (a phallic number). For Janus or Ion is also *Consivius, a conserendo*, because he presided over generations. He is shown giving hospitality to Saturn (*Chronos* "time"), and is the *Initiator* of the year, or time divided into 365.

Finding then that Janus, the solar God, and son of Apollo, the Sun, means the "Initiator" and the "Opener of the Gate of Light," or secret wisdom of the mysteries; that he is born from Krisa (esoterically *Chris*), and that he was a *Chrestos* through whom spoke the God; that he was finally Ion, the father of the Ionians, and, some say, an *aspect* of Asclepios, another son of Apollo, it is easy to get hold of the thread of Ariadne in this labyrinth of allegories. It is not the place here to prove side issues in mythology, however. It suffices to show the connection between the mythical characters of hoary antiquity and the later fables that marked the beginning of our era of civilization. Asclepios (Esculapius) was the divine physician, the "Healer," the "Saviour," Σωτὴρ as he was called, a title also given to Janus of Delphi; and IASO, the daughter of Asclepios was the goddess of healing, under whose patronage were all the candidates for initiation in her father's temple, the novices or *chrestoi*, called "the sons of Iaso." (*Vide* for name, "Plutus," by Aristoph. 701).

Now, if we remember, firstly, that the names of Iesus in their different forms, such as Iasius, Iasion, Jason and Iasus, were very common in ancient Greece, especially among the descendants of Jasius (the Jasides), as also the number of the "sons of Iaso," the *Mystoï* and future Epoptai (Initiates), why should not the enigmatical words in the Sibylline Book be read in their legitimate light, one that had nought to do with a Christian prophecy? The secret doctrine teaches that the first two words ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΧΡΕΙΣΤΟΣ mean simply "son of Iaso, a Chrestos," or servant of the oracular God. Indeed IASO (Ιασώ) *is in the Ionic dialect IESO* (Ἰησὼ), and the expression Ἰησοῦς (*Iesous*)—in its archaic form, ΙΗΣΟΥΣ—simply means "the son of Iaso or *Ieso*, the "healer," *i.e.* *o* Ἰησοῦς (*vîos*). No objection, assuredly, can be taken to such rendering, or to the name being written *Ieso* instead of *Iaso*, since the first form is *attic*, therefore incorrect, for the name is *Ionic*. "Ieso" from which "O' Iesous" (son of Ieso)—*i.e.* a genitive, not a nominative—*is Ionic and cannot* be anything else, if the age of the Sibylline book is taken into consideration. Nor could the Sibyl of Erythrea have spelt it originally otherwise, as Erythrea, her very residence, was a town in Ionia (from Ion or Janus) opposite Chios; and that the *Ionic* preceded the *attic* form.

Leaving aside in this case the mystical signification of the now famous Sibylline sentence, and giving its literal interpretation only, on the authority of all that has been said, the hitherto mysterious words would stand; "Son of Iaso, Chrestos (the priest or servant) (of the) Son of (the) God (Apollo) the Saviour from the Cross"—(of flesh or matter).* Truly, Christianity can never hope to be understood until every trace of dogmatism is swept away from it, and the dead letter sacrificed to the eternal Spirit of Truth, which is Horus, which is Crishna, which is Buddha, as much as it is the Gnostic Christos and the true Christ of Paul.

In the *Travels* of Dr. Clarke, the author describes a heathen monument found by him.

* *Stauros* became the cross, the instrument of crucifixion, far later, when it began to be represented as a Christian symbol and with the Greek letter T, the Tau. (Luc. Jud. Voc.) Its primitive meaning was phallic, a symbol for the male and female elements; the great serpent of temptation, the body which had to be killed or subdued by the dragon of wisdom, the seven-vowelled solar chnouphis or Spirit of Christos of the Gnostics, or, again, Apollo killing Python.

"Within the sanctuary, behind the altar, we saw the fragments of a *marble cathedra*, upon the back of which we found the following inscription, exactly as it is here written, no part of it having been injured or obliterated, affording perhaps the only instance known of a sepulchral inscription upon a monument of this remakable form."

The inscription ran thus: ΧΡΗΣΤΟΣ ΠΡΩΤΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΣ ΛΑΡΙΣΣΑΙΟΣ ΠΕΛΑΣΓΙΟΤΗΣ ΕΤΩΝ ΙΗ; or, "Chrestos, the first, a Thessalonian from Larissa, Pelasgiot 18 years old Hero," Chrestos the *first (protoo)*, why? Read literally the inscription has little sense; interpreted esoterically, it is pregnant with meaning. As Dr. Clarke shows, the word Chrestos is found on the epitaphs of almost all the ancient Larissians; but it is preceded always by a proper name. Had the adjective Chrestos stood after a name, it would only mean "a good man," a posthumous compliment paid to the defunct, the same being often found on our own modern tumular epitaphs. But the word Chrestos, standing alone and the other word, "protoo," following it, gives it quite another meaning, especially when the deceased is specified as a "hero." To the mind of an Occultist, the defunct was a neophyte, who had died in his 18th year *of neophytism*, * and stood in the first or highest class of discipleship, having passed his preliminary trials as a "hero;" but had died before the last mystery, which would have made of him a "Christos," an *anointed*, one with the spirit of Christos or Truth in him. He had not reached the end of the "Way," though he had heroically conquered the horrors of the preliminary theurgic trials.

We are quite warranted in reading it in this manner, after learning the place where Dr. Clarke discovered the tablet, which was, as Godfrey Higgins remarks, there, where "I should expect to find it, at Delphi, in the temple of the God IE.," who, with the Christians became Jah, or Jehovah, one with Christ Jesus. It was at the foot of Parnassus, in a gymnasium, "adjoining the Castalian fountain, which flowed by the ruins of Crisa, probably the town called Crestona," etc. And again. "In the first part of its course from the (Castalian) fountain, it (the river) separates the remains of the gymnasium . . . . from the valley of Castro," as it probably did from the old city of Delphi—the seat of the great oracle of Apollo, of the town of Krisa (or Kreusa) the great centre of initiations and of the *Chrestoi* of the decrees of the oracles, where the candidates for the last *labour* were anointed with sacred oils † before being plunged into their last trance of forty-nine hours' duration (as to this day, in the East), from which they arose as glorified adepts or *Christoi*."

"In the Clementine Recognitions it is announced that the father anointed his son with "oil that was taken from the wood of the Tree of Life, and from this anointing he is called the Christ:" whence the Christian name. This again is Egyptian. Horus was the anointed son of the father. The mode of anointing him from the Tree of Life, portrayed on the monuments, is very primitive indeed; and the Horus of Egypt was continued in the Gnostic Christ, who is reproduced upon the Gnostic stones as the intermediate link betwixt the *Karest* and the Christ, also as the Horus of both sexes. (*"The name and nature of the Christ."*—GERALD MASSEY.)

Mr. G. Massey connects the Greek Christos or Christ with the Egyptian

* Even to this day in India, the candidate loses his name and, as also in Masonry, his age (monks and nuns also changing their Christian names at their taking the order or veil), and begins counting his years from the day he is accepted a chela and enters upon the cycle of initiations. Thus Saul was "a child of one year," when he began to reign, though a grown-up adult. See 1 Samuel ch. xiii. 1, and Hebrew scrolls, about his initiation by Samuel.

† Demosthenes, "De Corona," 313, declares that the candidates for intitiation into the Greek mysteries were anointed with oil. So they are now in India, even in the initiation into the *Yogi* mysteries—various ointments or unguents being used.

Karest, the "mummy type of immortality," and proves it very thoroughly. He begins by saying that in Egyptian the "Word of Truth" is *Ma-Kheru*, and that it is the title of Horus. Thus, as he shows, Horus preceded Christ as the Messenger of the Word of Truth, the Logos or the manifestor of the divine nature in humanity. In the same paper he writes as follows:

The Gnosis had three phases—astronomical, spiritual, and doctrinal, and all three can be identified with the Christ of Egypt. In the astronomical phase the constellation Orion is called the *Sahu* or *mummy*. The soul of Horus was represented as rising from the dead and ascending to heaven in the stars of Orion. The mummy-image was the preserved one, the saved, therefore a portrait of the Saviour, as a type of immortality. This was the figure of a dead man, which, as Plutarch and Herodotus tell us, was carried round at an Egyptian banquet, when the guests were invited to look on it and eat and drink and be happy, because, when they died, they would become what the image symbolised—that is, they also would be immortal! This type of immortality was called the *Karest*, or *Karust*, and it *was* the Egyptian Christ. To *Kares* means to embalm, anoint, to make the Mummy as a type of the eternal; and, when made, it was called the *Karest;* so that this is not merely a matter of name for name, the *Karest* for the *Christ*.

This image of the *Karest* was bound up in a woof without a seam, the proper vesture of the Christ! No matter what the length of the bandage might be, and some of the mummy-swathes have been unwound that were 1,000 yards in length, the woof was from beginning to end without a seam. . . . Now, this seamless robe of the Egyptian *Karest* is a very tell-tale type of the mystical Christ, who becomes historic in the Gospels as the wearer of a coat or chiton, made without a seam, which neither the Greek nor the Hebrew fully explains, but which is explained by the Egyptian *Ketu* for the woof, and by the seamless robe or swathing without seam that was made for eternal wear, and worn by the Mummy-Christ, the image of immortality in the tombs of Egypt.

Further, Jesus is put to death in accordance with the instructions given for making the *Karest*. Not a bone must be broken. The true *Karest* must be perfect in every member. "This is he who comes out sound; whom men know not is his name."

In the Gospels Jesus rises again with every member sound, like the perfectly-preserved *Karest*, to demonstrate the physical resurrection of the mummy. But, in the Egyptian original, the mummy transforms. The deceased says: "I am spiritualised. I am become a soul. I rise as a God." This transformation into the spiritual image, the *Ka*, has been omitted in the Gospel.

This spelling of the name as Chrest or Chrést in Latin is supremely important, because it enables me to prove the identity with the Egyptian *Karest* or *Karust*, the name of the Christ as the enbalmed mummy, which was the image of the resurrection in Egyptian tombs, the type of immortality, the likeness of the Horus, who rose again and made the pathway out of the sepulchre for those who were his disciples or followers. *Moreover, this type of the Karest or Mummy-Christ is reproduced in the Catacombs of Rome.* No representation of the supposed historic resurrection of Jesus has been found on any of the early Christian monuments. But, instead of the missing fact, we find the scene of Lazarus being raised from the dead. This is depicted over and over again as the typical resurrection where there is no real one! The scene is not exactly in accordance with the rising from the grave in the Gospel. It is purely Egyptian, and Lazarus is an Egyptian mummy! Thus Lazarus, in each representation, *is* the mummy-type of the resurrection; Lazarus *is* the Karest, who was the Egyptian Christ, and who is reproduced by Gnostic art in the Catacombs of Rome as a form of the Gnostic Christ, who *was not and could not become an historical character.*

Further, as the thing is Egyptian, it is probable that the name is derived from Egyptian. If so, Laz (equal to Ras) means to be raised up, while *aru is* the mummy by name. With the Greek erminal *s* this becomes Lazarus. In the course of humanising the mythos the typical representation of the resurrection found in the tombs of Rome and Egypt would become the story of Lazarus being raised from the dead. This Karast type of the Christ in the Catacombs is not limited to Lazarus.

By means of the *Karest* type the Christ and the Christians can both be traced in the ancient tombs of Egypt. The mummy was made in this likeness of the Christ. It was the Christ by name, identical with the *Chrestoi* of the Greek Inscriptions. Thus the honoured dead, who rose again as the followers of Horus-Makheru, the Word of Truth, are found to be the Christians οἱ χρηστοί, on the Egyptian monuments. *Ma-Kheru* is the term that is always applied to the faithful ones who win the crown of life and wear it at the festival which is designated 'Come thou to me'—an invitation by Horus the Justifier to those who are the 'Blessed ones of his father, Osiris'—they who, having made the Word of Truth the law of their lives, were the Justified—οἱ χρηστοί, the Christians, on earth.

In a fifth century representation of the Madonna and child from the cemetery of St. Valentinus, the new-born babe lying in a box or crib *is* also the *Karest*, or mummy-type, further identified as the divine babe of the solar mythos by the disk of the sun and the cross of the equinox at the back of the infant's head. Thus the child-Christ of the historic faith is born, and visibly begins in the *Karest* image of the dead Christ, which was the mummy-type of the resurrection in Egypt for thousands of years before the Christian era. This doubles the proof that the Christ of the Christian Catacombs was a survival of the *Karest* of Egypt.

Moreover, as Didron shows, there was a portrait of the Christ who had his body *painted red!* * It was a popular tradition that the Christ *was* of a red complexion. This, too, may be explained as a survival of the Mummy-Christ. It was an aboriginal mode of rendering things *tapu* by colouring them red. The dead corpse was coated with red ochre—a very primitive mode of making the mummy, or the anointed one. Thus the God Ptah tells Rameses II. that he has "*re-fashioned his flesh in vermilion.*" This anointing with red ochre is called *Kura* by the Maori, who likewise made the Karest or Christ.

We see the mummy-image continued on another line of descent when we learn that among other pernicious heresies and deadly sins with which the Knights Templars were charged, was the impious custom of adoring a Mummy that had red eyes, Their Idol, called Baphomet, is also thought to have been a mummy. . . . . The Mummy was the earliest human image of the Christ.

I do not doubt that the ancient Roman festivals called the *Charistia*. were connected in their origin with the *Karest* and the *Eucharist* as a celebration in honour of the manes of their departed kith and kin, for whose sakes they became reconciled at the friendly gathering once a year. . . . . It is here, then, we have to seek the essential connection between the Egyptian Christ, the Christians, and the Roman Catacombs. These Christian Mysteries, ignorantly explained to be inexplicable, can be explained by Gnosticism and Mythology, but in no other way. It is not that they are insoluble by human reason, as their incompetent, howsoever highly paid, expounders now-a-days pretend. That is but the puerile apology of the unqualified for their own helpless ignorance—they who have never been in possession of the gnosis or science of the Mysteries by which alone these things can be explained in accordance with their natural genesis. In Egypt only can we read the matter to the root, or identify the origin of the Christ by nature and by name, to find at last that the Christ was the Mummy-type, and that our Christology is mummified mythology."—(*Agnostic Annual.*)

The above is an explanation on purely scientific evidence, but, perhaps, a little too *materialistic*, just because of that science, notwithstanding that the author is a well-known Spiritualist. Occultism pure and simple finds the same mystic elements in the Christian as in other faiths, though it rejects as emphatically its dogmatic and *historic* character. It is a fact that in the terms Ιησοῦς ὁ χριστος (See *Acts* v. 42, ix. 14; 1 Corinth. iii. 17, etc.), the article ὁ designating "Christos," proves it simply a surname, like that of Phocion, who is referred to as Φωκίων ὁ χρηστός (Plut. v.). Still, the personage (Jesus) so addressed—whenever he lived—was a great Initiate and a "Son of God."

For, we say it again, the surname Christos is based on, and the story of the Crucifixion derived from, events that preceded it. Everywhere, in India as in Egypt, in Chaldea as in Greece, all these legends were built upon one and the same primitive type; the voluntary sacrifice of the *logoï*—the *rays* of the one Logos, the direct manifested emanation from the One ever-concealed Infinite and Unknown—whose *rays* incarnated in mankind. They consented to *fall into matter*, and are, therefore, called the "Fallen Ones." This is one of those great mysteries which can hardly be touched upon in a magazine article, but shall be noticed in a separate work of mine, *The Secret Doctrine*, very fully.

Having said so much, a few more facts may be added to the etymology of the two terms. χριστος being the verbal adjective in Greek of χρίω "to be rubbed on," *as ointment* or salve, and the word being finally brought to mean "the

* *Because he is cabalistically the new Adam, the "celestial man," and Adam was made of red earth.*

Anointed One," in Christian theology; and *Kri*, in Sanskrit, the first syllable in the name of Krishna, meaning "to pour out, or rub over, to cover with,"* among many other things, this may lead one as easily to make of Krishna, "the anointed one." Christian philologists try to limit the meaning of Krishna's name to its derivation from *Krish*, "black"; but if the analogy and comparison of the Sanskrit with the Greek roots contained in the names of Chrestos, Christos, and *Chr*ishna, are analyzed more carefully, it will be found that they are all of the same origin.†

"In Bockh's 'Christian Inscriptions,' numbering 1,287, there is no single instance of an earlier date than the third century, wherein the name is not written *Chrest* or *Chreist*." (*The Name and Nature of the Christ*, by G. Massey, "The Agnostic Annual.")

Yet none of these names can be unriddled, as some Orientalists imagine, merely with the help of astronomy and the knowledge of zodiacal signs in conjunction with phallic symbols. Because, while the sidereal symbols of the mystic characters or personifications in Puranâs or Bible, fulfil astronomical functions, their spiritual anti-types rule invisibly, but very effectively, the world. They exist as abstractions on the higher plane, as manifested ideas on the astral, and become males, females and androgyne powers on this lower plane of ours. *Scorpio*, as *Chrestos-Meshiac*, and Leo, as *Christos-Messiah* antedated by far the Christian era in the trials and triumphs of Initiation during the Mysteries, Scorpio standing as symbol for the latter, Leo for the glorified triumph of the "sun" of truth. The mystic philosophy of the allegory is well understood by the author of the "Source of Measures"; who writes: "One (Chrestos) causing himself to go down into the pit (of Scorpio, or incarnation in the womb) for the salvation of the world; this was the Sun, shorn of his *golden rays*, and *crowned with blackened*‡ *ones* (symbolizing this loss) as the thorns; *the other* was the triumphant *Messiah*, mounted up to the *summit of the arch of heaven*, personated as the *Lion of the tribe of Judah*. In both instances he had the Cross; once in

* Hence the memorialising of the doctrine during the MYSTERIES. The pure monad, the "god" incarnating and becoming *Chrestos*, or man, on his trial of life, a series of those trials led him to the *crucifixion of flesh*, and finally into the Christos condition.

† On the best authority the derivation of the Greek *Christos* is shown from the Sanskrit root *ghársh*="rub"; thus: *ghársh-ā-mi-to*, "to rub," and ghársh-tá-s "flayed, sore," Moreover, Krish, which means in one sense to plough and make furrows, means also to cause pain, "to torture to torment," and ghrsh-tā-s "rubbing"—all these terms relating to Chrestos and Christos conditions. One has *to die in Chrestos*, *i.e.*, kill one's personality and its passions, to blot out every idea of separateness from one's "Father," the Divine Spirit in man; to become one with the eternal and absolute *Life* and *Light* (SAT) before one can reach the glorious state of *Christos*, the regenerated man, the man in spiritual freedom.

‡ The Orientalists and Theologians are invited to read over and study the allegory of Viswakarman, the "Omnificent," the Vedic God, the architect of the world, who sacrificed himself *to himself* or the world, after having offered up all worlds, *which are himself*, in a "Sarva Madha" (general sacrifice) —and ponder over it. In the Purânic allegory, his daughter *Yoga-siddha* "Spiritual consciousness," the wife of *Surya*, the Sun, complains to him of the too great effulgence of her husband; and Viswakarmâ, in his character of *Takshaka*, "wood cutter and carpenter," placing the Sun upon his lathe cuts away a part of his brightness. Surya looks, after this, crowned with dark thorns instead of rays, and becomes Vikarttana ("shorn of his rays"). All these names are terms which were used by the candidates when going through the trials of Initiation. The Hierophant-Initiator personated Viswakarman; the father, and the general *artificer* of the gods (the adepts on earth), and the candidate-Surya, the Sun, who had to kill all his fiery passions and wear the crown of thorns *while crucifying his body* before he could rise and be re-born into a new life as the glorified "Light of the World"—Christos. No Orientalist seems to have ever perceived the suggestive analogy, let alone to apply it!

humiliation (as the son of copulation), and once holding it in his control, as the law of creation, he being Jehovah"—in the scheme of the authors of dogmatic Christianity. For, as the same author shows further, John, Jesus and even Apollonius of Tyana were but epitomizers of the history of the Sun "under differences of aspect or condition."* The explanation, he says, "is simple enough, when it is considered that the names *Jesus*, Hebrew יש and Apollonius, or Apollo, are alike names of the *Sun in the heavens*, and, necessarily, the history of the one, as to his travels through *the signs*, with the personifications of his sufferings, triumphs and miracles, could be but the *history of the other*, where there was a wide-spread, common method of describing those travels by personification." The fact that the Secular Church was founded by Constantine, and that it was a part of his decree "that the venerable day of the *Sun* should be the day set apart for the worship of Jesus Christ as *Sun*-day," shows that they knew well in that "Secular Church" "that the allegory rested upon an astronomical basis," as the author affirms. Yet, again, the circumstance that both Purânas and Bible are full of solar and astronomical allegories, does not militate against that other fact that all such scriptures in addition to these two are *closed* books to the scholars "having authority."(!) Nor does it affect that other truth, that all those systems are *not the work of mortal man*, nor are they his invention in their origin and basis.

Thus "Christos," under whatever name, means more than *Karest*, a mummy, or even the "anointed" and the *elect* of theology. Both of the latter apply to *Chréstos*, the man of sorrow and tribulation, in his physical, mental, and psychic conditions, and both relate to the Hebrew *Mashiac* (from whence Messiah) condition, as the word is etymologised † by Fuerst, and the author of "The Source of Measures," p. 255. Christos is the crown of glory of the suffering Chréstos of the mysteries, as of the candidate to the final UNION, of whatever race and creed. To the true follower of the SPIRIT OF TRUTH, it matters little, therefore, whether Jesus, as man and Chrestos, lived during the era called Christian, or before, or never lived at all. The Adepts, who lived and died for humanity, have existed in many and all the ages, and many were the good and holy men in antiquity who bore the surname or title of Chrestos

* The author of the "Source of Measures" thinks that this "serves to explain why it has been that the *Life of Apollonius of Tyana, by Philostratus* has been so carefully kept back from translation and popular reading." Those who have studied it in the original have been forced to the comment that either the "*Life of Apollonius* has been taken from the New Testament, or that New Testament narratives have been taken from the *Life of Apollonius*, because of the manifest sameness of the *means of construction* of the narrative." (p. 260).

† "The word שיח *shiac*, is in Hebrew the same word as a verbal, signifying *to go down into the pit.* As a noun, *place of thorns, pit.* The *hifil* participle of this word is משיח or Messiach, or the Greek *Messias, Christ*, and means "he who causes to go down into the pit" (or hell, in dogmatism). In esoteric philosophy, this going down *into the pit* has the most mysterious significance. The Spirit "Christos" or rather the "Logos" (*read* Logoï), is said to "go down into the pit," when it incarnates in flesh, *is born as a man.* After having robbed the *Elohim* (or gods) of their secret, the *pro-creating* "fire of life," the Angels of Light are shown cast down into the pit or abyss of matter, called *Hell*, or the bottomless pit, by the kind theologians. This, in Cosmogony and Anthropology. During the Mysteries, however, it is the *Chréstos, neophyte*, (as man), etc., who had to descend into the crypts of Initiation and trials; and finally, during the "Sleep of Siloam" or the final *trance* condition, during the hours of which the new Initiate has the last and final mysteries of being divulged to him. Hades, Schéol, or Patala, are all one. The same takes place in the East now, as took place 2,000 years ago in the West, during the MYSTERIES.

before Jesus of Nazareth, otherwise Jesus (or Jehoshua) Ben Pandira was born.‡ Therefore, one may be permitted to conclude, with good reason, that Jesus, or Jehoshua, was like Socrates, like Phocian, like Theodorus, and so many others surnamed *Chréstos*, *i.e.*, the "good, the excellent," the gentle, and the holy Initiate, who showed the "way" to the Christos condition, and thus became himself "the Way" in the hearts of his enthusiastic admirers. The Christians, as all the "Hero-worshippers" have tried to throw into the background all the other Chréstoï, who have appeared to them as rivals of *their* Man-God. But if the voice of the MYSTERIES has become silent for many ages in the West, if Eleusis, Memphis, Antium, Delphi, and Crèsa have long ago been made the tombs of a Science once as colossal in the West as it is yet in the East, there are successors now being prepared for them. We are in 1887 and the nineteenth century is close to its death. The twentieth century has strange developments in store for humanity, and may even be the last of its name.

H. P. B.

(*To be continued.*)

‡ Several classics bear testimony to this fact. Lucian, c. 16, says Φωκίων ὁχρηστὸς, and Φωκίων ὁ ἐπὶκλην (λεγόμενος," surnamed "χρηστὸς.") In Phædr. p. 226 E, it is written, "you mean Theodorus the Chrestos." "Τὸν χρηστὸν λεγεις Θεὸδωρον. Plutarch shows the same; and Χρῆστος —Chrestus, is the proper name (see the word in *Thesaur.* Steph.) of an orator and disciple of Herodes Atticus.

SIMILITUDES OF DEMOPHILUS.

IT is the business of a musician to harmonize every instrument, but of a well educated man to adapt himself harmoniously to every fortune.

It is necessary that a well educated man should depart from life elegantly, as from a banquet.

GOLDEN SENTENCES OF DEMOCRITUS.

IT is beautiful to impede an unjust man; but if this be not possible, it is beautiful not to act in conjunction with him.

Sin should be abstained from, not through fear, but, for the sake of the becoming.

Many who have not learnt to argue rationally, still live according to reason.

Vehement desires about any one thing render the soul blind with respect to other things.

The equal is beautiful in everything, but excess and defect to me do not appear to be so.

It is the property of a divine intellect to be always intently thinking about the beautiful.

Correspondence.

A LAW OF LIFE: KARMA.

[THE following letter has been received by the editors, in criticism on Mr. Keightley's article on "Karma"; and as it raises many rather important points, an attempt has been made to answer them. Mr. Beatty's letter is somewhat difficult to deal with, for though it asks many questions, they are so inextricably mingled with its author's thoughts that it would be unfair to disentangle them from the context. It is a pity that Mr. Beatty, in his haste to criticize, did not wait for the conclusion of the article, as he might have saved himself some trouble. If his real desire is to learn, it would be well that he should approach the endeavour in a less flippant spirit and evolve the critic out of the criticaster. In many of his arguments he has, so to say, "given himself away," but, in the interests of space and of the readers of LUCIFER, only those questions and arguments which bear directly on the points at issue have been selected for answer. The point which Mr. Beatty does "not care to discuss," and which refers to the mystery of Godliness, has been omitted. Perhaps, if Mr. Beatty continues to read, mark, learn, *and inwardly digest*, he may in some *future incarnation* solve the mystery.]

In an article in LUCIFER, under the above heading, Mr. Keightley declares it to be "very difficult, if not well-nigh impossible," to understand Karma, and I grant him that his essay is a practical demonstration of his allegation. The difficulty (1.) does not, however, hinder him from attempting to define the refractory term. "Karma," he says, "is the working of the great law which governs reincarnation," or "a manifestation of the One, Universal, Divine Principle in the phenomenal world," or again, "the great law of harmony which governs the universe." Now, waiving altogether the question of reincarnations, I shall proceed to examine whether Mr. Keightley* makes good his contention that "harmony," in his sense of the word, "governs the Universe." He says, "the man who denies the existence of harmony in the universe has transgressed the law and is experiencing punishment. He does this unconsciously to himself, because the law of harmony forms an unconscious impulse to its readjustment when it has been broken." Here there are several things to be considered. In the first place, it may be asked: (2.) Does a man, by merely denying the existence of a law of Nature or the universe, trangress that law? I think not.* Secondly. Can a law of the universe be "broken"? Here again I must reply in the negative; for who is going to contend that the law of gravitation has ever been "broken,"† has ever ceased to act, has ever required "re-adjustment"? A man

* Mr. Keightley's meaning (and it is difficult for the words to bear any other interpretation) was that the denial of harmony is evidence that, at some previous time, the man who denies has set himself in opposition to the law, in virtue of those very desires and instincts of his animal personality to which Mr. Beatty alludes later on. In this sense, Mr. Beatty is right in saying that a law of the universe cannot be broken; but its limits may be transgressed, and consequently an attempt made by man to make himself into a small, but rival universe. It is the old story of the china pot and the iron kettle, and the fact that china gets the worst of it is conclusive that the china is struggling *against* Nature.

† Will Mr. Beatty explain the phenomenon of a comet flirting its tail round the sun in defiance of the "*law* of gravitation"?

can break no law of Nature in the sense of bringing that law into abeyance. If then, a law of harmony governs the universe there can be no such thing as discord. (3.) Yet Mr. Keightley admits that there *is* discord, that the law of harmony has been "broken" and needs "readjustment." This is a surrendering of his position and a patent admission that harmony is not constant or universal. He then proceeds to draw an illustration from music. "In musical chords, the composing notes, if taken by twos and threes, will be found in discord, but, when taken together, produce a harmony." This is a particularly unfortunate subject of illustration. For does it not show that discord is an element in the universe as well as harmony? Why are discords introduced into music? Simply to make the harmony more effective. The reason for this, however, does not lie in any so-called universal law of harmony, but rather in the constitution of animate existences. Fundamentally, sensation is the consciousness of difference. Where the difference is great the feeling is great. If we wish to have the keenest sensation of sweetness we must first taste something bitter. Thus it is that occasional discords heighten harmony. But are the discords any less real on that account? Certainly not; for there can no more be harmony without discord, than there can be an up without a down. This, moreover, is only another illustration of the fact that human knowledge is merely relative. Must we, however, admit that the universal law may be harmony while our experience tells us that there are discords without number? Unless ignorance be considered as superior to positive knowledge, I see no room for the admission. If a man's house tumbles about his ears, does it become any less a fact by trying to persuade himself and his neighbours that it is still standing? This seems to be the method of Mr. Keightley. He has, however, yet another argument. "The universe . . . is essentially an evidence of harmony; otherwise it could not exist, for it would fall to pieces." This is a palpable begging of the question, and, besides, very absurd. The universe is a harmony, because a universe must be a harmony! "Otherwise it could not exist." Now how does our harmonist know whether it could exist or not? Of what other universe has he experience or knowledge? "It would fall to pieces." Where, I wonder, would it fall to? Perhaps it is even now fast falling to pieces, and who can tell us differently? As far as ordinary people can judge, it seems, as regards the parts we are acquainted with, to be falling into more or less concrete masses, but not many sane people believe it can fall into nothingness. After all this vain contention for universal harmony we find Mr. Keightley settling down like ordinary mortals to the conviction that the world is far from harmonious or perfect. One unfortunate individual who cannot be persuaded that all is harmony, is told that "he is incapable of understanding it because his attention is solely devoted to that which produces discord." How comes it that the universe does not fall to pieces as a result of this discord? Surely we are in a precarious condition, if every obstinate fool who persists in crying out when he has been hurt, endangers the stability of the universe. Did ever anyone meet with a universe where there is less evidence of harmony? One brute force ever in conflict with another. Infernal forces piling up mountain on the top of mountain; supernal forces blasting, rending, excoriating and tumbling these mountains down again into the valleys; the oak struggling against the inwarping ivy, the fawn attempting vainly to escape from the claws of the

tiger, the child agonising while parasities eat slowly and mercilessly into its lungs, liver, or brain; the strong everywhere victorious over the weak; each sect and each party exerting itself ferociously to scoop out the viscera of its rival. Such is the world, such all records declare it to have been, and such it gives ample promise of continuing. But if the world is not really so, and on the contrary is one immensity of joyous harmony, who can tell us why the evidence is so deceptive? Here again, Mr. Keightley introduces to us a most remarkable statement. "The one Divine principle is divided by man's actions into two opposing forces of good and evil, and man's progress depends on the exertion of his will to preserve harmony and prevent deviation to one side or the other." Give us by all means in preference to this for common sense, for rationality and for every other quality that makes it digestible, the childish story of Eve, the apple and the fall.

Beyond doubt, Mr. Keightley has a profound faith in man as a power in the universe and an instrument for evil. By a most singular process of metaphysical alchemy man decomposes the "Divine principle" into "two opposing forces of good and evil." It seems from this revised version of an old story that man introduced evil into the universe. Why is man so important that a universe should be polluted for his sake? Surely man did not make himself, and whatever powers were in him for evil or for good must have been potential in that from which he sprang. Man can create nothing, neither evil nor good, neither a tendency to do right nor an inclination to do wrong. "Man's will" is always a tremendous force for good or evil in the hands of theologians and metaphysicians. Did man make his own "will?" If not, how can he be responsible for what he does? Everybody knows that man can act according to his likes or dislikes. But does anybody imagine that he can make his own likes or dislikes? (4.) He can do as he wishes, but he wishes according to his nature, and this he cannot transcend, consequently he is not responsible to the Author of his nature for what his nature inclines him to do. But what are we to understand by the rest of the sentence? Man's will is "to preserve harmony and prevent deviation to one side or the other." First the will brings about evil in the "Divine principle," destroying harmony, then it is to reproduce harmony and at the same time to maintain a balance between good and evil, and "prevent deviation to the one side or the other." This to Mahatmas and possessors of the "sixth sense" may seem plain logic, but it far surpasses my comprehension.* I am, perhaps, as averse to "the pernicious doctrine of reward and punishment after death, in heaven or in hell" as Mr. Keightley can be, but I can by no means deduce from it the results which to him appear so inevitable. "Nothing," he says, "could have been found more calculated to circumscribe the view of life as a whole, and concentrate man's attention on temporary matters. . . . He either rejected the idea of soul as altogether worthless, or else he transferred his interest to the soul's welfare in heaven—in either case concentrating his attention on what is inevitably transient." How the idea of never-ending existence in heaven or in hell can have the effect of circumscribing "the view of life as a whole," and of concentrating "man's attention on

* Very little doubt that it does. Mankind is only very gradually developing its fifth sense on the intellectual plane. Intuition might have carried our critic over the difficulty, but in some parts of his criticism he seems hardly to have begun to evolute the intellectual sense.

temporary matters," is to me an insolvable puzzle. That it should have quite the opposite effect, does not seem to require proof. Why, in the name of mystery, should he "reject the idea of soul as worthless," and how can transferring "his interest to the soul's welfare in heaven" be called a concentrating of "his attention on what is inevitably transient?" Truly this Karma is a bewildering subject! *

. . . . . .

Do plants and animals come under the law of Karma? is the next question discussed by Mr. Keightley. An extract from the *Theosophist* seems to discountenance such a thing. But are its arguments really conclusive against it? I do not think so. It says, "A piece of iron is attracted to a magnet without having any desire in the matter." Now, in the first place, this is pure assumption, and has its origin in vainglorious human egotism.† It is evident that from objective data alone we cannot decide what is the subjective state of the molecules of the attracted iron. In the second place, we are only acquainted with the iron as a cause producing changes in us. No matter how we interpret these changes, they cannot even tell us the real nature of iron, merely considered objectively. Again the extract proceeds: "An animal usually follows the instincts of its nature without any merit or demerit for so doing; a child or an idiot may smilingly kick over a lamp, which may set a whole city on fire. . . . A person can only be held responsible according to his ability to perceive justice, and to distinguish between good and evil." According to this doctrine, man is not an "animal," and does not follow his instincts. To those who are acquainted, even slightly, with the method and regularity of Nature, this contention will appear, on the face of it, untenable. For why should there be an exception in the case of man?‡ Has man instincts, desires, and inclinations, or has he not? If he has, why should he have them if he is not to follow them? And if in any case he does not follow them, is it not with him as with the "animals"? Is it not because he is deterred by influences from without, or hereditary influences from within? And of all these instincts, desires and influences, how is he to know which to obey, to know which is of Divine sanction? He has conscience, of course, but conscience is a very variable quantity, and indeed, it might not be too much to say that there is hardly a crime in the world that has not, at one time or another, been commended by conscience. Conscience is only one phase of the man's mental activity, and was no more created by him than was his power of vision. We talk of "children and idiots," and their being irresponsible, but are not untamed savages also irresponsible? And if we admit that there may be beings as much

* "This Karma," as Mr. Beatty expresses it, would not be quite so bewildering a subject if critics would bear in mind the context and not fall foul of a detached expression—not even a sentence. The "interest of the soul's welfare in heaven" is concentrated by John Smith on John Smith as John Smith in heaven, and in order that the said John Smith may go on enjoying the things he loved on earth. As his earth life has ended, John Smith has changed and is "transient." If he were not transient a very natural inference would follow, that progress, evolution, &c., on whatever plane of being does not prevail.

† Mr. Beatty hardly maintains his position of consistent materialism here; and it is at least as vainglorious to deny as to assert.

‡ Man has the "animal" in him of course, but he has also the power of judgment or discrimination. Mr. Beatty's wish to be critically pessimistic seems here to run away with his power of discrimination.

higher than we, as we are higher than children, idiots, and savages, will they not, with reason and justice, regard us as irresponsible? The truth is, there never was a greater chimera conjured up by unreasoning fancy than that one of man's responsibility to a Supreme Power. Man is responsible only to man, and man's conduct is without merit except from a human view-point. We are good or bad by reason of all the forces that act on and through us.

My object in writing what I have written is to show to Theosophists the dense darkness in which I wander. Will some God-illumined mind not take pity upon, and draw me up from the labyrinthian gloom, where illusions mislead me at every step? My "sixth sense" seems wholly dormant, and Nirvana, that haven of rest, seems distant, by many a weary league of rocky path and burning desert. Pity me.

5, Christie Street, Paisley. J. H. BEATTY.

(1.) The difficulty experienced in fathoming the mysteries of Karmic Law arises from the conditions of our present intellectual environment and general evolutionary status. It has been, also, frequently stated that a *complete* comprehension of its workings is reserved for the Initiate who has transcended the domain of terrestrial activity—viz., the necessity for soul-evolution through successive births. But, passing over this consideration, it is evident that, in the process of bringing down fragments of the Divine Truth on to the plane of mere intellectual interpretation, an inevitable distortion must ensue. The rays of spiritual light will be split up and refracted as they pass through the prism of the brain. Mr. Beatty will recognise this fact more clearly owing to his belief "that *human* knowledge is *merely relative*." Surely, when that most familiar fact of our experience, the "perception of matter," is, metaphysically speaking, an illusion, the relativity of *mental* conceptions of spiritual truths would appear to be a necessity. According to Huxley, Spencer, Du Bois Reymond, and all leading thinkers, we know nothing of things as they are even on this plane, which to the materialist is "All in all." The essence of the thing "perceived" escapes us; all we really grasp is its presentation in consciousness. It is, therefore, clear that in interpreting realities on the super-physical plane, we cannot advance beyond word-symbols and adumbrations. The intuition of the individual must effect the rest.

Such considerations, however, in no way militate against the successful defence of Esoteric philosophy on purely intellectual lines. Translated into terms of human thought, its metaphysics must be shown to blend intimately with the *facts* of science and psychology, and its ability to solve the enigmas of life demonstrated. "Philosophy is chaos," remarks the author of "Absolute Relativism," referring to modern thought. If we are to avoid the spectacle of a future "moral chaos," also, as the fruit of the materialistic Upas tree, some fresh impulse must be infused into the dry bones of Western metaphysics—some *raison d'être* assigned to life, and an ideal worthy of man's noblest efforts presented to the multitude of *laissez-faire* pessimists. Such is an aspect of the work now before us.

(2.) A man may certainly injure himself* by shutting his eyes to a spiritual

* No law of Nature can be set aside, but a man *transgresses* a law of his [mental] being when he deliberately places himself under the sway of certain "evil" forces. The gist of Mr. Beatty's criticism is not quite evident here.

interpretation of the Universe and its workings. The only acquisition he can carry with him after physical death is the *aroma* of the vast aggregate of mental states generated in one incarnation. The *personality* or brain-consciousness of the physical man is, after all, a mere feeler projected into this objective plane to harvest experience for its individual Self. It does not at all follow that any experience may be acquired which the Monad is enabled to assimilate. Abstract thinking, religious aspirations, scientific lore, poetry, the nobler emotions, and all such efflorescences of human consciousness, furnish the "material" which go to build up the *transcendental individuality* of the Ego progressing towards the Nirvana. The materialist presents a frequent instance of soul-death—so far as the fruitage of the personality is concerned. His knowledge may be enormous, but being unspiritualised, a mere creature of the physical brain, it cannot blossom into luxuriance in the Devachanic interim between successive births. Consequently, as the True Self—the "transcendental subject" of the neo-Kantian German school—only assimilates experience suitable to its own exalted nature, it becomes evident that, ideals apart, the philosophy of a man is of very great importance. At the same time, it need not be said that sectarian "religion" is almost more pernicious than materialism, inasmuch as it combines the two factors of crass ignorance and spiritual torpor.

(3.) Harmony *is* essentially the law of the Universe. The contrasted aspects of Nature come into being subsequently to the differentiation of matter from its several *protyles* in the commencement of a cycle of becoming, or Manwantara, and can have no reality except in the experience of conscious Egos.* For beneath the surface of the great ocean of cosmic illusion—beneath the clash of apparently clashing forces—lies the Eternal Harmony. The semblance of discord is but a ripple on the stream of Maya, or illusion. One aspect of esoteric solution of apparent evils is dealt with in the last issue of LUCIFER (*vide* art., "Origin of Evil"). But Mr. Beatty will not find himself in a position to accept its validity so long as he continues to "waive the question of re-incarnation," the acceptance of that doctrine lying at the root of the real explanation.

The Universe must, at bottom, be a Harmony. Why? † The equilibrating action of the forces around us is a sufficient proof of the fact; the apparent discord existing, as argued by Spinoza, solely in the sensations of conscious beings. The matter in reality involves the re-opening of the much debated question as to whether an optimistic or pessimistic pantheism is the creed of the true philosopher. Can we with von Hartmann postulate the strange contradiction of an absolutely wise (though from our standpoint unconscious) cause

* The *phenomenal* contrast is not denied, but it is representative of no fundamental want of harmony. In the same way the contrast of Subject and Object is essential to our present finite consciousness, although it has no basis of reality beyond the limits of conditional being. Moreover, even in this phenomenal Universe, equilibrium (harmony) is most certainly maintained by the very conflict of the contrasted forces allnded to.

† Mr. Beatty asks how the Universe would come to a stand-still, if the law of Harmony was suspended. Now suppose, for instance, the law of "gravity" was not *counterbalanced* by the action of other "forces," what would happen? Science assures us that everything would have long before gravitated to a common centre, and a universal dead-lock have ensued! *Vice versa*, if "gravity" were to lapse. *Verb. Sap.*

behind phenomena confronted with a "worthless universe?" Obviously not. Moreover, as pantheists necessarily regard the individual mind as only a rushlight compared with the blazing sun of the Universal Mind, its source, how is a final conclusion as to the "unfathomable folly" of manifested being possible? On the other hand, a non-recognition of the Maya of appearances is a tacit impeachment of the wisdom of the Absolute. The pantheist—and pantheism alone accounts for consciousness itself—is, at least, logically driven into the admission that the "nature of things" is sound and that, probably, apparent flaws in the mechanicism of the Universe would, if viewed from a wider standpoint than the human, altogether vanish.

If, however, the Spinozistic axiom that evil *exists only in us*, is true—and it is not for a relativist of our critic's type to deny the fact—pessimism is routed in the recognition of the equilibrating action of the law of Karma. The examples cited by Mr. Beatty of brute forces "one in conflict with another;" of the sufferings of animals in the struggle for existence; and more especially of human suffering in no way controvert the views of the "Harmonists." The first group is representative of those forces which balance one another by oscillating about a common centre of equilibrium, producing harmony by conflict, just as in the case of the so-called centripetal and centrifugal forces, which regulate the earth's orbital journey. The second group is, undoubtedly, characterised by the infliction of much incidental pain. But in all instances where Nature immolates the individual organism on the altar of natural selection, she does it for the benefit of the species or the "survival of the fittest"—the individuals borne down by violence in the struggle, reaping, one and all, the results of a compensatory Karma. In the domain of *human* suffering, moral debasement, etc., an entirely new factor supervenes—the equilibrating influence of a *positive* Karma, which in biblical language demands "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

(4). "Why," asks our critic, "is man so important that the Universe was polluted for his sake?" In the first place, Humanity is, by no means, unimportant; the panorama of evolution only existing in order to evolve the Ego from the animal stage up to that of a conscious God. The designation of nature as divided into "good" and "evil" principles, has been taken by Mr. Beatty in its absolute, as opposed to its relative, aspect. Man pollutes only himself and his fellows by "sin"; nature remaining constant *per se*. "How can he be responsible for what he does?" he continues. He is only so within certain wide limits defined by his previous Karma—the tendencies moral, mental and spiritual, generated in previous lives, continually driving him on to certain lines of action. The "Free Will absolute" of the theologians is as unpsychological and worthless a concept as it is possible to formulate. Not so the doctrine that the Ego is able to *mould* its tendencies of thought and emotion within "constitutional limits." It was the recognition of this fact which led John Stuart Mill to take up a midway position between the equally absurd extremes of Free Will and Necessarianism. The same conviction led the prophet of Materialism, Dr. Louis Büchner, to contradict his whole system by admitting human liberty within a certain area mapped

out by "Heredity" and Environment, and Professor Clifford to invest the "conscious, automaton" Man with the power to control his own ideas!! Responsibility varies enormously, and is, perhaps, almost wanting in the savage (who, however, is in all cases the degraded relic of primæval civilisation). In all cases, the human Ego must be held to be the evolver of the group of tendencies which make up the personality of each re-birth. The sensualist is the victim of a "Frankenstein's monster," into which he has infused strength through many lives. We really cannot follow Mr. Beatty when he writes: "Has man instincts, desires, and inclinations, or has he not? If he has, *why should he have them if he is not to follow them?*" He has them because they are the heritage handed down to him from past lives, and also because his Karma as an individual is bound up with that of the race to which he belongs. It rests with him as to how far he chooses to *modify* them "for weal or woe," for every moment the exhaustion of past Karma runs parallel with the creation of new. It is certainly a strange doctrine here enunciated by Mr. Beatty, that the possession of certain "instincts, etc.," justifies their gratification. Crime, debauchery and cruelty would be difficult to deal with on this hypothesis! It is certainly true—to some extent—that "we are good or bad by reason of all the forces that act on or through us." These latter are the stimuli to action (*subject to the control of the will*), but are in their turn the resultant of previous Karma. Judging from the general tone of his criticism, it would appear that his first acquaintance with the esoteric philosophy does not date back to a very remote antiquity.

A. K.

"THE LATEST ATTACK ON CHRISTIANITY."

In the July number of the *Quarterly Review* there is an article reviewing the recent book of J. C. Morrison upon "The Service of Man or the Future Religion." And although Mr. Morrison, in his book, writes to urge that the chief and primary principle of religion is "to promote the spirit of self-sacrifice, and to direct men's energies to the service of their fellow creatures," yet the *Quarterly Review* pours every kind of insult and obloquy on Mr. Morrison.

But herein is the gross contradiction, that the *Quarterly Review* admits that the primary principle of Christianity has the very same objects in view, as Mr. Morrison urges the future religion should have. And yet the *Quarterly Review* ridicules Mr. Morrison, and describes his book as an attack upon Christianity.

Then, surely, when two persons thus fall out with one another, whilst both advocate the same lofty and noble principles, there must be some gross misunderstanding between them!

The error thus which they both labour under, is one and the same; for the *Quarterly Review* errs, in assuming that the teaching or doctrine of the Church is indisputably, and infallibly, the teaching or doctrine of Christ. And Mr. Morrison errs in assuming that the teaching or doctrine of Christ is the same as the doctrine of the Church.

So that if the teaching of the Church is not the teaching of Christ, then Mr. Morrison in attacking the supposed Christianity of the Church is not really

attacking Christianity, but only attacking the spurious doctrine of the Church, which has passed current as Christianity; *ex gr.*, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Elijah, in denouncing the religion of the priests, did not attack true religion (as the priests would assert), but only their adulterated and spurious religion.

And Christ tells us that the Priests and Pharisees made the word of God of none effect by their traditions. And St. Paul tells us that, with the authority of the Chief Priest, he had, before conversion, imprisoned and put men to death, and made them blaspheme (Acts xxvi., 11) against God and the Church.

Therefore, before we accept the Church and Christianity to be synonymous terms, and not only signifying but being actually the Church of Christ, and so, verily, Christianity, we must have a clear and definite understanding as to what we mean, and wish others to understand what we mean, by "the Church."

For the world, outside of Christianity, and often inside, is at its wits' end to know which of the numerous churches and sects, which all claim to be the Church of Christ, is really and truly the Church of Christ; because the World witnesses that they all reject one another.

Then surely, whilst the world witnesses rival and hostile churches all claiming to be "the Church" and Christianity, Mr. Morrison is not at all necessarily attacking the Church of Christ, or true Christianity, when he attacks the doctrine, or the Christianity of the churches.

And this proposition of course, opens and raises the question as to what is Christianity, which the *Quarterly Review* either avoids or assumes to be established, as being "*a sound belief in the merits of the Saviour*," which of course means belief in the Atonement as commonly taught. But how can the truth of Christianity be possibly established, whilst to this day the doctrine of Atonement taught by the Church as Christianity, cannot be reconciled as either good or true; and is moreover a mystery to the leaders of it, a stumbling block to the Jews, and foolishness to the world, making the preaching of the Church as Canon Liddon admits, utterly powerless? The *Quarterly Review* assumes that the doctrine of the Church has been taught as Christianity for 1,800 years; and that 1,800 years' teaching of it has proved it to be Christianity, because the *Quarterly Review* assumes that there has been liberty for 1,800 years to disprove the doctrine of the Church, and that the doctrine of the Church, not having been disproved, is a proof that it cannot be disproved. But the fact that to this very day there is no liberty allowed in the pulpits of the National Churches to discuss the doctrine of the Church (it being a law with the rulers of the Church that "the doctrine of the Church may not be touched"), utterly refutes all the assumptions of the *Quarterly Review*.

For whilst there is no liberty, even for fair and candid criticism in the pulpit, on the doctrine of the Church, even in this age of liberty and education, there could have been none when the Church, for centuries, had power to imprison, slay, and excommunicate or boycott; and used it against those who even questioned the doctrine of the Church.

But we are told, by the great Bishop Butler, in his "Analogy of Religion" (and whom the *Quarterly Review* admits to be an authority of the very highest class), that the doctrine of Atonement is positively immoral, excepting for the supposed divine authority; and the Bishop himself looked forward to the day,

when the progress of liberty and education should throw greater light upon this doctrine of the Church, and indisputably determine whether or no it has the divine authority, it was then supposed or asserted to have.

So great has been our progress in education and liberty that *The Guardian* of the 3rd August, in its review of this book of Mr. Morrison's, says, if Christianity is Calvinism with its doctrine of substitution and justification, then it is *madness* any longer to attempt defending the morality of Christianity.

It is true that it is one thing to make this admission in the review of a book, and another thing to publish it from the pulpit; and it is true that the admission would be withdrawn or crucified by silence; but the *Quarterly Review* itself, in its argument by analogy of the human and divine mind, admits that this doctrine of Atonement is immoral, because it admits that no authority could be divine which called immorality morality, as it asserts that *whatever is moral humanly speaking, is also moral divinely speaking, only in an infinitely greater degree*, and the converse. So that an attack on an immoral doctrine of the Church is not an attack on Christianity, if the doctrine of the Church is not the teaching of Christ, as it can be shown that it is not, as soon as liberty is allowed in the pulpits of the National Churches, for explaining the truth of a *Crucified Christ*, and removing the mystery that has been created, which causes it to be a stumbling block to the Jews, and foolishness to the world.

We are told that the late Archbishop Whately said, that if the Christian Religion did not come from God, miraculously (in the sense commonly taught), yet the religion, nevertheless, exists, and therefore the phenomenon has to be explained how it could have arisen and been propagated without miracles

But the *Quarterly Review* asserts that for 1,800 years all the attempts to explain it, without the aid of miracles, have utterly failed, and therefore it must be assumed to be miraculous.

But before there can be any justification for such a bold assumption, as that what is taught as Christianity is infallibly, and indisputably, the teaching of Jesus Christ, what is meant by the term Christianity, or Christian religion must be clearly defined: for the Roman Catholic Church denounces the Protestant, and the Protestant denounces the Roman Church, as having naught to do with Christianity; so that even if there is anything held in common between these Churches (as "the faith of the Primitive Church," or "the faith once delivered to the Saints," or any other faith), yet whatever it is, or is called, it would seem to be of not the slightest value whatever, in saving them from rejecting one another absolutely.

Canon Liddon, however, asserts that all the doctrine and teaching of the Church derives its authority from a miraculous resurrection of Jesus, with a material and physical body of flesh, blood, and bones, in direct defiance of the teaching of Jesus, that the flesh profiteth nothing, and that it was the words which He spoke, "*They were* spirit, *they* were life." (John vi., 63.)

And if we believe that the Holy Spirit of God could speak without the aid of a material body, composed of flesh, blood, and bones, in a still small voice to the conscience or soul of Moses and Elijah (1 Kings xix., 12); and if we believe that the same Holy Spirit is *present* even now (where two or three are gathered together—Matt. xvii., 23), why should not the presence of the still

small voice of the Holy Spirit, speaking to the conscience or soul of the Apostles, be of itself deemed sufficient, without needing the aid of a material body?

Again, if the *presence* of the still small voice of the Holy Spirit, speaking to the soul of man, has been deemed sufficient by the world both before the crucifixion of Christ, and since the crucifixion of Christ, why should it be deemed necessary to raise up the crucified One, with a body of flesh, blood and bones, only to teach what the still small voice of the Holy Spirit was able, willing, and *present* to teach, and to doubt which would be Atheism? And, moreover, whilst such teaching was sufficient, it would be a contradiction to vouchsafe more.

Therefore, if the still small voice of the Holy Spirit is sufficient and *present* to guide us into all truth, it must have been sufficient for the Apostles also (John xvi., 13); and, therefore, Christ's religion is not dependent upon a material resurrection of the body, with flesh, blood and bones.

Here, once more, we see the necessity of liberty being allowed in the pulpit, for fair and candid criticism on the doctrine of the Church, for the purpose of eliminating error and eliciting truth; so that it may be clearly seen and known what is Christ's religion, as it might indeed be possible that a material resurrection would seem necessary to support the doctrine of the Church, though wholly unnecessary for the support of Christ's religion, or gospel.

Although the *Quarterly Review* asserts that men have failed for 1,800 years to account for the existence of Christianity, unless it had a miraculous resurrection to support it, yet it by no means follows that, because a miracle is supposed to be needed to support a doctrine of the Church, therefore a miracle is needed for supporting the doctrine, gospel, or religion of Christ; which exists, and will continue to exist, without needing the aid of belief in a miraculous resurrection of the material body, to support it. And it only needs that there should be liberty allowed in the pulpits of the National Churches to show the deficiency of faith in Christ's spiritual resurrection, to see there is no need for belief in that carnal, gross, and material resurrection of the body, with flesh, blood and bones.

Then, let there be liberty allowed in the pulpits of the National Churches; because it is not true that there has ever been liberty for 1,800 years to explain the Mystery of a Crucified Christ; for, it is refused to the present day. If any man, on behalf of the Church, contradicts this, and asserts there is liberty to explain, in the Church, the truth of a crucified Christ, let him mention one Church, or one clergyman that will allow it, and I will test its truth by asking for the same permission that the rulers of the Synagogue accorded to St. Paul at Antioch, Acts xiii., 15.

The *Quarterly Review* says the clergy have no objection to free discussion—that it is the very air they breathe, and that it has been the life of Christian Truth. These are bold and brave words, but where is there even one clergyman that will endorse them, and act upon them? Where?

Isaiah says, "Open ye the gates that the truth may enter in" (xxvi., 2). But instead of reverencing the just and righteous "Son of Man," the chief priests and rulers of the Ancient Church condemned "the Just One," to be slain as a blasphemer, whose blood ought to be shed for an Atonement. And the chief priests of our Church have combined that this doctrine should not be

touched, so that by their practice they make their statement of the *Quarterly Review* utterly untrue. For if there is one clergyman, A.D. 1887, who will support the *Quarterly Review's* statement, and open his pulpit for explaining the truth of "Christ crucified" and proclaiming Christian truth, as taught by Christ—Where is he? and who is he?

And if there is not one, then need the Church be surprised that men attack, not the Christianity of Jesus Christ, but only an erroneous doctrine of the Church, miscalled Christianity?

(Rev.) T. G. Headley.

Manor House, Petersham, S.W.

P.S.—Although the *Quarterly Review* admits that Mr. Morrison has established a high position in literature, and that he seeks to promote the same lofty and noble principles as true Christianity inculcates; yet it speaks of Mr. Morrison's book as bad and incomplete; feeble and illogical; full of perversities, monstrosities, misrepresentations, and misquotations; adding, that it is bitter, unscrupulous, ignorant, inconsistent, offensive, bullying, brow-beating, overbearing, absurd, and ridiculous, as well as indecent and false; insulting and flagrant; inconsecutive and unjust; full of jugglery and a disgrace.

Is this an exhibition of how theologians, or the clergy, as the reviewer is most probably a clergyman, love free discussion, and crucify those from whom they differ by damning them in this gross manner?

ISLAM AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editors of Lucifer.

In the numerous letters that have repeatedly appeared recently in the *Times* opposing the statements of the Rev. Canon Isaac Taylor, in his speech at the late Church Congress, on the very great progress of Islam, and the comparative failure of Christianity (as taught), in India and Africa, it is frequently asserted that "*Islam is the only religion that has laid an immutable barrier on human progress;*" and that *no system could have been devised with more consummate skill (than the Koran of Islam) for shutting out the light of truth, from the Nations over which Islam has sway.*"

But surely this is equally as true of our Church, whilst it also makes it an immutable law, as it has done to this day, that "*the doctrine of the Church may not be touched*"? For how could any system have been devised with more consummate skill for shutting out the light of truth, than to delude the people to crucify "the Just One," as a blasphemer whose blood ought to be shed for an atonement, and afterwards to quote Scripture in support of this doctrine (as necessary to be believed in order to escape being cursed here and damned hereafter), and stamp out and boycott all who doubted it?

And yet this is the present state of things.

And therefore, whilst the clergy have power to say that "*the doctrine of the Church may not be touched,*" how is the mystery of a Crucified Christ to be explained and translated, so that it may be seen to be "*a light to lighten the Gentiles, and also the glory of Israel,*" instead of being, as it is now, a stumbling block to the Jews, foolishness to the world, and a mystery to the

teachers of it, making those who accept it, in India and Africa, worse than they were before?

Then is there not a cause for demanding that liberty should be allowed in the Church, for explaining, in the pulpit, the mystery of a Crucified Christ, so that it may no longer remain a mystery for want only of this liberty?

(Rev.) T. G. Headley.

HYLO-IDEALISM.—AN APOLOGY.

My attention has been directed to a somewhat slighting notice of the above theory of human nature, on pages 72 and 75 of your issue for September, the contents of which are, doubtless, most suggestive of the *nouvelles couches mentales* at the basis of all *nouvelles couches sociales*, and which Physical Science, in its vulgar realism, has altogether missed.

My main position, to which all else is but subsidiary, is that the worlds both of thought and thing, which thus become identified and unified, *must* be a product of *our own* personality or Egoity, which thus constitutes each Ego Protagonist and Demiurge, from whose tribunal there can be no possible appeal. This being granted, and even Max Müller, in his "Science of Thought," considers the position *impregnable*, it matters not one jot, at least in the first line and as far as my main object is concerned, whether the Ego be a Body or a "Spirit." Our own individuality, as sum and substance of all "things," is the only essential point of the question. So that it may be argued either on the somatic (hylozoic) or "Spiritual" hypothesis of life and mind. I have always contended that Hylo-Idealism, or Auto-centricism, is the only thorough and legitimate outcome of the phenomenal world theory—this representative *Weltanschauung* having been, for some generations past, the accredited creed both of physical science and philosophy. It is well summed up in Kant's negation of "*Das Ding an sich.*" Vulgar Physical Science, as interpreted by its greatest hierophants, from Newton to Huxley and Darwin, from its incarnate dualism, is fatally handicapped in its search after the *final* "good, beautiful, and true." Even Cardinal Newman is in a similar case, when he predicates *two* luminous spectra, God and Self, as the sole entities. The former Spectrum, on the Hylo-ideal, or visional, or phenomenal hypothesis, *must* be only the functional *imago* of the latter; Self being thus proved to be "Alpha and Omega, beginning and ending, first and last." Beyond Self, it is manifest, mortal mind can never range. Whether Self be body or "spirit" is, I repeat, for my chief contention, quite immaterial—I sit on both sides of the stile, facing both ways.

Robert Lewins, M.D.

HYLO-IDEAISM.

To the Editors of Lucifer.

As a hostile notice of the above philosophy has appeared in your columns, will you kindly permit me to say a few words in its defence? Not, of course, that I can hope in these few lines to really make clear to the casual reader the greatest change in human thought ever witnessed on earth (a change not merely as regards the form or matter of existence, but as regards its very nature)—yet I

may hope that a few seasonable words may be the means of inducing at least a few to enquire further into a theory, the self-evident simplicity of which is so great, that, I am convinced, it needs but to be understood to command universal acceptance.

The term Hylo-Ideaism is no self-contradiction, but undeniable verity, based on the first two facts of all existence; viz., the assumption of the material on the one hand, and the actuality of the ideal on the other. The primary, undeniable and necessary assumption of the "reality" of existence supplies us with the first half of our designation, and the recognition of the correlative truism that this existence—based on our own assumption—is, therefore, only our own idea, completes our title, and amply vindicates the self-sufficiency of Hylo-Ideaistic philosophy. For here is not a mere unended argument, leaving us at both ends stranded on mere metaphysical speculation, but a self-sustaining circle* where both ends meet, and materiality and ideality are blended as one, and indissoluble.

It matters not on what basis we proceed, whether we speak of existence as material or ideal, or "spiritual" or anything else—a moment's reflection is sufficient to establish us in a position of consistent monism. For all thought or knowledge is but sensation, and sensation is and must be purely subjective, existing in, and by, the ego itself. As now we cannot outstrip our own sensations (only a madman could controvert this proposition—which includes *everything*)—therefore are we absolutely, and for ever, limited to self-existence, and the same holds good of all possible or imaginary existence whatsoever. For the first essential of any conscious existence—that which indeed constitutes it—is a sentient subject, and inasmuch as all connected with this subject—thought, knowledge, feeling, fancy, sentiment—are all *purely subjective, i.e.*, in the subject itself, so must the subject be to itself the sum of all things, and objective existence only its own fancy by which it realises itself. This then utterly disposes of all fancied objective dualism by reducing all existence within the ring-fence of the ego itself, and this not as mere speculative theory but as positive fact, which, whether we recognise it or not, remains fact still—we *are* limited to Self, whether we know it or not.

Then finally, *in self*, we harmonise the antithesis between the material and the ideal by recognising the two as absolutely inter-dependent, each upon the other, and therefore one consistent and indivisible whole. The ideal (thought, fancy, sentiment) is, and must be, but the property and outcome of the material (the nominal reality), which, on the other hand, is itself (and can be) but the assumption of the ideal. Destroy reality and thought is dead, blind thought and reality is a blank; and thus are the ideal and the material but the two sides of one and the self-same shield, and the line of our argument joins itself in one consistent circle, which constitutes the existence of the Ego—He who creates light and darkness, heaven and earth, pleasure and pain, God and devil—who is, in Himself, the sum of all things, (viz. "thinks") beyond which is naught,

* Yet, unless *metaphysical* speculation comes to the rescue of the new philosophy, and, completing, explains it on the old Vedantic lines, the "circle," instead of being a "self-sustaining" one, is more than likely to become a —"vicious circle."—Ed.

naught, naught, for the fancy of His own which imagines a "beyond" is, itself, but fancy—self-contained in Self.

Thou Unity of force sublime,
Th' eternal mystery of thy time
Runs on unstay'd for ever;
Yet, self-containing God of all,
As raptur'd at thy feet I fall
In thee myself I worship.

HERBERT L. COURTNEY.

Cambridge, November, 1887.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—In reference to the supposed "slighting remark" of which Dr. Lewins speaks, and the no less supposed "hostile notice," as Mr. Herbert L. Courtney puts it—contained in our September number—we demur to the accusation. Both gentlemen will find it, however, fully answered in the "Literary Jottings" of this number; where, also, their respective pamphlets "AUTO-CENTRICISM," "HUMANISM *versus* THEISM," and "The New Gospel of Hylo-Idealism"—are amply noticed by the "Adversary."]

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

A CORRESPONDENT from New York writes:

. . . . "The Editors of LUCIFER would confer a great benefit on those who are attracted to the movement which they advocate, if they would state:

"(1.) Whether a would-be-theosophist-occultist is required to abandon his worldly ties and duties such as family affection, love of parents, wife, children, friends, etc.?

"I ask this question because it is rumoured here that some theosophical publications have so stated, and would wish to know whether such a *sine quâ non* condition really exists in your Rules? The same, however, is found in the New Testament. 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me, etc., etc.,' is said in Matthew (x. 37). Do the MASTERS of Theosophy demand as much?

"Yours in the Search of Light,
"L. M. C."

This is an old, old question, and a still older charge against theosophy, started first by its enemies. We emphatically answer, NO; adding that no *theosophical* publication could have rendered itself guilty of such a FALSEHOOD and calumny. No follower of theosophy, least of all a disciple of the "Masters of Theosophy" (the *chela* of a *guru*), would ever be accepted on such conditions. Many were the candidates, but "few the chosen." Dozens were refused, simply because married and having a sacred duty to perform to wife and children.* None have ever been asked to forsake father or mother; for he who, being necessary to his parent for his support, leaves him or her to gratify his own selfish consideration or thirst for knowledge, however great and sincere, *is* "*unworthy*" of the Science of Sciences, "or ever to approach a holy MASTER."

Our correspondent must surely have confused in his mind Theosophy with Roman Catholicism, and Occultism with the dead-letter teachings of the Bible. For it is only in the Latin Church that it has become a meritorious action, which is called serving God and Christ, to "abandon father and mother, wife and children," and every duty of an honest man and citizen, in order to become a monk. And it is in St. Luke's Gospel that one reads the terrible words, put in the mouth of Jesus: "If any *man* come to me, and *hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters*, yea, *his own life* also, HE CANNOT BE MY DISCIPLE." (xiv. 26.)

Saint (?) Jerome teaches, in one of his writings, "If thy father lies down

* We know but two cases of *married* "chelas" being accepted; but both these were Brahmins and had *child-wives*, according to Hindu custom, and they were *Reformers* more than *chelas*, trying to abrogate child-marriage and slavery. Others had to obtain the consent of their wives before entering the "Path," as is usual in India since long ages.

across thy threshold, if thy mother uncovers to thine eyes the bosom which suckled thee, *trample on thy father's lifeless body*, TRAMPLE ON THY MOTHER'S BOSOM, and *with eyes unmoistened and dry, fly to the Lord, who calleth thee!*"

Surely then, it is not from any *theosophical* publication that our correspondent could have learnt such an infamous charge against theosophy and its MASTERS —but rather in some *anti-Christian*, or *too* dogmatically "Christian" paper.

Our society has never been "more Catholic than the Pope." It has done its best to follow out the path prescribed by the Masters; and if it has failed in more than one respect to fulfil its arduous task, the blame is certainly not to be thrown on either Theosophy, nor its Masters, but on the limitations of human nature. The *Rules*, however, of *chelaship*, or discipleship, are there, in many a Sanskrit and Tibetan volume. In Book IV. of *Kiu-ti*, in the chapter on "*the Laws of Upasans*" (disciples), the qualifications expected in a "regular *chela*" are: (1.) Perfect physical health.* (2.) Absolute mental and physical purity. (3.) Unselfishness of purpose; universal charity; pity for all animate beings. (4.) Truthfulness and unswerving faith in the laws of Karma. (5.) A courage undaunted in the support of truth, even in face of peril to life. (6.) An intuitive perception of one's being the vehicle of the manifested divine *Atman* (spirit). (7.) Calm indifference for, but a just appreciation of, everything that constitutes the objective and transitory world. (8.) Blessing of both parents† and *their permission to become an Upasan* (chela); and (9.) Celibacy, and freedom from any obligatory duty."

The two last rules are most strictly enforced. No man *convicted of disrespect to his father or mother*, or *unjust abandonment of his wife*, can ever be accepted even as a *lay chela*.

This is sufficient, it is hoped. We have heard of chelas who, having *failed*, perhaps in consequence of the neglect of some such duty, for one or another reason, have invariably thrown the blame and responsibiilty for it on the teaching of the Masters. This is but natural in poor and weak human beings who have not even the courage to recognise their own mistakes, or the rare nobility of publicly confessing them, but are always trying to find a scapegoat. Such we pity, and leave to the Law of Retribution, or Karma. It is not these weak creatures, who can ever be expected to have the best of the enemy described by the wise Kirátárjuniya of Bharavi:—

> "The enemies which rise within the body,
> Hard to be overcome—the evil passions—
> Should manfully be fought, *who conquers these*
> *Is equal to the conqueror of worlds.*" (xi. 32.)

[ED.]

We have received several communications for publication, bearing on the subjects discussed in the editorial of our last issue, "Let every man prove his own work." A few brief remarks may be made, not in reply to any of the letters—*which, being anonymous, and containing no card from the writers, cannot be published* (nor are such noticed, as a general rule)—but to the ideas and accusations contained in one of them, a letter signed "M." Its author takes up the cudgels on behalf of the Church. He objects to the statement that this institution lacks the enlightenment necessary to carry out a true system of philanthropy. He appears, also, to demur to the view that "the practical people either go on doing good unintentionally and often do harm," and points to the workers amid our slums as a vindication of Christianity—which, by-the-bye, was in no sense attacked in the editorial so criticized.

To this, repeating what was said, we maintain that more mischief has been done by emotional charity than sentimentalists care to face. Any student of political economy is familiar with this fact, which passes for a truism with all those who have devoted attention to the problem. No nobler sentiment than

* This rule 1. applies only to the "temple chelas," who must be *perfect*.

† Or one, if the other is dead.

that which animates the unselfish philanthropist is conceivable; but the question at issue is not summed up in the recognition of this truth. The practical results of his labours have to be examined. We have to see whether he does not sow the seeds of a greater—while relieving a lesser—evil.

The fact that "thousands are making great efforts in all the cities throughout our land" to meet want, reflects immense credit on the character of such workers. It does not affect their creed, for such natures would remain the same, whatever the prevailing dogmas chanced to be. It is certainly a very poor illustration of the fruits of centuries of dogmatic Christianity that England should be so honeycombed with misery and poverty as she is—especially on the biblical ground that a tree must be judged by its fruits! It might, also, be argued, that the past history of the Churches, stained as it is with persecutions, the suppression of knowledge, crime and brutality, necessitates the turning over of a new leaf. The difficulties in the way are insuperable. "Churchianity" has, indeed, done its best to keep up with the age by assimilating the teachings of, and making veiled truces with, science, but it is incapable of affording a true spiritual ideal to the world.

The same Church-Christianity assails with fruitlesss pertinacity, the ever-growing host of Agnostics and Materialists, but is *as absolutely ignorant, as the latter, of the mysteries beyond the tomb.* The great necessity for the Church, according to Professor Flint, is to keep the leaders of European thought within its fold. By such men it is, however, regarded as an anachronism. The Church is eaten up with scepticism within its own walls; free-thinking clergymen being now very common. This constant drain of vitality has reduced the true religion to a very low ebb, and it is to infuse a new current of ideas and aspirations into modern thought, in short, to supply a logical basis for an elevated morality, a science and philosophy which is suited to the knowledge of the day, that Theosophy comes before the world. Mere physical philanthropy, apart from the infusion of new influences and ennobling conceptions of life into the minds of the masses, is worthless. The gradual assimilation by mankind of great spiritual truths will alone revolutionize the face of civilization, and ultimately result in a far more effective panacea for evil, than the mere tinkering of superficial misery. Prevention is better than cure. Society creates its own outcasts, criminals, and profligates, and then condemns and punishes its own Frankensteins, sentencing its own progeny, the "bone of its bone, and the flesh of its flesh," to a life of damnation on earth. Yet that society recognises and enforces most hypocritically Christianity—*i.e.* "Churchianity." Shall we then, or shall we not, infer that the latter is unequal to the requirements of mankind? Evidently the former, and most painfully and obviously so, in its present dogmatic form, which makes of the beautiful ethics preached on the Mount, a Dead Sea fruit, a whitened sepulchre, and no better.

Furthermore, the same "M.," alluding to Jesus as one with regard to whom there could be only two alternatives, writes that he "was either the Son of God or the vilest impostor who ever trod this earth." We answer, not at all. Whether the Jesus of the New Testament ever lived or not, whether he existed as an historical personage, or was simply a lay figure around which the Bible allegories clustered—the Jesus of Nazareth of Matthew and John, is the ideal for every would-be sage and Western candidate Theosophist to follow. That such an one as he, was *a* "Son of God," is as undeniable as that he was neither the *only* "Son of God," nor the first one, nor even the last who closed the series of the "Sons of God," or the children of Divine Wisdom, on this earth. Nor is that other statement that in "His life he (Jesus) has ever spoken of himself as co-existent with Jehovah, the Supreme, the Centre of the Universe," correct, whether in it its dead letter, or hidden mystic sense. In no place does Jesus ever allude to "*Jehovah*"; but, on the contrary, attacking the Mosaic laws and the alleged Commandments given on Mount Sinai, he disconnects himself and his "Father" most distinctly and emphatically from the Sinaitic tribal God.

The whole of Chapter V., in the Gospel of Matthew, is a passionate protest of the "man of peace, love and charity," against the cruel, stern, and selfish commandments of "the man of war," the "Lord" of Moses (Exod. xv., 3). "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old times,"—so and so—"But I say unto you," quite the reverse. Christians who still hold to the Old Testament and the Jehovah of the Israelites, are at best *schismatic Jews*. Let them be that, by all means, if they will so have it; but they have no right to call themselves even *Chréstians*, let alone *Christians*. *

It is a gross injustice and untruth to assert, as our anonymous correspondent does, that "the freethinkers are notoriously unholy in their lives." Some of the noblest characters, as well as deepest thinkers of the day, adorn the ranks of Agnosticism, Positivism and Materialism. The latter are the worst enemies of Theosophy and Mysticism; but this is no reason why strict justice should not be done unto them. Colonel Ingersoll, a rank materialist, and the leader of freethought in America, is recognised, even by his enemies, as an ideal husband, father, friend and citizen, one of the noblest characters that grace the United States. Count Tolstoi is a freethinker who has long parted with the orthodox Church, yet his whole life is an exemplar of Christ-like altruism and self-sacrifice. Would to goodness every "Christian" should take those two "*infidels*" as his models in private and public life. The munificence of many freethinking philanthropists stands out in startling contrast with the apathy of the monied dignitaries of the Church. The above fling at the "enemies of the Church," is as absurd as it is contemptible.

"What can you offer to the dying woman who fears to tread alone the DARK UNKNOWN?" we are asked. Our Christian critic here frankly confesses (*a.*) that Christian dogmas have only developed *fear* of death, and (*b.*) the *agnosticism* of the *orthodox believer* in Christian theology as to the future *post-mortem* state. It is, indeed, difficult to appreciate the peculiar type of bliss which orthodoxy offers its believers in—*damnation*.

The dying man—the average Christian—with a *dark* retrospect in life can scarcely appreciate this boon; while the Calvinist or the Predestinarian, who is brought up in the idea that God may have pre-assigned him from eternity to everlasting misery, through no fault of that man, but simply because he is God, is more than justified in regarding the latter as ten times worse than any devil or fiend that unclean human fancy could evolve.

Theosophy, on the contrary, teaches that *perfect, absolute justice* reigns in nature, though short-sighted man fails to see it in its details on the material and even psychic plane, and that every man determines his own future. The true Hell is life on Earth, as an effect of Karmic punishment following the preceding life during which the evil causes were produced. The Theosophist fears *no hell*, but confidently expects rest and bliss during the *interim* between two incarnations, as a reward for all the unmerited suffering he has endured in an existence into which he was ushered by Karma, and during which he is, in most cases, as helpless as a torn-off leaf whirled about by the conflicting winds of social and private life. Enough has been given out at various times regarding the conditions of post-mortem existence, to furnish a solid block of information on this point. Christian theology has nothing to say on this burning question, except where it veils its ignorance by mystery and dogma; but Occultism, unveiling the symbology of the Bible, explains it thoroughly.—[ED.]

* See "The Esoteric Character of the Gospels," in this number.

LITERARY JOTTINGS

HYLO-IDEALISM *versus* "LUCIFER," and the "ADVERSARY."

Under the head of CORRESPONDENCE in the present number, two remarkable letters are published. (See Text.) Both come from fervent Hylo-Idealists — a Master and Disciple, if we mistake not— and both charge the "Adversary," one, of a "slighting," the other, of a "hostile notice" of Hylo-Idealism, in the September number of "*Lucifer*."

* * *

Such an accusation is better met and answered in all sincerity; and, therefore, the reply is, a flat denial of the charge. No *slight*—nor *hostility* either, could be shown to "Hylo-Idealism," as the "little stranger" in the happy family of philosophies was hitherto as good as unknown to "Lucifer's" household gods. It was *chaff*, if anything, but surely no hostility; and even that was concerned with only some dreadful words and sentences, with reference to the new teaching, and had nothing whatever to do with Hylo-Idealism proper—a *terra incognita* for the writer at the time. But now that three pamphlets from the pens of our two correspondents have been received in our office, for review, and carefully read, Hylo-Idealism begins to assume a more tangible form before the reviewer's eye. It becomes easier to separate the grain from the chaff, the theory from the (no doubt) scientific, nevertheless, most irritating, words in which it is presented to the reader.

* *

This is meant in all truth and sincerity. The remarks which our two correspondents have mistaken for expressions of hostility, were as justified *then*, as they are *now*. What ordinary mortal, we ask, before he had time (to use Dr. Lewins' happiest expressions) to "*asself* or *cognose*"—let alone *intercranialise** (!!)—the hylo-idealistic theories, however profound and philosophical these may be, who, having so far come into direct contact with only the *images* thereof "subjected by his own *egoity*" (*i.e.* as words and sentences), who could avoid feeling his hair standing on end, over "*his organs of mentation*," while spelling out such terrible words as "*vesiculo-neurosis* in conjunction with *medico-psychological symptomatology*," "*auto-centricism*," and the like? Such interminable, outlandish, multisyllabled and multicipital, newly-coined compound terms and whole sentences, maybe, and no doubt are, highly learned and scientific. They may be most expressive of true, real meaning, to a specialist of Dr. Lewins' powers of thought; nevertheless, I make bold to say, that they are far more calculated to obscure than to enlighten the ordinary reader. In our modern day, when new philosophies spring out from the spawn of human overworked intellect like mushrooms from their mycelium after a rainy morning, the human brain and its capacities ought to be taken into a certain thoughtful consideration, and spared useless labour. Notwithstanding Dr. Lewins' praiseworthy efforts to prove that brain (as far as we understand his aspirations and teachings) is the only reality in the whole kosmos, its limitations are painfully evident, on the whole. As philanthropists and theosophists, we entreat the founder of Hylo-Idealism and his disciples to be merciful to their new god, the "Ego-Brain," and not tax too heavily its powers, if they would see it happily reign. For otherwise, it is sure to collapse before the new theory—or, let us call it philosophy—is even half appreciated by that "Ego-Brain."

* *

By speaking as we do, we are only pursuing a life-long policy. We have criticized and opposed the coinage of hard Greek and Latin words by the New York Pantarchists; laughed at Hæckel's pompous tendency to invent thirty-three syllabled terms, and speak of the *perigenesis* of *plastidules*, instead of honest whirling atoms—or whatever he means; and derided the modern psychists for calling simple thought transference "telepathic impact." And now, we tearfully beg Dr. Lewins, in the interests of humanity, to have pity on his poor readers: for, unless he hearkens to our advice, we shall be compelled, in dire self-defence, to declare an open war to his newly-coined words. We shall fight the usurper "Solipsism" in

* "AUTO-CENTRICISM, or, *The Brain Theory of Life and Mind*," p. 41.

favour of the legitimate king of the Universe—EGOISM—to our last breath.

* *

At the same time, as we have hitherto been ignorant of the latest philosophy, described by Mr. H. L. Courtney as "the greatest change in human thought," may we be permitted to enquire whether it is spelt as its Founder spells it, namely, "Hylo-Idealism," or as his disciple, Mr. Courtney does, who writes Hylo-Ideaism? Is the latter a *schism*, an improvement on the original name, a *lapsus calami*, or what? And now, having dirburdened our heart of a heavy weight, we may proceed to give an opinion (so far very superficial), on the three Hylo-Idealistic (or *Ideaistic)* pamphlets.

Under the extraordinary title of "AUTO-CENTRICISM" and "HUMANISM *versus* THEISM," or "Solipsism (Egoism)=Atheism" (W. Stewart & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C.; and Freethought Publishing Co., 63, Fleet Street, E.C.)—Dr. Lewins publishes a series of letters on the subject of the philosophy of which he is the founder. It is impossible not to feel admiration for the manner in which these letters are written. They show a great deal of sincere conviction and deep thought, and give evidence of a most wide and varied reading. However his readers may dissent from the writer's conclusions, the research with which he has strengthened his theory, cannot fail to attract their attention, and smooth their way through the somewhat tortuous labyrinth of arguments before them. But—

Dr. Lewins is among those who regard consciousness as a function of the nerve-tissue; and in this aspect, he is an uncompromising materialist. Yet, on the other hand, he holds that the Universe, God, and thought, have no reality whatever, apart from the individual Ego. The Ego is again resolvable into brain-process. We thus arrive at the doctrine that Brain is the workshop in which all our ideas of external things are originated. Apart from brain there is no Ego, no external world. What, then, is the Brain itself—this solitary object in a void universe? Hylo-Idealism does not say. Thus, the author cannot escape the confusion of thought which his unique working-union of materialism and idealism involves. The *oscillation* between these two poles is strikingly apparent in the subjoined quotations. At one point Matter is discussed as if it were an objective reality; at another, it is regarded as a mere "phantasm of the Ego." The Brain alone survives throughout in solitary state. We quote from the two pamphlets—

MATTER ASSERTED.

"*Matter*, organic and inorganic, is now fully known . . . . to perform all *material* operations."

—*Auto-Centricism*, p. 40.

"Man is *all body and matter.*"

—*Do*, p. 40.

"Abstract thought [is] *neuropathy* . . disease of the *nervous centres.*"

—*Humanism versus Theism*, p. 25.

"What we call mind . . . . is a function of certain *nerve structures in the organism.*"

—*Humanism v. Theism*, p. 24.

MATTER DENIED.

"*All discovery* is . . . . a *subjective phenomenon.*"

—*Humanism v. Theism*, p. 17.

"*All things* are for us but *modes of perception.*"—[Mental figments].

The "celestial vault and garniture of Earth," are "a *mere projection of our own inner consciousness.*"

—*Humanism v. Theism*, p. 17.

"We *get rid of Matter altogether.*'

—*Humanism v. Theism*, p, 17.

"The whole objective world . . . . is *phenomenal or ideal.*"

—*Auto-Centricism.* p. 9.

"*Everything* is spectral" (*i.e.*, unreal).

—*Ibid*, p. 13.

Matter is at one time credited with a real being, and again resolved into a mere mental figment *as circumstances demand.* If Matter is, as the author frequently states, unreal, it is, at least clear that the brain, one of its many phases, goes with it!!

As to the learned doctor's assertion that perception is relative, a theory which runs through his whole work, we have but one answer. This conception is, in no sense whatever, a monopoly of Hylo-Idealists, as Dr. Lewins appears to think. The illusory nature of the phenomenal world—of the things of sense—is not only a belief common to the old Brahminical metaphysics, and to the majority of modern psychologists, but it is also a vital tenet of Theosophy. The latter distinctly realises matter as a "bundle of attributes," ultimately resolvable into the subjective sensations of a "percipient." The connection of this simple truth with the hylo-idealistic denial of soul is not apparent. Its acceptance has, also, no bearing on the problem as to whether there may not exist a duality—*within the limits of manifested being*—or contrast between Mind and the Substance of matter. This Cosmic Duality is symbolised by the Vedantins in the relations between the Logos and Mulaprakriti—*i.e.*, the Universal Spirit and the "material" basis (or root) of the objective planes of nature. The *Monism*, then, of Dr. Lewins and other negative thinkers of the day, is evi-

dently at fault, when applied to unify the contrast of mental and material facts in the conditioned universe. Beyond the latter, it is indeed valid, but that is scarcely a question for practical philosophy.

To close with a reference this once to Dr. Lewins' letter (see "Correspondence" in the text), in which he makes his subsequent assertion to the effect that God is the "functional *(sic)* image," of the Ego, we should prefer to suggest that all individual "selves" are but dim reflections of the universal soul of the Kosmos. The orthodox concept of God is not, as he contends, a myth or phantasm of the brain; it is rather an expression of a vague consciousness of the universal, all-pervading Logos. It is because SELF pinions man within a narrow sphere "beyond which mortal mind can never range," that the destruction of the personal sense of separateness is indispensable to the Occultist.

"THE NEW GOSPEL OF HYLO-IDEALISM, *or Positive Agnosticism*," (Freethought Publishing Co., 73, Fleet Street, E. C. Price 3d.), is another pamphlet on the same subject, in which Mr. Herbert L. Courtney contributes his quota to the discussion of the "Brain Theory of mind and matter." He is, if we mistake not, an avowed disciple of Dr. Lewins, and, perhaps, identical with the "C. N,." who watched over the cradle of the "new philosophy." The whole gist of the latter may be summed up as an attempt to frame a working-union of Materialism and Idealism. This result is effected on two lines (1) in the acceptance of the idealistic theorem, that the so-called external world only exists in our consciousness; and (2) in the designation of that consciousness, in its turn, as a mere function of Brain. The first of these contentions is unquestionably valid, in so far as it concerns the world of appearances, or *Maya;* it is, however, as "old as the hills," and incorporated into the Hylo-Ideal argument from anterior sources. The second is untenable, for the simple reason that on the premises of the new creed itself, the brain, as an object of perception, can possess no reality outside of the Ego. Hegelians might reply that Brain is but an *idea* of the Ego, and cannot hence determine the existence of the latter—its creator.

* *

Metaphysicism will, however, find much to interest them in Mr. Courtney's brochure, representative, as it is, of the new and more subtle phase into which modern scepticism is entering. Some expressions we may demur to—*e.g.*, "That which we see is not Sirius, but the light-wave." So far from the light-wave being "seen," it is a mere working hypothesis of Science. All we experience is the retinal sensation, the objective counterpart to which is a matter of pure inference. So far as we can learn, Hylo-Idealism is chiefly based upon gigantic paradoxes, and even contradictions in terms. For, with regard to the speculations anent the Noumenon (p. 8.) what justification can be found for terming it "MATTER," especially as it is said to be "unknowable"? Obviously it may be of the nature of mind, or—*something* HIGHER. How is the Hylo-Idealist to know?

"LAYS OF ROMANCE AND CHIVALRY," by Mr. W. Stewart Ross. (Stewart and Co., Farringdon Street.) In this neat little volume the author presents to the reader a collection of vigorous verse, mostly of chivalrous character. Some of these pieces, such as the "Raid of Vikings" and "Glencoe," are of merit, despite an occasional echo of Walter Scott, whose style seems to have had a considerable modifying influence on the author's diction. It is in the "Bride of Steel" that this feature is most noticeable—

> "I love thee with a warrior's love,
> My Sword, my Life, my Bride!
> Dear, dear as ever knighthood bore,
> Though yet no gout of battle-gore
> Thy virgin blade hath dyed!"

Apart from this unconscious influence of the great Scottish bard, the ring of originality and feeling which characterises Mr. Stewart Ross's poetry is most refreshing. The little volume sparkles with the vein of romance, and after perusing it, in spite of occasional anachronisms and other literary errors, we are not surprised to hear of the favourable reception hitherto accorded to it.

In the *Secular Review* for November 26th, Mr. Beatty makes an attack upon a former article in LUCIFER, entitled "The Origin of Evil." We find, however, Mr. Beatty exhibiting crass ignorance of the ideas he criticises, as when, for instance, he speaks of the "*Buddhistic*" Parabram *(sic)*. To begin with, every tyro in Oriental philosophy knows that "Parabrahm" is a Hindu Vedantic idea, and has no connection whatever with Buddhist thought. If Mr. Beatty wishes to become a serious critic, he must first learn the *a*, *b*, *c*, of the subject with which he professes to deal. His article is unfinished, but it seems only fair at the present stage to call his attention to so glaring an error.

THE GNOSTICS AND THEIR REMAINS, ANCIENT AND MEDIÆVAL. By C. W. King, M.A. Second Edition. David Nutt, 270 Strand, London, 1887. pp. 466, 8vo.

It would be unfair to the erudite and painstaking author of "*The Gnostics and Their Remains*" for a reviewer to take the title of his book as altogether appropriate, for it suggests too high a standard of criticism. Mr. King says in the introduction that his book is intended to be subsidiary to the valuable treatise of M. Matter, adding: "I refer the reader to him for the more complete elucidation of the *philosophy* of Gnosticism, and give my full attention to its *Archæological* side." The italics are the author's, and they disarm cricicism as far as the philosophical side of Gnosticism is concerned; for thus italicised, this passage is, at the outset, as plain a confession as could, in conscience, be expected of an author of a fact which the reader would probably have found out for himself, before he closed the volume: namely, that the work is chiefly valuable as an Archæological compendium of "Gnostic Remains." Unfortunately, the most interesting point about the Gnostics is their philosophy, of which their Archæological remains are, properly speaking, little more than illustrations. But the fact is, that the hard-shelled Archæologist is the last man in the world to appreciate the real esoteric signification of symbolism. All true symbols have many meanings, and for the purposes of descriptive Archæology the more superficial of these meanings are sufficient. Ignorance of the deeper meaning may indeed be bliss for the Archæologist, for it necessitates an amount of ingenuity in the fitting together of "remains," that commands the admiration of the public, and is productive in the Archæological bosom of that agreeable sensation known as "fancying oneself." As a laborious collector and compiler, and an ingenious worker-up of materials into interesting reading, too much can hardly be said in Mr. King's praise, and had he a greater intuitional power, and a knowledge of esoteric religion, his great industry and erudition would make his writings valuable even to students of Occultism.

Since the publication of the former edition of his work, twenty-three years ago, Mr. King has come across and read the *Pistis Sophia*. The discovery of this, the only remaining Gnostic Gospel, or rather, Gospel fragment, is attributed to Schwartze, and the Latin translation to Petermann (in 1853). But Mr. King does not seem to be aware that as far back as 1843, another and ampler copy than that in the British Museum was in the hands of a Russian Raskolnik (dissident), a Cossack, who lived and married in Abyssinia; and another is in the possession of an Englishman, an Occultist, now in the United States, who brought it from Syria. It seems a pity that in the interim Mr. King did not also read *Isis Unveiled*, by H. P. Blavatsky, published by Bouton in New York in 1876, as its perusal would have saved him a somewhat absurd and ludicrous blunder. In his *Preface*, Mr. King says:—"There seems to be reason for suspecting that the Sibyl of Esoteric Buddhism drew the first notions of her new religion from the analysis of the *inner man*, as set forth in my first edition."* The only person to whom this passage could apply is one of the Editors, the author of *Isis Unveiled*. And this, her first publication, contains the same and only doctrine she has always, or ever, promulgated. *Isis Unveiled* has passed through eight editions, and has been read by many thousands of persons; and not only they, but everyone who is not strangely ignorant of the very literature with which it was Mr. King's business to make himself conversant, are perfectly aware that the two large volumes which compose that work are entirely devoted to a defence of the philosophy, science, and religion of the ancients, especially of the old Aryans, whose religion can hardly be called a "new" one, still less—"Esoteric Buddhism." If properly spelt, however, the latter word, or Buddhism, ought to be written with one "d," as in this case it means Wisdom. But "Budhism," or the wisdom-religion of the Aryans, was still less a religion, in the exoteric sense, than is Buddhism, but rather a philosophy. In that part of *Isis Unveiled* which treats of the Gnostics, Mr. King will find a few quotations from his writings side by side with quotations from other writers on the same subject; but he will find no "new

* This modest assumption is followed by the generous promise to furnish "investigators of the same order" as the supposed "Sibyl," with "a still more profound theosophy." This is extremely considerate and kind. But if it is *Pistis-Sophia* which the author had in his mind, then he had better apply to Theosophists for the explanation of the most recondite points in that gnostic fragment, while translating it, as he proposes doing from Latin. For though the world of the Orientalists "of the same order" as *himself*, may labour under the mistaken impression that no one except themselves knew or know anything about *Pistis-Sophia* till 1853—Theosophists know better. Does Mr. King really imagine that no one besides himself knows anything about the Gnostics "and their remains," or what *he* knows is the only correct thing to know? Strange delusion, if so; yet quite a harmless one, we confess.

religion" there, or anywhere else, in the works of H. P. Blavatsky. And, if anyone drew the "first notions" of their religion from his "analysis of the inner man," it must have been the early Aryans, who, unfortunately, have neglected to acknowledge the obligation. What makes Mr. King's self-complacency the more ridiculous, is that in his preface he himself accuses someone else of "the grave error of representing their (the Gnostics') doctrines as *novel*, and the pure *inventions* of the persons who preached them." And in another place he confesses that he owes to Matter the first idea which has now become a settled conviction with him, that "the seeds of the *gnosis* were originally of Indian growth." If Matter "faintly discerned" this truth, on the other hand Bailly, Dupuis, and others had seen it quite clearly, and had declared it most emphatically. So that Mr. King's "discovery" is neither very new nor very original.

Mr. King must be aware that of late years immense additions have been made to western knowledge of eastern philosophies and religions—a new region in ancient literature having, in fact, been opened up by the labours of Orientalists, both European and Eastern. A study of these Oriental systems throws a strong though often a false light upon the inner meaning of Gnostic symbolism and ideas generally, which Mr. King acknowledges to have come from Indian sources; and certainly the reader has a right to expect a little more knowledge in that direction from a writer of Mr. King's pretensions, than is displayed. For example, in the section about Buddhism in the work before us: one is tempted sometimes to ask whether it is flippancy or superficiality that is the matter with the author—when he calls the ancient Indian gymnosophists "fakirs," and confounds them with Buddhists. Surely he need hardly be told that fakirs are Mahomedans, and that the Gymnosophists he mentions were Brahmin Yogis.

The work, however, is a valuable one in its way; but the reader should not forget that "there seems reason for suspecting" that the author does not always know exactly what he is talking about, whenever he strays too far from Archæology, on which he is no doubt an authority.

THE JEWISH WORLD enters bravely enough (in its issue of the 11th November 1887) on its new character of professor of symbology and History. It accuses in no measured terms one of the editors of LUCIFER of ignorance; and criticises certain expressions used in our October number, in a foot-note inserted to explain why the "Son of the Morning" LUCIFER is called in Mr. G. Massey's little poem, "Lady of Light." The writer objects, we see, to Lucifer-Venus being called in one of its aspects "the Jewish Astoreth;" or to her having ever been offered cakes by the Jews. As explained in a somewhat confused sentence: "There *was no Jewish Astoreth*, though the Syrian goddess, Ashtoreth, or Astarte, often appears in Biblical literature, the moon goddess, the complement of Baal, the Sun God."

This, no doubt, is extremely learned and conveys quite *new* information. Yet such an astounding statement as that the whole of the foot-note in LUCIFER is "pure imagination and bad history" is very risky indeed. For it requires no more than a stroke or two of our pen to make the whole edifice of this denial tumble on the *Jewish World* and mangle it very badly. Our contemporary has evidently forgotten the wise proverb that bids one to let "sleeping dogs lie," and therefore, it is with the lofty airs of superiority that he informs his readers that though the Jews in Palestine lived surrounded with (? *sic*) this pagan form of worship, and *may*, *at times*, (? !) have wandered towards it, they HAD NOTHING IN THEIR WORSHIP IN COMMON WITH CHALDEAN OR SYRIAN BELIEFS IN MULTIPLICITY OF DEITIES? (! !)

This is what any impartial reader might really term "bad history," and every Bible worshipper describe as a *direct lie* given to the Lord God of Israel. It is more than *suppressio veri suggestio falsi*, for it is simply a cool denial of facts in the face of both Bible and History. We advise our critic of the *Jewish World* to turn to his own prophets, to Jeremiah, foremost of all. We open "Scripture" and find in it: "the Lord God" while accusing *his* "backsliding Israel and treacherous Judah" of following in "the ways of Egypt and of Assyria," of drinking the waters of Sihor, and "serving strange Gods" enumerating his grievances in this wise:

> "According *to the number of thy cities* are thy gods, O Judah, (Jer. ii. 28.).
>
> "Ye have turned back to the iniquities of your forefathers who went after other gods to serve them (xi.) . . . *according to the number of the streets of Jerusalem* have ye set up altars to that shameful thing, even altars unto Baal *(Ib.)*.

So much for Jewish *monotheism*. And is it any more "pure imagination" to say that the Jews offered cakes to their Astoreth and called her "Queen of Heaven"? Then the "Lord God" must, indeed, be guilty of more than "a delicate expansion of facts" when thundering to, and through, Jeremiah:—

"Seest thou not what they do in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem? The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough TO MAKE CAKES *to the Queen of Heaven*, and to pour out drink offerings *unto the gods.*" (Jer. vii. 17-18).

"The Jews *may* AT TIMES" only (?) have wandered towards pagan forms of worship but "had *nothing in common* in it with Syrian beliefs in multiplicity of deities." Had they not? Then the ancestors of the editors of the *Jewish World* must have been the victims of "suggestion," when, snubbing Jeremiah (and not entirely without good reason), they declared to him:

"As for the word that thou hast spoken unto us in the name of the Lord, we will not hearken unto thee. But we will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth forth out of our own mouth, to burn incense unto the Queen of Heaven* . . . . *as we have done, we,* AND OUR FATHERS, *our kings, and our princes, in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem*, for *then* had we plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil. But *since we left off to burn incense to the Queen of Heaven*, and to *pour out drink offerings unto her* . . . . and *(to) make her cakes to worship her* . . . . *we have wanted all things*, and have been consumed by the sword and by the famine. . . .' (Jer. xliv. 16, 17, 18, 19).

Thus, according to their own confession, it is not "at times" that the Jews made cakes for, and worshipped Astoreth and the strange gods, but constantly: doing, moreover, *as their forefathers*, kings and princes *did.*

"*Bad* history"? And what was the "golden calf" but the sacred heifer, the symbol of the "Great Mother," first the planet Venus, and then the moon? For the esoteric doctrine holds (as the Mexicans held) that Venus, the morning star, was *created before the sun and moon; metaphorically*, of course, not astronomically,† the assumption being based upon, and meaning that which the *Nazars* and the Initiate alone understood among the Jews, but that the writers of the *Jewish World* are not supposed to know. For the same reason the Chaldeans maintained that the moon was produced before the sun *(see Babylon—Account of Creation, by George Smith).* The morning star, Lucifer-Venus was dedicated to that Great Mother symbolized by the heifer or the "Golden Calf." For, as says Mr. G. Massey in his lecture on "The Hebrews and their Creations," "This (the Golden Calf) being of either sex, it supplied a twin-type for Venus, as Hathor or Ishtar (Astoreth), the double star, that was male at rising, and female at sunset." She is the "Celestial Aphrodite," *Venus Victrix* νιχηφόρος associated with *Ares* (see Pausanias 1, 8, 4, 11, 25, 1).

We are told that "happily for them (the Jews) there was no Jewish Astoreth." The *Jewish World* has yet to learn, we see, that there would have been no Greek Venus Aphrodite; no *Ourania*, her earlier appellation; nor would she have been confounded with the Assyrian Mylitta (Herod, 1, 199; Pausan., 1, 14, 7; Hesiod, Μυλήταν τὴν Οὐρανίαν Ασσύριοι) had it not been for the Phœnicians and other Semites. We say the "Jewish Astoreth," and we maintain what we say, on the authority of the Iliad, the Odyssey, of Renan, and many others. Venus Aphrodite is one with the Astarte, Astoreth, etc. of the Phœnicians, and she is one (as a planet) with "Lucifer" the "Morning Star." So far back as the days of Homer, she was confounded with *Kypris*, an Oriental goddess brought by the Phœnician Semites from their Asiatic travels (*Iliad*, V, 330, 422, 260). Her worship appears first at Cythere, a Phœnician settlement depôt or trade-establishment (*Odys.*, VIII. 362.; Walcker, *griech. götterl.* I, 666) Herodotus shows that the sanctuary of Ascalon, in Syria, was the most ancient of the fanes of Aphrodite Ourania (I, 105): and Decharme tells us in his *Mythologie de la Grèce Antique*, that whenever the Greeks alluded to the origin of Aphrodite they designated her as *Ourania*, an epithet translated from a *semitic word*, as Jupiter *Epouranios* of the Phœnician inscriptions, was the *Samemroum* of Philo of Byblos, according to Renan (*Mission de Phenicie*). Astoreth was a goddess of generation, presiding at human birth (as Jehovah was *god of generation*, foremost of all). She was the moon-goddess, and a planet at the same time, whose worship originated with the Phœnicians and Semites. It flourished most in the Phœnician settlements and colonies in Sicily, at Eryax. There hosts of *Hetairae* were attached to her temples, as hosts of *Kadeshim*, called by a more sincere name in the Bible, were, to the house of the Lord, where the women wove hangings for the grove" (II. Kings, xxiii, 7). All this shows well the Semitic provenance of Astoreth-Venus in her capacity of "great Mother." Let us pause. We advise sincerely the *Jewish World* to abstain from throwing stones at other peoples' beliefs, so long as its own faith is but a house of glass. And though Jeremy Taylor may think that "to be proud of one's learning is the greatest ignorance," yet, in this case it is but simple justice to say that it is really desirable for our friends the Jews that the writer in LUCIFER of the criticised note about Astoreth *should know less* of history and the Bible, and her unlucky critic in the *Jewish World* learn a little more about it. "ADVERSARY."

* Astoreth-Diana, Isis, Melita, Venus, etc., etc.

† Because the stars and planets are the symbols and houses of Angels and Elohim, who were, of course, "created," or evoluted before the physical or cosmic sun or moon. "The sun god was called the child of the moon god Sin, in Assyria, and the lunar god Taht, is called the father of Osiris, the sun god 'in Egypt.'" (G. Massey.)

THEOSOPHICAL AND MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS

THE THEOSOPHIST for October opens with the first of a series of articles on the "Elohistic Cosmogony." The views put forward by the writer are certainly both striking and original, and, although Dr. Pratt diverges very considerably from the recognised standard of kabalistic orthodoxy, his interpretation of the Jewish version of cosmic evolution will assuredly excite considerable interest.

Following on Dr. Pratt's learned article, come a few—unfortunately, too few—pages of extremely interesting notes on the Folk-lore of the Himalayan tribes, contributed by Captain Banon. The *Theosophist* has often been indebted to Captain Banon for similar notes respecting such little known tribes and people; and it is much to be regretted that the many members of the Theosophical Society who reside in or visit such out-of-the-way places, do not make it a rule to collect these traditions and send them for publication in the *Theosophist* or one of the other Theosophical magazines.

Dr. Hartmann continues his series of "Rosicrucian Letters," with a number of extracts from the papers of Karl von Eckartshausen, who died in 1792. Dr. Hartmann deserves the gratitude of all students for rendering accessible these records and notes of past generations of "seekers after the Truth."

Dr. Buck contributes a pithy and thoughtful article on "The Soul Problem," and Mr. Lazarus continues his exposition of the kabalistic doctrine of the Microcosm. Besides these there are further instalments of two valuable translations from Hindu works of great antiquity and authority; the "Crest Jewel of Wisdom," by Sankaracharya and the Kaivalyanita." It is much to be desired that one of our Hindu brothers, who adds to a knowledge of his own mystic literature, an acquaintance with Western modes of thought and expression, would devote a series of articles to the exposition of the fundamental standpoint and ideas of such works as these. Such an article would add enormously to the value of these translations to the Western world.

In the *November* number, Dr. Pratt takes up the *Jehovistic* cosmogony, which he contrasts and compares with the *Elohistic* version already referred to. In his view, the Jehovistic teaching embodies the conception of the world as "created" and "ruled" by an *extra-natural* and *personal* deity, as opposed to the more philosophical and pantheistic conception of the earlier Elohistic writers.

Under the title of *An Ancient Weapon*, this issue contains an instructive account of the evocation of certain astral forces according to the ancient Vedic rites. As here described, the *evil intention*, with which the rite is performed, transforms it into a ceremony of *Black Magic*, but this does not render the account any less valuable.

This is followed by the first of a series of articles on *The Allegory of the Zoroastrian Cosmogony*, which promises to furnish much food for thought and study.

Rosicrucian Letters contains this time an extract from an old MS., headed *The Temple of Solomon*, which is well worthy of careful attention.

Besides these we have a sketch of the life and writings of Madvachary, the great teacher of Southern India, and some further testimonies to the fact of "self-levitation" from eye-witnesses. Rama Prasad gives some most valuable details of the "Science of Breathing," one of the most curious branches of occult physics, while the remainder of the number is occupied by an article on "Tetragrammaton," which may be interesting to students of the Kabbala, and continuations of the "Kabbala and the Microcosm," and of the translations from Indian books mentioned in connection with the October number.

These two numbers contain much valuable matter and well maintain the reputation which the *Theosophist* originally gained for itself.

In THE PATH for October we notice especially the following articles:

Nature's Scholar, a most poetically-conceived and well-worked-out Idyll, by J. C. Ver Plank, in which the underlying occult truth is presented to the reader in a most attractive form.

Following this is a much needed warning against the dangers of *Astral Intoxication*. Admirably expressed, it points out the true, and indicates the false, path

with great clearness; and we desire to call the earnest attention of such of our readers as are engaged in *psychic* development to its importance.

"Pilgrim" contributes some further *Thoughts in Solitude*, the leading idea of which may be indicated by its concluding lines, which are quoted from Sir Philip Sydney of heroic fame:

> "Then farewell, World! thy uttermost I see,
> Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!"

Tea-Table Talk is even more interesting and suggestive than usual, and, besides those above mentioned, this well-filled number contains Part IV. of the series of articles on *The Poetry of Re-incarnation in Western Literature*, which deals with the *Platonic Poets*.

The *November* number opens with an able continuation of Mr. Brehon's article on *The Bhagavat-Gita*, commenced so long ago as last April, of which we hope to peruse a further instalment. Following this is a short article indicating the term "Medium" from the loathsome connotations which phenomenal spiritualism has attached to it. We then come to a paper on Goethe's *Faust*, read before one of the branches of the Theosophical Society in America. It is of great interest to students of literature and will furnish a clue to the real meaning of much of the poet's writing.

Mr. Johnston makes some most suggestive remarks on *Cain and Abel*; Harij speaks in no uncertain tones of *Personalities* and Truth, while Hadji Erinn points out the *Path of Action*, and warns the members of the T. S. that they must not expect their road to become easier and plainer before them, while yet the society is undergoing the trials of its education.

Zadok gives some able answers to questions on various points of practical occultism and Julius, in *Tea-Table Talk*, points out how many people are really entering on the path of Theosophy—even though unconsciously.

LE LOTUS, for October and November, is even more interesting than usual. In the October number are contained two very valuable articles. The first of these is a paper on Paracelsus from the pen of Dr. Hartmann, who is especially qualified to handle the subject by his profound study of the work, and especially the manuscripts, of that great occultist. M. "Papus" contributes a most lucid and able exposition of some Kabbalistic doctrines, the *practical* value of which has been hitherto but little realised even by professed students of mysticism.

The opening article in the November issue is headed, *The Constitution of the Microcosm*. It is written in a clear and attractive style, and contains a most thorough and complete explanation of the various classifications of the principles which enter into the constitution of man.

"Amaravella" has evidently studied the whole subject very deeply, and he shows the relation of these various classifications to one another in a way which will clear up many of the misconceptions which have arisen.

M. "Papus" writes on Alchemy in a manner which shows how conversant he is with this little-understood topic. We therefore look forward with great anticipations to the perusal of his book "*Traité élémentaire de science occulte*," the fourth chapter of which contains the article referred to.

It is very evident that Theosophy is making great and rapid progress in France, and this is in great measure due to the untiring and unselfish devotion of the editor of *Le Lotus*, M. Gaboriau, whom we congratulate most warmly on the success which has attended his efforts.

L'Aurore for October contains an article on the so-called "Star of Bethlehem," which repeats the assurance that the world is entering on a new and happier life-phase.

Unfortunately, it seems more than probable that before this amelioration takes place, the world must pass through the valley of the shadow of Death, and endure calamities far worse than any it has yet seen. Lady Caithness continues her erudite and interesting article on the lost ten tribes of Israel. Her thesis is put forward in admirable language, and supported by a great wealth of biblical quotations. Unfortunately, the task undertaken is an impossible one. There never were twelve tribes of Israel—two only—Judah and the Levites, having had a real existence in the flesh. The remainder are but euhemerizations of the signs of the Zodiac, and were introduced because they were necessary to the Kabalistic scheme on which the "History" of the Jews was written.

Lady Barrogill relates the well-known story of an English bishop and the ghost of a Catholic priest, who haunted his former residence in order to secure the destruction of some notes he had taken (contrary to the rule of the Church) of an important confession which he had heard.

Besides these articles we find the continuation of the serial romance, "L'amour Immortel," and LUCIFER has to thank the editor for the appreciative notice contained in this number.

LUCIFER

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1888.

PEOPLE usually wish that their friends shall have a happy new year, and sometimes "prosperous" is added to "happy." It is not likely that much happiness or prosperity can come to those who are living for the truth under such a dark number as 1888; but still the year is heralded by the glorious star Venus-Lucifer, shining so resplendently that it has been mistaken for that still rarer visitor, the star of Bethlehem. This too, is at hand; and surely something of the Christos spirit must be born upon earth under such conditions. Even if happiness and prosperity are absent, it is possible to find something greater than either in this coming year. Venus-Lucifer is the sponsor of our magazine, and as we chose to come to light under its auspices, so do we desire to touch on its nobility. This is possible for us all personally, and instead of wishing our readers a happy or prosperous New Year, we feel more in the vein to pray them to make it one worthy of its brilliant herald. This can be effected by those who are courageous and resolute. Thoreau pointed out that there are artists in life, persons who can change the colour of a day and make it beautiful to those with whom they come in contact. We claim that there are adepts, masters in life who make it divine, as in all other arts. Is it not the greatest art of all, this which affects the very atmosphere in which we live? That it is the most important is seen at once, when we remember that every person who draws the breath of life affects the mental and moral atmosphere of the world, and helps to colour the day for those about him. Those who do not help to elevate the thoughts and lives of others must of necessity either paralyse them by indifference, or actively drag them down. When this point is reached, then the art of life is converted into the science of death; we see the black magician at work. And no one can be quite inactive. Although many bad books and pictures are produced, still not everyone who is incapable of writing or painting well

insists on doing so badly. Imagine the result if they were to! Yet so it is in life. Everyone lives, and thinks, and speaks. If all our readers who have any sympathy with LUCIFER endeavoured to learn the art of making life not only beautiful but divine, and vowed no longer to be hampered by disbelief in the possibility of this miracle, but to commence the Herculean task at once, then 1888, however unlucky a year, would have been fitly ushered in by the gleaming star. Neither happiness nor prosperity are always the best of bedfellows for such undeveloped mortals as most of us are; they seldom bring with them peace, which is the only permanent joy. The idea of peace is usually connected with the close of life and a religious state of mind. That kind of peace will however generally be found to contain the element of expectation. The pleasures of this world have been surrendered, and the soul waits contentedly in expectation of the pleasures of the next. The peace of the philosophic mind is very different from this and can be attained to early in life when pleasure has scarcely been tasted, as well as when it has been fully drunk of. The American Transcendentalists discovered that life could be made a sublime thing without any assistance from circumstances or outside sources of pleasure and prosperity. Of course this had been discovered many times before, and Emerson only took up again the cry raised by Epictetus. But every man has to discover this fact freshly for himself, and when once he has realised it he knows that he would be a wretch if he did not endeavour to make the possibility a reality in his own life. The stoic became sublime because he recognised his own absolute responsibility and did not try to evade it; the Transcendentalist was even more, because he had faith in the unknown and untried possibilities which lay within himself. The occultist fully recognises the responsibility and claims his title by having both tried and acquired knowledge of his own possibilities. The Theosophist who is at all in earnest, sees his responsibility and endeavours to find knowledge, living, in the meantime, up to the highest standard of which he is aware. To all such LUCIFER gives greeting! Man's life is in his own hands, his fate is ordered by himself. Why then should not 1888 be a year of greater spiritual development than any we have lived through? It depends on ourselves to make it so. This is an actual fact, not a religious sentiment. In a garden of sunflowers every flower turns towards the light. Why not so with us?

And let no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The earth passes through its definite phases and man with it; and as a day can be coloured so can a year. The astral life of the earth is young and strong between Christmas and Easter. Those who form their wishes now will have added strength to fulfil them consistently.

TO THE MORNING STAR.

Lucifer, Lucifer Son of the Morning,
  Trembling and fair on the opening skies,
Heralding, truly, a day that is dawning,
  Telling the "Light of the World" shall arise.

Lucifer, Lucifer, all through the Ages
  Weary hearts struggled and watched for the light,
Now it is coming, and thou the forerunner,
  Mystical prophet, the herald of Right.

There in the desert of Night where thou dwellest,
  Round thee in myriads the feebler lights stand ;
Lucifer, Lucifer, ever thou tellest
  The glorious Kingdom of Right is at hand.

Rising and setting, O, Star of the Morning !
  Strangely prophetic, thou atom of light ;
Revealing in silence the law of creation.
  Out from the unseen abyss of the night,

Into a world where the stars, sympathetic,
  Seem to be fraught with a pulsating breath ;
Brilliant, yet shining like tear-drops pathetic,
  But sinking at last in oblivion of death !

Sinking, but wrapped in the shroud of the Morning,
  Folded in splendour as light shall arise ;
Lucifer, herald of Truth that is dawning,
  Ride through thy glorious pathway, the skies !

Soon in the east, with a splendour triumphant,
  Morning shall break like a great altar-fire,
Ignorance, darkness, and gross superstition,
  Shall melt in its beams, and in silence expire !

HELEN FAGG.

. . . . "THE faith that you call sacred—'sacred as the most delicate or manly or womanly sentiment of love and honour'—is the faith that nearly all of your fellow men are to be lost. Ought an honest man to be restrained from denouncing that faith because those who entertain it say that their feelings are hurt? You say to me: 'There is a hell. A man advocating the opinions you advocate will go there when he dies.' I answer: 'There is no hell, the Bible that teaches it is not true.' And you say: 'How can you hurt my feelings?'"—R. G. INGERSOLL.—*Secular Review.*

"TO THE READERS OF 'LUCIFER.'"

OUR magazine is only four numbers old, and already its young life is full of cares and trouble. This is all as it should be; *i.e.*, like every other publication, it must fail to satisfy *all* its readers, and this is only in the nature of things and the destiny of every printed organ. But what seems a little strange in a country of culture and freethought is that LUCIFER should receive such a number of *anonymous*, spiteful, and often abusive letters. This, of course, is but a casual remark, the waste-basket in the office being the only addressee and sufferer in this case; yet it suggests strange truths with regard to human nature.*

Sincerity is true wisdom, it appears, only to the mind of the moral philosopher. It is rudeness and insult to him who regards dissimulation and deceit as culture and politeness, and holds that the shortest, easiest, and safest way to success is to let sleeping dogs and old customs alone. But, if the dogs are obstructing the highway to progress and truth, and Society will, as a rule, reject the wise words of (St.) Augustine, who recommends that "no man should prefer custom before reason and truth," is it a sufficient cause for the philanthropist to walk out of, or even deviate from, the track of truth, because the selfish egoist chooses to do so? Very true, as remarked somewhere by Sir Thomas Browne that not every man is a proper champion for the truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in its cause. Too many of such defenders are apt, from inconsideration and too much zeal, to charge the troops of error so rashly that they "remain themselves as trophies to the enemies of truth." Nor ought all of us (members of the Theosophical Society) to do so personally, but rather leave it only to those among our numbers who have voluntarily and beforehand sacrificed their personalities for the cause of Truth. Thus teaches us one of the Masters of Wisdom in some fragments of advice which are published further on for the benefit of the Theosophists (see the article that follows this). While enforcing upon such public characters in our ranks as editors, and lecturers, etc., the duty of telling fearlessly "the Truth to the face of LIE," he yet condemns the habit of private judgment and criticism in every individual Theosophist.

Unfortunately, these are not the ways of the public and readers. Since our journal is entirely unsectarian, since it is neither theistic nor atheistic, Pagan nor Christian, orthodox nor heterodox, therefore, its editors discover eternal verities in the most opposite religious systems and modes of thought. Thus LUCIFER fails to give full satisfaction to either infidel or christian. In the sight of the former—whether he be

* "VERBUM SAP." It is not our intention to notice anonymous communications, even though they should emanate in a round-about way from Lambeth Palace. The matter "*Verbum Sap*" refers to is not one of taste; the facts must be held responsible for the offence; and, as the Scripture hath it, "Woe to them by whom the offence cometh!"

an Agnostic, a Secularist, or an Idealist—to find divine or occult lore underlying "the rubbish" in the Jewish Bible and Christian Gospels is sickening; in the opinion of the latter, to recognise the same truth as in the Judeo-Christian Scriptures in the Hindu, Parsi, Buddhist, or Egyptian religious literature, is vexation of spirit and blasphemy. Hence, fierce criticism from both sides, sneers and abuse. Each party would have us on its own sectarian side, recognising as truth, only that which its particular *ism* does.

But this cannot nor shall it be. Our motto was from the first, and ever shall be: "THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN—TRUTH." Truth we search for, and, once found, we bring it forward before the world, whencesoever it comes. A large majority of our readers is fully satisfied with this our policy, and that is plainly sufficient for our purposes.

It is evident that when toleration is not the outcome of indifference it must arise from wide-spreading charity and large-minded sympathy. Intolerance is preeminently the consequence of ignorance and jealousy. He who fondly believes that he has got the great ocean in his family water-jug is naturally intolerant of his neighbour, who also is pleased to imagine that he has poured the broad expanses of the sea of truth into his own particular pitcher. But anyone who, like the Theosophists knows how infinite is that ocean of eternal wisdom, to be fathomed by no one man, class, or party, and realizes how little the largest vessel made by man contains in comparison to what lies dormant and still unperceived in its dark, bottomless depths, cannot help but be tolerant. For he sees that others have filled their little water-jugs at the same great reservoir in which he has dipped his own, and if the water in the various pitchers seems different to the eye, it can only be because it is discoloured by impurities that were in the vessel before the pure crystalline element—a portion of the one eternal and immutable truth—entered into it.

There is, and can be, but one absolute truth in Kosmos. And little as we, with our present limitations, can understand it in its essence, we still know that if it is absolute it must also be omnipresent and universal; and that in such case, it must be underlying every world-religion—the product of the thought and knowledge of numberless generations of thinking men. Therefore, that a portion of truth, great or small, is found in every religious and philosophical system, and that if we would find it, we have to search for it at the origin and source of every such system, at its roots and first growth, not in its later overgrowth of sects and dogmatism. Our object is not to destroy any religion but rather to help to filter each, thus ridding them of their respective impurities. In this we are opposed by all those who maintain, against evidence, that their particular pitcher alone contains the whole ocean. How is our great work to be done if we are to be impeded and harassed on every side by partisans and zealots? It would be already half

accomplished were the intelligent men, at least, of every sect and system, to feel and to confess that the little wee bit of truth they themselves own must necessarily be mingled with error, and that their neighbours' mistakes are, like their own, mixed with truth.

Free discussion, temperate, candid, undefiled by personalities and animosity, is, we think, the most efficacious means of getting rid of error and bringing out the underlying truth; and this applies to publications as well as to persons. It is open to a magazine to be tolerant or intolerant; it is open to it to err in almost every way in which an individual can err; and since every publication of the kind has a responsibility such as falls to the lot of few individuals, it behoves it to be ever on its guard, so that it may advance without fear and without reproach. All this is true in a special degree in the case of a theosophical publication, and LUCIFER feels that it would be unworthy of that designation were it not true to the profession of the broadest tolerance and catholicity, even while pointing out to its brothers and neighbours the errors which they indulge in and follow. While thus keeping strictly, in its editorials, and in articles by its individual editors, to the spirit and teachings of pure theosophy, it nevertheless frequently gives room to articles and letters which diverge widely from the esoteric teachings accepted by the editors, as also by the majority of theosophists. Readers, therefore, who are accustomed to find in magazines and party publications only such opinions and arguments as the editor believes to be unmistakably orthodox—from his peculiar standpoint—must not condemn any article in LUCIFER with which they are not entirely in accord, or in which expressions are used that may be offensive from a sectarian or a *prudish* point of view, on the ground that such are unfitted for a theosophical magazine. They should remember that precisely because LUCIFER is a theosophical magazine, it opens its columns to writers whose views of life and things may not only slightly differ from its own, but even be diametrically opposed to the opinion of the editors. The object of the latter is to elicit truth, not to advance the interest of any particular *ism*, or to pander to any hobbies, likes or dislikes, of any class of readers. It is only snobs and prigs who, disregarding the truth or error of the idea, cavil and strain merely over the expressions and words it is couched in. Theosophy, if meaning anything, means truth; and truth has to deal indiscriminately and in the same spirit of impartiality with vessels of honour and of dishonour alike. No theosophical publication would ever dream of adopting the coarse—or shall we say terribly sincere—language of a Hosea or a Jeremiah; yet so long as those holy prophets are found in the Christian Bible, and the Bible is in every respectable, pious family, whether aristocratic or plebeian; and so long as the Bible is read with bowed head and in all reverence by young, innocent maidens and school-boys, why should our Christian critics fall foul of any phrase which may

have to be used—if truth be spoken at all—in an occasional article upon a scientific subject? It is to be feared that the same sentences now found objectionable, because referring to Biblical subjects, would be loudly praised and applauded had they been directed against any gentile system of faith *(Vide certain missionary organs)*. A little charity, gentle readers—charity, and above all—*fairness* and JUSTICE.

Justice demands that when the reader comes across an article in this magazine which does not immediately approve itself to his mind by chiming in with his own peculiar ideas, he should regard it as a problem to solve rather than as a mere subject of criticism. Let him endeavour to learn the lesson which only opinions differing from his own can teach him. *Let him be tolerant, if not actually charitable*, and postpone his judgment till he extracts from the article the truth it must contain, adding this new acquisition to his store. One ever learns more from one's enemies than from one's friends; and it is only when the reader has credited this hidden truth to LUCIFER, that he can fairly presume to put what he believes to be the errors of the article, he does not like, to the debit account.

ADAPTATIONS.

WE have been asked to give permission for Mr. Gerald Massey's lines on LUCIFER, Lady of Light, to be "adapted" and sung to the "Lord Jesus Christ" in a chapel. This is flattering for both parties concerned. The editors have no objection, but Mr. Massey is obdurate enough to refuse his permission and sufficiently unfeeling to have called the pretty "adaptation" a PARODY. The "Lady of Light" was to have run in this wise:—

> "Star of the Day and the Night,
> Star of the Dark that is dying,
> Star of the Dawn that is nighing,
> Jesu, our Saviour, our Light!" etc.

But how truly appropriate it would be if Mr. Massey's lines on Shakspeare were also "adapted" and applied to the Lord Buddha.

> "FOR HIM NO MARTYR-FIRES HAVE BLAZED,
> NO RACK BEEN USED, NOR SCAFFOLDS RAISED;
> FOR HIM NO LIFE WAS EVER SHED
> TO MAKE THE CONQUEROR'S PATHWAY RED.
> OUR PRINCE OF PEACE IN GLORY HATH GONE,
> WITHOUT A SINGLE SWORD BEING DRAWN;
> WITHOUT ONE BATTLE-FLAG UNFURLED,
> TO MAKE HIS CONQUEST OF OUR WORLD.
> AND FOR ALL TIME HE WEARS HIS CROWN
> OF LASTING, LIMITLESS, RENOWN;
> HE REIGNS WHATEVER MONARCHS FALL,
> HIS THRONE IS AT THE HEART OF ALL."

SOME WORDS ON DAILY LIFE.

(Written by a Master of Wisdom.)

"IT is divine philosophy alone, the spiritual and psychic blending of man with nature, which, by revealing the fundamental truths that lie hidden under the objects of sense and perception, can promote a spirit of unity and harmony in spite of the great diversities of conflicting creeds. Theosophy, therefore, expects and demands from the Fellows of the Society a great mutual toleration and charity for each other's shortcomings, ungrudging mutual help in the search for truths in every department of nature—moral and physical. And this ethical standard must be unflinchingly applied to daily life.

"Theosophy should not represent merely a collection of moral verities, a bundle of metaphysical ethics, epitomized in theoretical dissertations. Theosophy *must be made practical;* and it has, therefore, to be disencumbered of useless digressions, in the sense of desultory orations and fine talk. Let every Theosophist only do his duty, that which he can and ought to do, and very soon the sum of human misery, within and around the areas of every Branch of your Society, will be found visibly diminished. Forget SELF in working for others—and the task will become an easy and a light one for you. . . . .

"Do not set your pride in the appreciation and acknowledgment of that work by others. Why should any member of the Theosophical Society, striving to become a Theosophist, put any value upon his neighbours' good or bad opinion of himself and his work, so long as he himself knows it to be useful and beneficent to other people? Human praise and enthusiasm are short-lived at best; the laugh of the scoffer and the condemnation of the indifferent looker-on are sure to follow, and generally to out-weigh the admiring praise of the friendly. Do not despise the opinion of the world, nor provoke it uselessly to unjust criticism. Remain rather as indifferent to the abuse as to the praise of those who can never know you as you really are, and who ought, therefore, to find you unmoved by either, and ever placing the approval or condemnation of your own *Inner Self* higher than that of the multitudes.

"Those of you who would know yourselves in the spirit of truth, learn to live alone even amidst the great crowds which may sometimes surround you. Seek communion and intercourse only with the God within your own soul; heed only the praise or blame of that deity which can never be separated from your *true* self, *as it is verily that God itself:* called the HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS. Put without delay your good intentions into practice, never leaving a single one to remain only an intention—expecting, meanwhile, neither reward nor even acknowledgment for

the good you may have done. Reward and acknowledgment are in yourself and inseparable from you, as it is your Inner Self alone which can appreciate them at their true degree and value. For each one of you contains within the precincts of his inner tabernacle the Supreme Court —prosecutor, defence, jury and judge—whose sentence is the only one without appeal; since none can know you better than you do yourself, when once you have learned to judge that Self by the never wavering light of the inner divinity—your higher Consciousness. Let, therefore, the masses, which can never know your true selves, condemn your outer selves according to their own false lights. . . . . .

"The majority of the public Areopagus is generally composed of self-appointed judges, who have never made a permanent deity of any idol save their own personalities—their lower selves; for those who try in their walk in life, to follow their *inner light* will never be found judging, far less condemning, those weaker than themselves. What does it matter then, whether the former condemn or praise, whether they humble you or exalt you on a pinnacle? They will never comprehend you one way or the other. They may make an idol of you, so long as they imagine you a faithful mirror of themselves on the pedestal or altar which they have reared for you, and while you amuse or benefit them. You cannot expect to be anything for them but a temporary *fetish*, succeeding another fetish just overthrown, and followed in your turn by another idol. Let, therefore, those who have created that idol destroy it whenever they like, casting it down with as little cause as they had for setting it up. Your Western Society can no more live without its Khalif of an hour than it can worship one for any longer period; and whenever it breaks an idol and then besmears it with mud, it is not the model, but the disfigured image created by its own foul fancy and which it has endowed with its own vices, that Society dethrones and breaks.

"Theosophy can only find objective expression in an all-embracing code of life, thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of mutual tolerance, charity, and brotherly love. Its Society, as a body, has a task before it which, unless performed with the utmost discretion, will cause the world of the indifferent and the selfish to rise up in arms against it. Theosophy has to fight intolerance, prejudice, ignorance, and selfishness, hidden under the mantle of hypocrisy. It has to throw all the light it can from the torch of Truth, with which its servants are entrusted. It must do this without fear or hesitation, dreading neither reproof nor condemnation. Theosophy, through its mouthpiece, the Society, has to tell the TRUTH to the very face of LIE; to beard the tiger in its den, without thought or fear of evil consequences, and to set at defiance calumny and threats. *As an Association*, it has not only the right, but the duty to uncloak vice and do its best to redress wrongs, whether through the voice of its chosen lecturers or the printed word of its journals and publications—making its accusations, however, as impersonal

as possible. But its Fellows, or Members, have *individually* no such right. Its followers have, first of all, to set the example of a firmly outlined and as firmly applied morality, before they obtain the right to point out, even in a spirit of kindness, the absence of a like ethic unity and singleness of purpose in other associations or individuals. No Theosophist should blame a brother, whether within or outside of the association; neither may he throw a slur upon another's actions or denounce him, lest he himself lose the right to be considered a Theosophist. For, as such, he has to turn away his gaze from the imperfections of his neighbour, and centre rather his attention upon his own shortcomings, in order to correct them and become wiser. Let him not show the disparity between claim and action in another, but, whether in the case of a brother, a neighbour, or simply a fellow man, let him rather ever help one weaker than himself on the arduous walk of life.

"The problem of true Theosophy and its great mission are, first, the working out of clear unequivocal conceptions of ethic ideas and duties, such as shall best and most fully satisfy the right and altruistic feelings in men; and second, the modelling of these conceptions for their adaptation into such forms of daily life, as shall offer a field where they may be applied with most equitableness.

"Such is the common work placed before all who are willing to act on these principles. It is a laborious task, and will require strenuous and persevering exertion; but it must lead you insensibly to progress, and leave you no room for any selfish aspirations outside the limits traced. . . . Do not indulge personally in unbrotherly comparison between the task accomplished by yourself and the work left undone by your neighbours or brothers. In the fields of Theosophy *none is held to weed out a larger plot of ground than his strength and capacity will permit him.* Do not be too severe on the merits or demerits of one who seeks admission among your ranks, as the truth about the actual state of the inner man can only be known to Karma, and can be dealt with justly by that all-seeing LAW alone. Even the simple presence amidst you of a well-intentioned and sympathising individual may help you magnetically. . . . You are the free volunteer workers on the fields of Truth, and as such must leave no obstruction on the paths leading to that field.

. . . . . .

"*The degree of success or failure are the landmarks the masters have to follow, as they will constitute the barriers placed with your own hands between yourselves and those whom you have asked to be your teachers. The nearer your approach to the goal contemplated—the shorter the distance between the student and the Master.*"

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT:

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

By Mabel Collins.

CHAPTER VII.

THE cloud lifted to reveal Fleta's face. She was bending over him; she was at his side; she was almost leaning her face on his.

"My dear, my dear," she said in a soft whispering voice, "has the blow been too great? Tell me, Hilary, speak to me? Have you still your senses?"

"And you love that man?" was Hilary's sole answer, fixing his eyes in a cold strange gaze on her.

"Oh! Hilary, you talk of what is unknown to you! I love him, yes, and with a love so profound it is unimaginable to you."

"And you tell me this! You tell this to the man who loves you, and who has already devoted his whole life to you! Do you want a madman for your service?"

"A life!" exclaimed Fleta, with a strange tone that had a ring as of scorn in it. "What is a life? I count it nothing. Our great aims lie beyond such considerations."

Hilary raised himself and looked into her face.

"Then you are mad," he said, "and if so, a madman in your service is but fit. Nevertheless, my Princess, do not forget with what forces you have to contend. I am but a man; you have accepted my love. Only just now you have made me a murderer at heart—in desire. How soon shall I be one in reality? That depends on you, Fleta. The next time I see your gaze fixed on that man's face as I saw it but now I will kill him."

Fleta rose to her full height and lifted her face to the sky; as she stood there a sort of shiver passed through her, a shiver as of pain. Instantly Hilary's humour changed. "You are ill," he exclaimed. She turned her eyes on him.

"When that murderous mood is on you, it will not be Father Ivan that you kill, but me, whom you profess to love. Do you understand that?"

"Ah!" cried Hilary, uttering a sound as if his heart was bursting

under the torture, "that is because you love him so! Well, I can only long and serve. I have no power to protest. Yet I ask you, oh! Princess, is it fit to use a man's heart to play at your queenly coquetries with? A king, your betrothed—a mysterious priest, the man you love—are not these enough but that you must take a boy, obscure and untaught in such misfortunes, and trample on his love? It is unlike the nobility I have seen in you. Good-bye, for this, Princess! I am never your lover again as I was before. I can never believe in your pure sweet heart—only this morning it seemed to me as a pearl, as a drop of limpid water. Good-bye, my idol! Yet I am your servant to obey always, for I gave you my life to do with as you would. Call me, and I come, like your dog; but I will not stay by you, for no longer is it anything but pain to do so."

With these wild, fierce reproaches, which seemed to stir the quiet air of the woodland, and make it seethe and burn with passion and despair, he turned and went from her. Fleta stood motionless, and her eyes drooped heavily; only she murmured, "We were born under the same star!"

Her voice was very low, yet it reached Hilary's ear. The words seemed to lash his heart.

"Under the same star!" he repeated, in a voice of agony, standing suddenly still. "No, Fleta. You are the queen, I the subject. Not only so, but you know it, and use your power to the full. Did you not promise yourself utterly to me to be mine?"

"I promised to give you my love for yours; I promised to give you all that you can take of me. My love is greater than you can even imagine, else I would not have listened to one word of your reproaches. They have humbled me, but I have borne it."

"Ah, Fleta! you talk enigmas," exclaimed Hilary, moving rapidly back to her side; "you are enough to madden a man; yet I cannot but love you. Why is this? Every act of yours proves you heartless, faithless, and yet I love you! Why is this? Oh, that I could read the riddle of your existence! Who are you?—What is this mysterious place?—Who is that priest whose rule you acknowledge? I *will* know!"

Fleta turned on him a sudden sweet smile, that seemed to light up his inner being as the flame of a lamp illumines a dusky room.

"Yes," she said, "find out. I cannot tell you, yet I desire you—oh! indeed, I desire you to know. Compel the secret—force it. Yes, yes, Hilary!"

She spoke eagerly, with a bright ring in her voice that thrilled his soul. He forgot the Princess, the conspirator, the religieuse—he only remembered the girl he loved—young, fresh, flower-like, with the fair sweet face close to his own. With an unutterable cry of love he held out his arms to her.

"Oh, my dear, my love, come!" he said, in trembling tones that vibrated

with his passion. But Fleta turned away without a word and walked through the tall ferns, her robe trailing on the ground. No backward glance, no turn of the head, not even a movement of those white statuesque hands which hung at her sides. In one was a long grass which she had plucked before she came to him. Even that, though it fluttered in the wind, had a strangely stiff air, as if it had become a part of that statue which but a moment since was a woman. Hilary stood gazing after this retreating figure, powerless to move, powerless to rouse in his mind any thought but one; and that was not a thought. It was knowledge—consciousness. He knew, he felt, that he dared not follow Fleta and address her as men address the women they love; he dared not woo her with the fever on his lips that burned there. And why? Not because of her royal birth, or her beauty, or her power. He knew not why—he could not understand himself. It was as though a spell were cast on him that held him silent and motionless.

When at last she was out of sight a sudden reaction took place. The whole burning force of the strong young man's nature broke loose and raged wildly through his whole system; he no longer was capable of thought, he only felt the blood that rushed to his head and made his brain reel as though he had drunk strong wine. He suddenly became aware that he had aged, grown, become a new creature in these last moments of experience. He had called himself a man five minutes ago; but now he knew that when he had uttered those words, he was only a boy. Across a great gulf of feeling he looked back at the love that was in him when he had so spoken. Now his passion burned like a fire on the altar of life; every instant the flames grew stronger and mounted more fiercely to his inflamed brain.

The savage had burst forth. The savage untamed man, which smoulders within, and hides behind the cultivated faces of a gentle age. One strong touch on the chord of passion, and Hilary Estanol, a chivalric and courteous product of a refined time, knew himself to be a man, and knew that man to be a savage A savage, full of desire, of personal longing, thinking of nothing but his own needs. And to Hilary this sudden starting forth of the nature within him seemed like a splendid unfolding. He remained standing, erect, strong, resolute. His seething mind hastily went over his whole position and Fleta's. Everything suddenly bore a new, vivid, stirring aspect.

"This is a nest of conspirators!" he exclaimed to himself. "That man, Ivan, is a conspirator or worse, else he would not hide here. What crowned head is it that he threatens? He is a criminal. I will discover his secret; I will rescue Fleta from him; by the strength of my love I will win her love from him; I will make her my own. Come, I must calm myself—I must be sober, for I have to find out the meaning of this mysterious place."

He walked slowly through the wood, trying to still the throbbing in

his brain, to check the fierce pulsations of his heart and blood. He knew that now he needed all his instincts, all his natural intelligence, all his power of defence ; for, in his present humour, he walked as an enemy to all men ; by his new tide of feeling he had made every man his enemy. The young King Otto had a prior right to the Fleta whom he desired to make his own ; King Otto was indeed his enemy. Ivan had her love ; how bitterly did Hilary hate that priest ! And Adine, the false Fleta—what was she but a mere tool of the priest's, a creature used to baffle and blind him ? She was the one most likely to trip his steps, for she defied even the knowledge which his love gave him of Fleta's face !

He was full of energy and activity, and his blood desired to be stilled by action. He had quickly decided that he must immediately do two things : inspect the whole exterior of the house, so as to get some notion of what rooms were in it, and what their uses ; and explore the outer circle of the grounds, to see if there was any difficulty about leaving them. As the latter task involved most exercise, he chose to undertake it first, and swiftly, with long strides, made his way through the woodlands in the direction where the boundaries must lie. It did not take him long to traverse a considerable distance ; for he felt stronger than ever in his life before. He had been a delicate lad, now he knew himself to be a strong man, as if new blood ran in his veins. The moon was high in the heavens, it was nearly full, and its light was strong. By it he soon discovered that the strange place in which he was had a more cunning and effective defence than any high wall or iron barrier. It was surrounded by tangled virgin woodland growth, where, as it seemed, no man's foot could have ever trodden.

Hilary found it hard to believe that such wild land existed within a drive of the city. But it was there, and there was no passing through it, unless he worked his way with a wood-axe, inch by inch, as men do when they make a clearing. Such a task was hopeless, even if he had the tools, for it was impossible to tell in what direction to move.

He returned at last, after many fruitless efforts ; there seemed to be no vestige of a path. He had discovered the gate by which their entrance had been made ; and discovered also that it was guarded. A figure moved slowly to and fro in the shadow of the trees ; not with the air of one strolling for pleasure, but with the regular movements of a sentry. It was an unfamiliar figure, but dressed in the garb of the order.

Hilary went quietly along by the side of the path that led to the house. It was useless to waste more time on this investigation ; quite clearly he was a prisoner. And it seemed to him equally clear that unless he could escape, no information would be of any use to him. He must be able to carry it to the city, where he would be free to take it to Fleta's father, or even to other crowned heads in other countries, according to its nature. As he walked quietly on, revolving his position, he saw that the task he had set himself was no light one, even for a

strong man possessed by love. These monks belonged to an extraordinarily powerful order, and were men of great ability.

Here he was, in the very heart of one of their secret centres, which was, presumably, political. Fleta and King Otto were under their influence. And they were magicians; very certain he felt that they knew some of Nature's secrets, and had trained Fleta in her mysterious powers. And from this hidden and carefully guarded place he was determined to escape, taking with him its secret—and Fleta! Fleta, his love, his own, yet whom he had to win by his strength.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the long corridor through which Fleta had led Hilary to Father Ivan's room there was another door, which was fastened in a very different manner. It was held in its place by iron clamps which would puzzle the beholder, for they fastened on the outside as though they secured the door of a prison instead of being any protection for the inhabitant of the room beyond. It was inside this door that Fleta was now lying down to rest for the night. Had Hilary known this what agony would have torn him! He would have felt that he must break those bars and release the prisoner within them, however supernatural the strength might be which would be needed. He was spared the sharp pain of knowing this, however, and he was not likely to learn it, for a strange sentinel patrolled the long corridor with even step—Father Ivan himself. Without any pause he went steadily to and fro.

It was about midnight that Father Ivan went into his room and glanced at a clock on the chimney-piece; not quite midnight, but very nearly. Hilary was lying awake in his room, tossing to and fro on a very luxurious and tempting bed, which gave him, however, no hope of rest. He had wandered round and round the house a dozen times, only to find himself bewildered by its strange shape, and the shrubberies which grew up close to the walls, and disheartened by the solid barricading of those windows which it was easy to approach. And yet at last he found a window wide open, and a room brightly lit; a lamp stood on the table and showed the pleasant room, well-furnished, and with a bed in it, dressed in fine linen and soft laces such as perhaps only members of an ascetic order know how to offer to their guests. Hilary stood a moment on the threshold, and then suddenly recognised it as his own room, It gave him an odd feeling, this, as if he had been watched and arranged for; treated like a prisoner. Well, it was useless to evade that dark fact—a prisoner he was. Recognising defeat for the moment, Hilary determined to accept it as gracefully as might be. He entered, closed his window and the strong shutters which folded over it, and then quickly laid himself down with intent to sleep. But sleep would not come, and he found all his thoughts and all his interest centred on Father Ivan. He

tried to prevent this but could not; he chased Fleta's image in vain—he could scarcely remember her beautiful face! What was its shape and colour? He tortured himself in trying to recall the face he loved so dearly. But always Father Ivan's figure was before his eyes; and suddenly it struck him that this vision was almost real, for he saw Ivan raise his hand in a commanding gesture which seemed to be directed towards himself. A moment later and he fell fast asleep, like a tired child. At this moment Ivan was standing in his own room, looking for an instant at the clock. He stood, perhaps, a little longer than was needed in order to see the time; and a frown came on his fine clear forehead which drew the arched eyebrows together. Then he turned quickly, left his room, and closed its door behind him. He went to the door which was so strongly barred, and noiselessly loosened its fastenings, which swung heavily yet quite softly away from it. He opened the door and went in.

In a sort of curtained recess was a low divan, which quite filled it, rising hardly a foot from the ground. This was covered with great rugs made of bear and wolf skin. Fleta lay stretched upon them, wrapped in a long cloak of some thick white material, which was bordered all round with white fur, and, indeed, lined with it, too. And yet when Ivan stooped and touched her hand it was cold as ice.

"Come," he said; and turning, went slowly away from her. Fleta rose and followed him. Her eyes were half-closed, and had something of the appearance of a sleep-walker's, and yet not altogether, for though they appeared dim and unseeing yet there was purpose, and consciousness, and resolution in them. No one who had not seen Fleta before in this state could have recognised those eyes, so set and strange were they. Ivan approached a large curtained archway, and drawing the curtain aside he motioned to Fleta to pass through. As she did so he touched one of her hands, as it hung at her side. Immediately she raised it, and throwing the cloak aside showed that she held a white silk mask. Her dress beneath the cloak was of white silk. Slowly she raised the mask to her face and was about to put it on when a change of state came so suddenly upon her that it was like a tropical tornado. She opened her starry eyes wide and vivid light flashed from them; she flung the mask away upon the floor and clasped her hands violently together, while her whole frame shook with emotion.

"Why must I mask myself?" she exclaimed. "You have not told me why."

"I have," said Ivan, very quietly. "No woman has ever entered there till now."

"What then?" cried Fleta, fiercely. "There is no shame in being a woman! Have I not assailed that door in vain in a different character? Now, a woman, I demand entrance. Master, I will not disguise myself."

"Be it so," said Ivan, "yet take the mask with you lest your mood should change again. You were willing, you remember, but a while since."

Fleta stood motionless regarding the mask as it lay on the floor. Then she lifted her head suddenly and looked Ivan straight in the eyes.

"I will cast my sex from me, and mask my womanhood without any such help as that."

Immediately that she had spoken Ivan walked on. They were in a long corridor, lit, and with the walls faintly coloured in pale pink on which shone some silver stars. Yet, bright though it was, this corridor seemed strangely solemn. Why was it so? Fleta looked from side to side, and could not discover. There was something new to her which she did not understand. Though she had been instructed in so many of the mysteries, and so much of the knowledge of the order, she had never entered this corridor, nor indeed had she before known of its existence. They slowly neared the end of it where was a high door made of oak, and seemingly very solidly fastened; but Father Ivan opened it easily enough.

"My God!" cried Fleta instantly, in a low voice of deep amazement. "Where am I? What country am I in? Father, was that corridor a magic place? This is no longer my own country! How far have you carried me in this short time?"

"A long way my daughter; come, do not delay."

A vast plain, prairie-like, stretched before them, encircled on the right by the narrowing end of a huge arm of mountains which disappeared upon the far horizon. Upon the plain was one spot, was one place, where a livid flame-like light burned, and could be seen, though the whole scene was bathed in strong moonlight. Ivan commenced to rapidly take his way down a steep path which lay before them. And then Fleta became aware that they were themselves upon a height and had to descend into the plain. She did not look back; all her thoughts were centred on that vivid light which she now saw came from the windows of a great building. Then she suddenly saw that a number of persons were in the plain; although it was so large yet there were enough people to look like a crowd, which was gathering together from different directions. All were approaching the building.

"Father," she said to Ivan, who was leading the way rapidly. "Will they go in?"

"Into the Temple? Those on the plain? Indeed no. They are outside worshippers; that crowd is in the world and of it, and yet has courage to come here often when there is no light, and the icy winds blow keen across the plain."

"And they never enter. Why, my master, they can have no strength."

Ivan glanced back for an instant, a curious look in his eyes.

"It is not always strength that is needed," he said in a low voice. Fleta did not seem to hear him; her eyes were fixed on the temple windows. Suddenly she stopped and cried out:

"Is this a dream?"

"You are not asleep," said Ivan with a smile.

"Asleep! no," she answered, and went on her way with increased rapidity.

Very soon they stood on the plain and advanced with great speed towards the temple. Fleta was naturally hardy; but now it seemed to her that the very idea of fatigue was absurd. She could scale mountains in order to reach that light. And yet what was it in it that drew her so? None but herself could have told. But Fleta's heart beat passionately with longing at the sight of it. Ivan turned on her a glance of compassion.

"Keep quiet," he said.

He was answered with a look and tone of fervour.

"Yes: if it is in human power," she replied.

The great crowds were slowly gathering towards the temple and formed themselves into masses of silent and scarcely moving figures. Fleta was now among them and though so absorbed by the idea of the goal before her, she was attracted by the strange appearance of these people. They were of all ages and nationalities, but more than two-thirds of them were men; they one and all had the appearance of sleep-walkers, seeming perfectly unconscious of the scene in which they moved and of their object in reaching it. Their whole nature was turned inwards; so it appeared to Fleta. Why then had they come to this strange place, so difficult of access, if when come they could neither see nor hear? Fleta considered these things rapidly in her mind and would again have asked an explanation of Father Ivan but that while her steps slackened a little, his had hastened. He had already reached the door of the temple—when Fleta reached it he was not there. Of course he had entered, and Fleta, without fear or hesitation, put her hand on the great bar which held the door and lifted it. It was not difficult to lift; it seemed to yield to her touch, and swung back smoothly. With a slight push the great door opened a little before her—not wide; only as far as she had pushed it. Ah! there was the light! There, in her eyes! It was like life and joy to Fleta. She turned her eyes up to gaze on it, and stood an instant with her hands clasped, in ecstacy.

Someone brushed lightly by, and, passing her, went straight in. That reminded her that she, too, desired to go straight in. She nerved herself for the supreme effort. For she was learned enough to know that only the initiate in her faith could enter that door; and she had not, in any outward form, passed the initiation. But she believed she had passed it in her soul; she had tested her emotions on every side

and found the world was nothing to her ; she had flung her mask away believing her woman's shape and face to be the merest outward appearance, which would be unseen at the great moment. And now it hardly seemed as if she were a woman—she stood transfigured by the nobility of her aspirations—and some who stood on the step outside remained there awestruck by her majestic beauty. By a supreme effort she resolved to face all—and to conquer all. She boldly entered the door and went up the white marble steps within it. A great hall was before her, flooded with the clear, soft light she loved ; an innumerable number of objects presented themselves to her amazed eyes, but she did not pause to look at them—she guessed that the walls were jewelled from their sparkling—she guessed that the floor was covered with flowers, which lay on a polished silver surface, from the gleaming and the colour—and who were these, the figures in silver dresses with a jewel like an eye that saw, clasped at the neck? A number came towards her. She would not allow herself to feel too exultant—she tried to steady herself—and yet joy came wildly into her heart, for she felt that she was already one of this august company. But their faces, as they gathered nearer, were all strange and unfamiliar. She looked from one to another.

"Where is Ivan?" she murmured.

Suddenly all was changed. The white figures grew in numbers till there seemed thousands—with outstretched hands they pushed Fleta down the steps—down, down, down, resist how she might. She did more! She fought, she battled, she cried aloud, first for justice, then for pity. But there was no relenting, no softening in these superhuman faces. Fleta fled at last from their overpowering numbers and inexorable cruelty, and then there came a great cry of voices, all uttering the same words ;

"You love him! Go!"

Fleta fell, stunned and broken, at the foot of the outer step, and the great door closed behind her. But she was not unconscious for more than a few minutes. She opened her eyes and looked at the starry sky. Then she felt suddenly that she could not endure even that light and that the stars were reading her soul. She rose and hurried away, blindly following in any path that her feet found. It did not take her to any familiar place. She found herself in a dark wood. The moss was soft and fragrant and violets scented it. She lay down upon it, drawing her white cloak round her and hiding her eyes from the light.

CHAPTER IX.

It seemed to her that for long ages she was alone. Her mind achieved great strides of thought which at another time would have appeared impossible to her. She saw before her clearly her own folly, her own mistake. Yesterday she would not have credited it—yesterday it would have been unmeaning to her. But now she understood it, and understood too how heavy and terrible was her punishment; for it was already upon her. She lay helpless, her eyes shut, her whole body nerveless. Her punishment was here. She had lost all hope, all faith.

A gentle touch on her hand roused her consciousness, but she was too indifferent to open her eyes. It mattered little to her what or who was near her. The battle of her soul was now the only real thing in life to her.

A voice that seemed strangely familiar fell on her ears; yet last time she had heard it it was loud, fierce, arrogant; now it was tender and soft, and full of an overwhelming wonder and pity.

"You, Princess Fleta, here? My God! what can have happened? Surely she is not dead? No! What is it, then?"

Fleta slowly opened her eyes. It was Hilary who knelt beside her; she was lying on the dewy grass, and Hilary knelt there, the morning sun shining on his head and lighting up his beautiful boy's face. And Fleta as she lay and looked dully at him felt herself to be immeasurably older than he was; to be possessed of knowledge and experience which seemed immense by his ignorance. And yet she lay here, nerveless, hopeless.

"What is it?" again asked Hilary, growing momently more distressed.

"Do you want to know?" she said gently, and yet with an accent of pity that was almost contempt in her tone. "You would not understand."

"Oh, tell me!" said Hilary. "I love you—let me serve you!"

She hardly seemed to hear his words, but his voice of entreaty made her go on speaking in answer:

"I have tried," she said, "and failed."

"Tried what?" exclaimed Hilary, "and how failed? Oh, my Princess, I believe these devils of priests have given you some fever—you do not know what you are saying!"

"I know very well," replied Fleta; "I am in no fever. I am all but dead—that is no strange thing, for I am stricken." Hilary looked at her as she lay, and saw that her words were true. How strange a figure she looked, lying there so immovably, as if crushed or dead, upon the

dewy grass ; wrapped in her white robes. And her face was white with a terrible whiteness ; the great eyes looked out from the white face with a sad, smileless gaze ; and would those pale drawn lips never smile again ? Was the radiant, brilliant Fleta changed for ever into this paralysed white creature ? Hilary knew that even if it was so he loved her more passionately and devotedly than before. His soul yearned towards her.

"Tell me, explain to me, what has done this ?" he cried out, growing almost incoherent in his passionate distress. "I demand to know by my love for you. What have you tried to do in this awful past night ?"

Fleta opened her eyes, the lids of which had drooped heavily, and looked straight into his as she answered :

"I have tried for the Mark of the White Brotherhood. I have tried to pass the first initiation of the Great Order. I did not dream I could fail, for I have passed through many initiations which men regard with fear. But I have failed."

"I cannot believe," said Hilary, "that you could fail in anything. You are—dreaming—you are feverish. Let me lift you, let me carry you into the house."

"Yes, I have failed," answered Fleta dully ; "failed, because I had not measured the strength of my humanity. It is in me—in me still ! I am the same as any other woman in this land. I, who thought myself supreme—I, who thought myself capable of great deeds ! Ah, Hilary, the first simple lesson is yet unlearned. I have failed because I loved—because I love like any other fond and foolish woman ! And yet no spark of any part of love but devotion is in my soul. That is too gross. Is it possible to purge even that away ? Yes, those of the White Brotherhood have done it. I will do it even if it take me a thousand years, a dozen lifetimes !"

She had raised herself from the ground as she spoke, for a new fierce passion had taken the place of the dull despair in her manner ; she had raised herself to her feet, and then unable to stand had fallen on to her knees. Hilary listened yet hardly heard ; only some of her words hurried into his mind. He bent down till his face touched her white cloak where it lay on the grass, and kissed it a dozen times.

"You have failed because of love ? Oh, my Princess, then it is not failure ! Men live for love, men die for love ! It is the golden power of life. Oh, my Princess, let me take you from this terrible place—come back with me to the world where men and women know love to be the one great joy for which all else is well lost. Fleta, while I doubted that you loved me I was as wax ; but now that I know you do, and with a love so great that it has power to check the career of your soul, now I am strong, I am able to do all that a strong man can do. Come, let me raise you and take you away from here to a place of peace and delight !"

He had risen to his feet and stood before her, looking magnificent in

the morning sunshine. He was slight of build, yet that slightness was really indicative of strength; when Hilary Estanol had been effeminate it was because he had not cared to be anything else. He stood grandly now, his hands stretched towards her; a man, lofty, transformed by the power of love. Fleta looking at him saw in his brilliant eyes the gleam of the conquering savage. She rose suddenly and confronted him.

"You are mistaken," she said abruptly. "It is not you that I love."

Then, as suddenly as Fleta had moved and spoken, the man before her vanished, with his nobility, and left the savage only, unvarnished, unhumanised.

"My God," gasped Hilary, almost breathless from the sudden blow, "then it is that accursed priest?"

"Yes," answered Fleta, her eyes on his, her voice dull, her whole form like that of a statue, so emotionless did she seem, "it is that accursed priest."

She moved away from him and looked about her. The spot was familiar. She was in the woodland about the monastery. She could find her way home now without difficulty. And yet how weak she was, and how hard it was to take each footstep! After moving a few paces she stood still and tried to rouse herself, tried to use her powerful will.

"Where are my servants?" she said in a low voice. "Where are those who do my bidding?"

She closed her eyes, and standing there in the sunlight, used all her power to call the forces into action which she had learned to control. For she was a sufficiently learned magician to be the mistress of some of the secrets of Nature. But now it seemed she was helpless—her old powers were gone. A low, bitter cry of anguish escaped from her lips as she realised this awful fact. Hilary, terrified by the strange sound of her voice, hastily approached her and looked into her face. Those dark eyes, once so full of power, were now full of an agony such as one sees in the eyes of a hunted and dying creature. Yet Fleta did not faint or fail, or cling to the strong man who stood by her side. After a moment she spoke, with a faint yet steady voice.

"Do you know the way to the gate?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Hilary; who indeed had but recently explored the whole demesne.

"Take my hand," she said, "and lead me there."

She used her natural power of royal command now; feeble though she was, she was the princess. Hilary did not dream of disobeying her. He took the cold and lifeless hand she extended to him, and led her as quickly as was possible over the grass, through the trees and flowering shrubs, to the gateway. As they neared it she spoke:

"You are to go back to the city," she said. "Do not ask why—you must go; yet I will tell you this—it is for your own safety. I have

lost my power—I can no longer protect you, and there are both angels and devils in this place. I have lost all! all! And I have no right to risk your sanity as well as my own. You must go."

"And leave you here?" said Hilary, bewildered.

"I am safe," she answered proudly. "No power in heaven or earth can hurt me now, for I have cast my all on one stake. Know this, Hilary, before we part; I shall never yield or surrender. I shall cast out that love that kills me from my heart—I shall enter the White Brotherhood. And, Hilary, you too will enter it. But, oh! not yet! Bitter lessons have you yet to learn! Good-bye, my brother."

The sentinel who guarded the gate now approached them in his walk; Fleta moved quickly towards him. After a few words had passed between them he blew a shrill, fine whistle. Then he approached Hilary.

"Come," he said, "I will show you the way for some distance and will then obtain you a horse and a guide to the city."

Hilary did not hesitate in obeying Fleta's commands; he knew he must go. But he turned to look once more into her mysterious face. She was no longer there. He bowed his head, and silently followed the monk through the gate into the outer freedom of the forest.

Fleta meantime crept back to the house through the shelter of the trees. Her figure looked like that of an aged woman, for she was bowed almost double and her limbs trembled as she moved. She did not go to the centre door of the house, but approached a window which opened to the ground and now stood wide. It was the window of Fleta's own room; she hurried towards it with feeble, uncertain steps. "Rest! Rest! I must rest!" she kept murmuring to herself. But on the very threshold she stumbled and fell. Someone came immediately to her and tried to raise her. It was Father Ivan. Fleta disengaged herself, tremblingly yet resolutely. She rose with difficulty to her feet and gazed very earnestly into his face.

"And you knew why I should fail?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, "I knew. You are not strong enough to stand alone amid the spirit of humanity. I knew you clung to me. Well have you suffered from it. I know that very soon you will stand alone."

"Of what use would that mask have been?" demanded Fleta, pursuing her own thoughts.

"None. If you had obeyed me and worn it you would have been of so craven a spirit you could never have reached the temple, never have seen the White Brotherhood. You have done these things, which are more than any other woman has accomplished."

"I will do yet more," said Fleta. "I will be one of them."

"Be it so," answered Ivan. "To do so you must suffer as no woman has yet had strength to suffer. The humanity in you must be crushed out as we crush a viper beneath our feet."

"It shall be. I may die, but I will not pause. Good-bye, my master. As I am a queen in the world of men and women, so you are king in the world of soul, and to you I have done homage; that homage they call love. It is so, perhaps. I am blind yet, and know not. But no more may you be my king. I am alone, and all knowledge I gain I must now gain myself."

Ivan bowed his head as if in obedience to an unanswerable decree, and in a moment had walked away among the trees. Fleta watched him stonily till he was out of sight, then dragged herself within the window to fall helplessly upon the ground, shaken by sobs and strong shudders of despair.

CHAPTER X.

IT was late in the day before Fleta again came out of her room. She seemed to have recovered her natural manner and appearance; and yet there was a change in her which anyone who knew her well must see. She had not been into the general rooms, or greeted the other guests; nor did she do so now. Her face was full of resolution, but she was calm, at all events externally. Without going near the guest rooms or the great entrance hall, she made her way round the house to where a very small door stood almost hidden in an angle of the wall. It was such a door as might lead to the cellars of a house, and when Hilary had explored the night before he had scarcely noticed it. But it was exceedingly solid and well fastened Fleta gave a peculiar knock upon it with a fan which she carried in her hand. It was immediately opened, and Father Amyot appeared.

"Do you want me?" he asked.

"Yes; I want you to go on an errand for me."

"Where am I to go?"

"I do not know; probably you will know. I must speak to one of the White Brotherhood."

Amyot's face clouded and he looked doubtfully at her.

"What is there you can ask that Ivan cannot answer?"

"Does it matter to you?" said Fleta imperiously. "You are my messenger, that is all."

"You cannot command me as before," said Father Amyot.

"What! do you know that I have failed? Does all the world know it?"

"The world?" echoed Amyot, contemptuously. "No; but all the Brotherhood does, and all its servants do. No one has told me, but I know it."

"Of course," said Fleta to herself. "I am foolish." She turned away and walked up and down on the grass, apparently buried in deep thought. Presently she raised her head suddenly, and quickly moved

towards Amyot, who still stood motionless in the dim shadow of the little doorway. She fixed her eyes on him; they were blazing with an intense fire. Her whole attitude was one of command.

"Go," she said.

Father Amyot stood but for a moment; and then he came out slowly from the doorway, shutting it behind him.

"You have picked up a lost treasure," he said. "You have found your will again. I obey. Have you told me all your command?"

"Yes. I must speak to one of the White Brothers. What more can I say? I do not know one from another. Only be quick!"

Instantly Amyot strode away over the grass and disappeared. Fleta moved slowly away, thinking so deeply that she did not know any one was near her till a hand was put gently on her arm. She looked up, and saw before her the young king, Otto.

"Have you been ill," he asked, looking closely into her face.

"No," she answered. "I have only been living fast—a century of experience in a single night! Shall I talk to you about it, my friend?"

"I think not," answered Otto, who now was walking quietly by her side. I may not readily understand you. I am anxious above all to advance slowly and grasp each truth as it comes to me. I have been talking a long time to-day to Father Ivan; and I feel that I cannot yet understand the doctrines of the order except as interpreted through religion."

"Through religion?" said Fleta. "But that is a mere externality."

"True, and intellectually I see that. But I am not strong enough to stand without any external form to cling to. The precepts of religion, the duty of each towards humanity, the principle of sacrifice one for another, these things I can understand. Beyond that I cannot yet go. Are you disappointed with me?"

"No, indeed," answered Fleta. "Why should I be."

Otto gave a slight sigh as of relief. "I feared you might be," he answered; "but I preferred to be honest. I am ready, Fleta, to be a member of the order, a devout member of the external Brotherhood. How far does that place me from you who claim a place among the wise ones of the inner Brotherhood."

Fleta looked at him very seriously and gravely.

"I claim it," she said; "but is it mine? Yet I will win it, Otto; even at the uttermost price, I will make it mine."

"And at what cost?" said Otto. "What is that uttermost price?"

"I think," she said slowly, "I already feel what it is. I must learn to live in the plain as contentedly as on the mountain tops. I have hungered to leave my place in the world, to go to those haunts where only a few great ones of the earth dwell, and from them learn

the secret of how to finally escape from the life of earth altogether. That has been my dream, Otto, put into simple words; the old dream of the Rosicrucian and those hungerers after the occult who have always haunted the world like ghosts, unsatisfied, homeless. Because I am a strong-willed creature, because I have learned how to use my will, because I have been taught a few tricks of magic I fancied myself fitted to be one of the White Brotherhood. Well, it is not so. I have failed. I shall be your queen, Otto."

The young king turned on her a sudden look full of mingled emotions. "Is that to be, Fleta? Then may I be worthy of your companionship."

Fleta had spoken bitterly, though not ungently. Otto's reply had been in a strange tone, that had exultation, reverence, gladness, in it; but not any of the passion which is called love. A coquette would have been provoked by a manner so entirely that of friendship.

"Otto," said Fleta, after a moment's pause, during which they had walked on side by side. "I am going to test your generosity. Will you leave me now?"

"My generosity?" exclaimed Otto. "How is it possible for you to address me in that way?" Without any further word of explanation he turned on his heel and walked quickly away. Fleta understood his meaning very well; she smiled softly as she looked for a moment after him. Then, as he vanished, her whole face changed, her whole expression of attitude, too. For a little while she stood quite still, seemingly wrapt in thought. Then steadily and swiftly she began to move across the grass and afterwards to thread her way through the trees. Having once commenced to move, she seemed to have no hesitation as to the direction in which she was going. And, indeed, if you had been able to ask her how she knew what path to take, she would have answered that it was very easy to know. For she was guided by a direct call from Amyot, as plainly heard as any human voice, though audible only to her inner hearing. To Fleta, the consciousness of the double life—the spiritual and the natural—was a matter of constant experience, and, therefore, there was no need for the darkness of midnight to enable her to hear a voice from what ordinary men and women call the unseen world. To Fleta it was no more unseen than unheard. She saw at once, conquering time and space, the spot where she would find Father Amyot at the end of her rapid walk; and more, the state she would find him in. The sun streamed in its full power and splendour straight on the strange figure of the monk, lying rigidly upon the grass. Fleta stood beside him and looked down on his face, upturned to the sky. For a little while she did nothing, but stood there with a frown upon her forehead and her dark eyes full of fierce and changing feeling. Amyot was in one of his profound trances, when, though not dead, yet he was as one dead.

"Already my difficulties crowd around me," exclaimed Fleta aloud.

"What folly shall I unknowingly commit next? My poor servant —dare I even try to restore you—or will Nature be a safer friend?"

Full of doubt and hesitation, she turned slowly away and began to pace up and down the grass beside the figure of the priest. Presently she became aware that she was not alone—some one was near her. She started and turned quickly. Ivan stood but a pace from her, and his eyes were fixed very earnestly upon her.

He was not dressed as a priest, but wore a simple hunting dress, such as an ordinary sportsman or the king incognito might wear. Simple it was, and made of coarse materials; but its easy make showed a magnificent figure which the monkish robes had disguised. His face had on it a deep and almost pathetic seriousness; and yet it was so handsome, so nobly cut, and made so brilliant by the deep blue eyes, which were bluer than their wont now, even in the full blaze of the sun—that in fact as a man merely, here stood one who might make any woman's heart, queen or no queen, beat fiercely with admiration. Fleta had never seen him like this before; to her he had always been the master, the adept in mysterious knowledge, the recluse who hid his love of solitude under a monkish veil. This was Ivan! Young, superb, a man who must be loved. Fleta stood still and silent, answering the gaze of those questioning, serious blue eyes, with the purposeful, rebellious look which was just now burning in her own. The two stood facing each other for some moments, without speaking—without, as it seemed, desiring to speak. But in these moments of silence a measuring of strength was made. Fleta spoke first.

"Why have you come?" she demanded. "I did not desire your presence."

"You have questions to ask which I alone can answer."

"You are the one person who cannot answer them, for I cannot ask them of you."

"It is of me that you must ask them," was all Ivan's reply. Then he added: "It is of me you have to learn these answers. Learn them by experience if you like, and blindly. If you care to speak, you shall be answered in words. This will spare you some pain, and save you years of wasted time. Are you too proud?"

There was a pause. Then Fleta replied deliberately:

"Yes, I am too proud."

Ivan bowed his head and turned away. He stooped over Father Amyot, and taking a flask from his pocket, rubbed some liquid on the monk's white and rigid lips.

"I forbid you," said Ivan, "to use your power over Amyot again."

"You forbid me?" repeated Fleta in a tone of profound amazement. Evidently this tone was entirely new to her.

"Yes, and you dare not disobey me. If you do, you will suffer instantly."

Fleta looked the amazement which was evidently beyond her power to express in words. Ivan's manner was cold, almost harsh. Never had he addressed her without gentleness before. Hastily she recovered herself, and without pausing to address to him any other word she turned away and went quickly through the trees and back to the house. Otto was standing at one of the windows ; she went straight to him.

"I wish to go back to the city at once," she said, "will you order my horses?"

"May I come with you?"

"No, but you may follow me to-morrow if you like."

(To be continued.)

SPECULATION.

Man's reasoning faith can outlive and can ride
O'er countless speculations. Navies float
On changeful waves, and for this ark-like boat
Winds from all quarters, every swelling tide
Will serve. By all the virgin spheres that glide
Like timid guests across sky-floor we note
Where lies the pole-star. Those who only quote
Their compass, fail, and antique charts must slide
To error, in this shifting sand of thought
And *new-found science*, where sweet isles of palm
And olive sink, that were as land-marks sought,
While others rise from Ocean's fertile bed.
No storm, nor heat, nor cold I fear ; my dread
Is lest the ship should meet a death-like calm.

REVOLUTION.

Ah ! wondrous happy rounding universe
Where suns and moons alike as tears e'er mould
Themselves to beauteous circles ! He that rolled
The planets, curved their paths ; though seas immerse
Both shattered ship and shell, naught *shall escape*
Th' inevitable wheel that must restore
The seeming lost. The potent buried lore
Of saint and sage revives to melt and shape
Our thoughts to comeliness, and souls that leave
Earth's shores float back as craft that cruising sails ;
Each blessed gift that hourly from us flies,
God will rain down albeit in other guise ;—
And e'en the very dew-drop *noon exhales*
May find again the self-same rose at eve.

MARY W. GALE.

TWILIGHT VISIONS.

"At evening time there shall be light."
—ZECH. xiv., 7.

THE day's work done, I cast my pen aside
And rose, with aching eye and troubled brain,
Thinking how oft my fellow workers here
Have suffered in the flesh for labours wrought
In love to all mankind; and how the world
Cares nought for words which teach not of itself;
For to the world, itself is all in all,
And nought outside it can the world conceive
As real and true. And yet this earth must cease
To be for ever to each mortal, when
The Spirit casts off earth, and, in new life
Will feel and know the world to be the vale
Of deathly shadows compass'd round about
With ignorance and error, sin and crime,
With yearnings, longings, miseries, and griefs,
And all that makes the "Breath of Lives" to seem
As Angels wrestling with the powers of hell.

* * * *

A gentle Spirit with the twilight came
And rested on my soul; then hope with peace,
Long since to me as strangers, touched my heart,
And, sitting at the organ, soft and sweet
There streamed a flow of harmony, tho' I
Scarce seemed to touch the keys, yet simple hymns
Called forth a train of Spirits bright and young,
Amongst them saw I all that I had known
And loved in days when life seem'd sweet to me.
I was a child again, and saw myself
As such—no aching eye—no troubled brain
Had that young being who in faith and hope
Sang songs of holiness, of peace and truth—
There, resting on his Mother's breast, with arms
Clasped round her neck, with loving eyes that watched
The loving face, whereon a parent's smile
Was ever present in the days now past,
Now buried in the dust with former things.

* * * *

In saddened notes swelled forth "Thy will be done!"
And then appeared a radiant spirit form
Of one who, as a babe, was called away,
From out this world of wretchedness and sin,

An infant—which scarce breathed upon the earth
Ere God, in His great mercy, took her home
To dwell with Him, and she, an Angel bless'd,
Now looks in pity on her parents here,
A weeping witness of the vacant lives
Which in the world their souls are forced to pass
As, hung'ring for the love of One in heaven
They stagger on from day to day in doubt—
In misery, which none but they can know.

* * * *

Some cursed bonds can ne'er be snapped in twain,
Save death or sin alone be brought to bear
To shatter human customs hard and vile,
And false and horrible as hell itself.
For man exists in darkness, bound by laws
Which curse and damn his very soul on earth ;
Mankind will not accept the Master's words
Or listen to His cry within the soul.
And so the world in falsehood wanders on
And dooms the inner Man of Light again
To suffer crucifixion in the flesh ;
The Trinity—of Wisdom, Love and Truth—
THE CHRIST, is absent from this "Christian" World
And ignorance with hatred lies and sin
Reign rampant in their infidel abode.

* * * *

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."
O Lord! we suff'ring mortals here on earth
Have nought but Thee, Thou Guide of all mankind
To lead us in our wand'rings, and to turn
Our falt'ring footsteps from the way of death ;
Thy Angels true are sent to fainting souls,
And lovingly their voices soft are heard
Peace! troubled hearts, hereafter all shall be
Made up in heaven. Know that sufferings
Are sent in love that we may minister,
To all your needs, and bear you safely home
To that good land ordained for all mankind—
The kingdom bright—of happiness and love,
Whereon your lives shall ever be a rest
In one long summer day of light and joy.
No mortal e'er can comprehend the peace
Of God, which shall be yours, when, from the world
Your glorious inner beings stand apart
For ever! Soon shall you know all that we

Would tell you now—yet hope and struggle on.
"At evening time there shall be Light! and then—
The Living Light shall lead you home to God,
Home to the place which He hath made,—'tis yours
For ever! We are sent to tell you this
And by the Mighty One we do not lie!

* * * *

"O Glorious Angels of our Loving God!
Pray tell us if this land, we fain would know,
Contains the dear ones we have loved on earth?
For what were heaven e'en to us, if we
Could nevermore be all in all to those
Who when on earth were all in all to us!
A voice replied—'twas one I oft have heard
And learned to love with more than mortal love,
"Look up, my own! and see me with thee now
For ever on this earth. If then 'tis so,
How canst thou think that I shall ever be
Apart from thee in heav'n—the land of love
Wherein alone life's consummation finds
A fullness in its own eternal self?
For God is all—thus He is life and love
And love eternal is the power that welds
Each atom in the universal chain
Of infinite expanse throughout the skies—
Which ever shows to godly men on earth
The Power of powers that reigneth over all!

* * * *

Then in the gloom a glorious form appeared,
And, standing by my side, it pressed its lips
Upon the troubled brow which none could calm
On earth, save she who was beside me then.
And so an Angel from our loving God
Came down to comfort, in the eventide—
To show, by light of love, God's holy truth,
Which from the world—in darkness—hath been hid
Because the world in darkness will exist,
And, living thus, man sins against himself
And so against his loving God of Life.
The promised Light appeared at evening time,
And by its living rays did I perceive—
Mankind to wander on in sin and shame;
Thus HELL prevails to-day where heaven should be. . . . .

WM. C. ELDON SERJEANT.

London, *6th December*, 1887.

ESOTERICISM OF THE CHRISTIAN DOGMA.

CREATION AS TAUGHT BY MOSES AND THE MAHATMAS.

BY THE ABBÉ ROCA (*Honorary Canon*).

[Extracts translated from the "LOTUS" *Revue des Hautes Etudes Theosophiques.* Journal of "Isis," the French Branch of The Theosophical Society. December, 1887. Paris, George Carrés, 58, Rue St. André des Arts.—VERBAL TRANSLATION.]

I.

THANKS to the light which is now reaching us from the far East through the Theosophical organs published in the West, it is easy to foresee that the Catholic teaching is about to undergo a transformation as profound as it will be glorious. All our dogmas will pass from "the letter which killeth" to "the spirit which giveth life," from the mystic and sacramental to the scientific and rational form, perhaps even to the stage of experimental methods.

The reign of faith, of mystery and of miracle, is nearing its close; this is plain and was, moreover, predicted by Christ himself. Faith vanishes from the brains of men of science, to make way for the clear perception of the essential truths which had to be veiled at the origin of Christianity, under symbols and figures, so as to adapt them, as far as possible, to the needs and weaknesses of the infancy of our faith.

Strange! It is at the very hour when Europe is attaining the age of reason, and when she is visibly entering upon the full possession of her powers, that India prepares to hand on to us those loftier ideas which exactly meet our new wants, as much from the intellectual, as from the moral, religious, social and other standpoints.

One might believe that the "BROTHERS" kept an eye from afar on the movements of Christendom, and that from the summits of their Himalayan watch towers, they had waited expectantly for the hour when they would be able to make us hear them with some chance of being understood. . . . . .

It is certain that the situation in the West is becoming more and more serious. Everyone knows whence comes the imminence of the catastrophe which threatens us; hitherto men have only evoked the animal needs, they have only awakened and unchained the brute forces of nature, the passional instincts, the savage energies of the lower Kosmos. Christianity does indeed conceal under the profound esotericism of its Parables, those truths, scientific, religious, and social, which this deplorable situation imperiously demands, but sad to say, sad indeed for a priest, hard, hard indeed for Christian ears to hear, all our priesthoods, that of the Roman Catholic Church equally with those of the Orthodox Russian, the Anglican, the Protestant, and the Anglo-American churches, seem struck with blindness and impotence in face

of the glorious task which they would have to fulfil in these terrible circumstances. They see nothing; their eyes are plastered and their ears walled up. They do not discover; one is tempted to say, they do not even suspect what ineffable truths are hidden under the dead letter of their teachings.

. . . . . .

Say, is it not into that darkness that we are all stumbling, in State and in Church, in politics as in religion! A double calamity forming but one for the peoples, which suffer horribly under it, and for our civilisation which may be shipwrecked on it at any moment. May God deliver us from a war at this moment! It would be a cataclysm in which Europe would break to pieces in blood and fire, as Montesquieu foresaw: "Europe will perish through the soldiers, if not saved in time." We must escape from this empiricism and this fearful confusion. But who will save us? The Christ, the true Christ, the Christ of esoteric science.* And how? Thus: the same key which, under the eyes of the scientific bodies, shall open the secrets of Nature, will open their own intellects to the secrets of true Sociology; the same key which, under the eyes of the priesthoods, shall open the Arcana of the mysteries and the gospel parables, will open their intellects to these same secrets of Sociology. Priests and savants will then develope in the radiance of one and the same light.

And this key—I can assert it, for I have proved it in application to all our dogmas—THIS KEY IS THE SAME WHICH THE MAHATMAS OFFER AND DELIVER TO US AT THIS MOMENT.†

There is here an interposition of Providence, before which we should all of us offer up our own thanksgivings. For my part, I am deeply touched by it; I feel I know not what sacred thrill! My gratitude is the more keen since, if I confront the Hindu tradition with the occult theosophic traditions of Judeo-Christianity, from its origin to our own day, through the Holy Kabbala, I can recognise clearly the agreement of the teaching of the "Brothers" with the esoteric teaching of Moses, Jesus, and Saint Paul.

People are sure to say: "You abase the West before the East, Europe before Asia, France before India, Christianity before Buddhism. You are betraying at once your Country and your Church, your quality as a Frenchman, and your character as a Priest." Pardon me, gentlemen! I abase nothing whatever; I betray nothing at all! A member of Humanity, I work for the happiness of Humanity; a son of France, I work for the glory of France; a Priest of Jesus Christ, I work for the

* "The Christ of esoteric science" is the *Christos* of Spirit—an impersonal principle entirely distinct from any carnalised Christ or Jesus. Is it this Christos that the learned Canon Roca means?—[ED.]

† The capitals are our own; for these "Mahatmas" are the real Founders and "Masters" of the Theosophical Society.—[ED.]

triumph of Jesus Christ. You shall be forced to confess it; suspend, therefore, your anathemas, and listen, if you please!

We are traversing a frightful crisis. For the last hundred years we have been trying to round the *Cape of Social Tempests*, which I spoke of before; we have been enduring, without intermission, the fires, the lightnings the thunders, and the earthquakes of an unparalleled hurricane, and we feel, clearly enough, that everything is giving way around us; under our feet and over our heads! Neither pontiffs, nor savants, nor politicians, nor statesmen, show themselves capable of snatching us from the abysses towards which we are being, one is tempted to say, driven by a fatality! If, then, I discover, in the distant East, through the darkness of this tempest, the blessed star which alone can guide us, amidst so many shoals, safe and sound to the longed-for haven of safety, am I wanting in patriotism and religion because I announce to my brethren the rising of this beneficent star? . . . . . .

I know as well as you that it was said to Peter: "I *will* give thee the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, that thou mayest open its gates upon earth"; yes, doubtless, but note the tense of this verb: I *will give* thee: in the future. Has the Christian Pontiff already received them—those magic Keys? Before replying look and see what Rome has made of Christendom; see the lamentable state of Europe; not only engaged in open war with foreign nationalities, but also exhausting herself in fratricidal wars and preparations to consummate her own destruction; behold everywhere Christian against Christian, church against church, priesthood against priesthood, class against class, school against school, and, often in the same family, brother against brother, sons against their father, the father against his sons! What a spectacle! And a Pope presides over it! And while, all around, men prepare for a general slaughter, he, the Pope, thinks only of one thing—of his temporal domain, of his material possessions! Think you that this state of things forms the Kingdom of Heaven, and say you still that the Pontiff of Rome has already received the Keys thereof?

It is written, perchance, in the decrees of Providence, that these mysterious Keys shall be brought to the brethren of the West by the "Brothers" of the East. . . . . Such is, indeed, the expectation of all the nations; the prophetic East sighs for the tenth incarnation of Vishnu, which shall be the crown of all the Avatars which have preceded it, and the Apocalypse, on its side, announces the appearance of the *White Horse* which is the symbol of the Christ risen, glorious and triumphant before the eyes of all the peoples of the earth.

This is how I, priest of Jesus Christ, betray Jesus Christ, when I acclaim the wisdom of the Mahatmas and their mission in the West!

I have spoken of the opportuneness of the hour chosen by them for coming to our help. I must insist upon this point.

[*The Abbé then enforces his argument by references to the position of Modern Science, and concludes* :—TR.]

"The phenomena of motion," by means of which men of science claim to explain everything, explain nothing at all, because the very cause of that motion is unknown to our physicists as they themselves admit. "Consider, say to us the Mahatmas by the mouth of their Adepts, that behind each physical energy is hidden another energy, which itself serves as envelope to a spiritual force which is the living soul of every manifested force."

And thus Nature offers us an infinite series of forces one within another, serving mutually as sheaths, which, as d'Alembert suspected, produce all sensible phenomena and reach all points of the circumference starting from a central point, which is God. . . . . .

II.

I can now, after these preliminaries, give an example of the transformation which, thanks to the Mahatmas, will soon take place in the teaching of the Christian Church. I will take particularly the dogma of the *Creation*, informing my readers that they will find in a book I am preparing, *The New Heavens and the New Earth*, an analogous work on all the dogmas of the Catholic faith.

Matter exists in states of infinite variety, and, sometimes, even of opposite appearance. The world is constituted in two poles, the North or Spiritual, and the South or Material pole: these two poles correspond perfectly and differ only in form, that is, in appearance.

Regarded from above, as the Easterns regard it, the universal substance presents the aspect of a spiritual or divine *emanation;* looked at from below, as the Westerns are in the habit of viewing it, it offers, on the contrary, the aspect of a material creation.

One sees at once the difference which must exist between the two intellectualities and, consequently, between the two civilisations of the East and the West. Yet there is no more error in the Genesis of Moses, which is that of the Christian teaching, than there is in the Genesis of the Mahatmas, which is that of the Buddhist doctrine. The one and the other of these Geneses are absolutely founded on one and the same reality. Whether one descends or ascends the scale of being, one only traverses, in the East from above downwards, in the West from below upwards, the same ladder of essences, more or less spiritualised, more or less materialised, according as one approaches to, or recedes from, *Pure Spirit*, which is God.

It was, therefore, not worth while to fulminate so much on one side or the other, here, against the theory of *emanation*, there, against the theory of *Creation*. One always comes back to the principle of Hermes Trismegistus: the universe is dual, though formed of a single substance. The Kabbalists knew it well, and it was taught long ago in the Egyptian

sanctuaries, as the occultists have never ceased to repeat it in the temples of India.

It will soon be demonstrated, I hope, by scientific experiments such as those of Mr. William Crookes, the Academician, that everywhere, throughout all nature, *spirit* and *matter* are not *two* but *one*, and that they nowhere offer a real division in life. Under every physical force there is a spiritual or a psychic force: in the heart of the minutest atom is hidden a vital soul, the presence of which has been perfectly determined by Claude Bernard in germs imperceptible to the naked eye. "This soul, human, animal, vegetal or mineral, is but a ray lent by the universal soul to every object manifested in the Kosmos."

"Corporeal man and the sensible universe, says the theosophical doctrine, are but the appearance imparted to them by the cohesion of the interatomic or inter-astral forces which constitute both exteriorly. The visible side of a being is an ever-changing Maya." The language of St. Paul is in no way different: "The aspect of the world," he says, "is a passing vision, an image which passes and renews itself continually —*transit figura hujus mundi.*"

"The real man, or the *microcosm*—and one can say as much of the *macrocosm*—is an astral force which reveals itself through this physical appearance, and which, having existed before the birth of this form, does not share its fate at the hour of death: surviving its destruction. The material form cannot subsist withont the spiritual force which sustains it; but the latter is independent of the former, for form is created by spirit, and not spirit by form."

This theory is word for word that of the "Brothers" and the Adepts, at the same time it is that of the Kabbalists and the Christians of the School of Origen, and the Johannine Church.

There could not be a more perfect agreement. Transfer this teaching to the genesis of the Kosmos and you have the secret of the formation of the World; at the same time you discover the profound meaning of the saying of St. Paul: "The invisible things of God are made visible to the eye of man through the visible things of the creation," a saying so well translated by Joseph de Maistre by the following: "The world is a vast system of invisible things, visibly organised."

The whole of the Kosmos is like a two-faced medal of which both faces are alike. The materialists know only the lower side, while the occultists see it from both sides at once; from the front and from the back. It is always nature, and the same nature, but *natura naturata* from below, *natura naturans* from above; here, intelligent cause; there, brute effect; spiritual above, corporeal below, ethereal ised at the North, concreted at the South Pole.

The distinction accepted everywhere in the West down to our own day, as essential and radical, between spirit on the one hand and matter on the other, is no longer sustainable. The progress of science, spurred

on as it will be by Hindu ideas, will soon force the last followers of this infantile belief to abandon it as ridiculous. . . . . .

Yes, all, absolutely all in the world is life, but life differently organised and variously manifested through phenomena which vary infinitely from the most spiritualised beings, such as the Angels, as well known to Buddhists as to Christians, though called by other names, down to the most solidified of beings, such as stones and metals. In the bosom of the latter, sleep, in a cataleptic condition, milliards of vital elementary spirits. These latter only await, to thrill into activity, the stroke of the pick or hammer to which they will owe their deliverance and their escape from the *limbus*, of which the Hindu doctrine speaks as well as the Catholic. Here lies, for these souls of life, the starting point of the *Resurrection* and of the *Ascension*, taught equally by both the Eastern and the Western traditions, but not understood among us.

[*The Abbé sketches in eloquent words the development of these "spirits of the elements," and then continues*:—TR.]

But as they ascend, so the spirits can also descend, for they are always free to transfigure themselves in the divine light, or to bury themselves in the satanic shadow of error and evil. Hence, while time is time, "these ceaseless tears and gnashings of teeth" of which the gospel Parables speak metaphorically, and which will last as long as shall last the elaboration of the social atoms destined for the collective composition of the beatific Nirvana.

Nature is ever placing under our eyes examples of organic transformations, analagous to those I am speaking of, as if to aid us in comprehending our own destiny. But it seems that many men "have eyes in order not to see," as Jesus said. See how in order to remove these cataracts, science, even in the West, constantly approaching more and more that of the East, is at work producing in its turn phenomena, which corroborate at once the Parables of the Gospels and the teachings of nature. I will not speak of the Salpêtrière and the marvels of hypnotism in the hands of M. Charcot and his numerous disciples throughout the whole world. There are things which strike me even more.

M. Pictet, at Geneva, is creating diamonds with air and light. This should not astonish those who know that our coal mines are nothing but "stored-up sunlight." With an even more marvellous industry, do not the flowers extract from the atmosphere the luminous substance of which they weave their fine and joyous garments? And "all that is sown in the earth under a material form, does it not rise under a spiritual form," as St. Paul says?

The glorious entities, which we call celestial spirits, have themselves an organic form, It is defined in the canons of our dogma, whatever the ignorance-mongers of ultramontanism may pretend. God alone has no body, God alone is *pure Spirit*—and even to speak thus we must consider the Deity apart from the person of Jesus Christ, for in the "*Word*

made flesh" God dwells *corporeally*, according to the true and beautiful saying of St. Paul.

And it is because God has no body that he is present everywhere in the infinite, under the veils of cosmic light and ether, which serve as his garment and under the electric, magnetic, interatomic, interplanetary, interstellar and sound fluids, which serve him as vehicles. . . . . .

And it is also because God has no created form that the Kabbala could, without error, call him *Non-Being*. Hegel probably felt this esoteric truth when he spoke, in his heavy and cumbrous language, of the equivalence of Being and Non-Being.

All visible forms are thus the product, at the same time as they are the garment and the manifestation, of spiritual forces. All sensible order is, in reality, an *organic concretion*, a sort of living *crystallisation* of intelligent powers fallen from the state of *spirituality* into the state of materiality; in other words, fallen from the North to the South pole of nature, in consequence of a catastrophe called by Holy Scripture the *Fall from Eden*. This cataclysm was the punishment of a frightful crime, of an audacious revolt spoken of in the traditions of all Temples and called in our dogma *original sin*. The primary priesthood of the Christian church has hitherto lacked the light needed to explain this biological phenomenon, which is an ascertained fact of physiology and sociology, as I hope to prove. Questioned on this point, the priests have always replied: It is a mystery. Now there are no mysteries save for ignorance, and the Christ announced that "every hidden thing should be brought to light, and proclaimed on the house-tops."

This is why so many new lights, coming from the East and elsewhere, enter scientifically, in our day, into the Christian mind. Glory to the Theosophists, glory to the Adepts, glory to the Kabbalists, glory above all to the Hermetists everywhere, glory to those new missionaries whose coming M. de Maistre foresaw, and whom M. de Saint-Ives d'Alveydre lately hailed as the elect of God, charged by him to establish a communion of knowledge and of love between all the religious centres of the earth!

Priests of the Roman Catholic Church, we shall enter in our turn this wise communion of saints, on the day when we shall consent to read anew our sacred texts, no longer in "the dead letter" of their exotericism, but in the "living spirit" of their esotericism, and in the threefold sense which Christian tradition has always canonically recognised in them.

L'ABBE ROCA (*Chanoine*).

Chateau de Pallestres, France.

[This is a very optimistic way of putting it, and if realized would be like pouring the elixir of life into the decrepit body of the Latin Church. But what will his Holiness the Pope say to it?—[ED.]

THE GREAT QUEST.

Continued from the December (1887) number.

THE Religionist, of course, denies that man can become a god or ever realise in himself the attributes of Deity. He may recognise the necessity of re-incarnation for ordinary worldly men, and even for those who are not constant in their detachment and devotion, but he denies the necessity for that series of trials and initiations which must cover, at all events, more than one life-time—probably many It would appear as if the theory of evolution might be called in, to aid this latter view. If it is acknowledged that we, as individuals, have been for ever whirling on the wheel of conditioned existence; if at the beginning of each manwantara the divine monad which through the beginningless past has inhabited in succession the vegetable, animal, and human forms, takes to itself a house of flesh in exact accordance with previous Karma, it will be seen that (while inhabiting a human body) during no moment in the past eternity have we been nearer the attainment of Nirvana than at any other. If then there is no thinkable connection between evolution and Nirvana, to imagine that evolution, through stages of Adeptship, conducts to Nirvana, is a delusion. "It is purely a question of divine grace"—says the Religionist. If in answer to this view, it is contended that the light of the Logos is bound, eventually, to reach and enlighten every individual, and that the steady progress to perfection through Chelaship and Adeptship would, therefore, be a logical conclusion, it is objected that to assert that the light of the Logos must eventually reach and enlighten all, would involve the ultimate extinction of the objective Universe, which is admitted to be without beginning or end, although it passes through alternate periods of manifestation and non-manifestation. If to escape from this untenable position we postulate fresh emanations of Deity into the lowest organisms at the beginning of each manwantara, to take the place of those who pass away into Nirvana, we are met by other difficulties. Firstly, putting out of consideration the fact that such a supposition is expressly denied by what is acknowledged as revelation, the projection into the evolutionary process of a monad free from all Karma, makes the law of Karma inoperative, for the monad's first association with Karma remains unexplained; and also it becomes impossible to say what the monad was, and what was the mode of its being prior to the projection into evolution. It must be noted that although the law of Karma does not explain *why* we are, yet it satisfactorily shows *how* we are what we are; and this is the *raison d'être* of the law. But the above theory takes away its occupation. It makes Karma and the monad independent realities, joined together by the

creative energy of the Deity, while Karma ought to be regarded as a mode of existence of the monad—which mode ceases to be when another mode, called liberation, takes its place. Secondly, if the monad in attaining liberation only attains to what it was before its association with Karma, *à quoi bon* the whole process; while, if it is stated that the monad was altogether non-existent before its projection, the Deity becomes responsible for all our sufferings and sins, and we fall into either the Calvinist doctrine of predestination as popularly conceived, or into the still more blasphemous doctrine of the worshippers of Ahriman, besides incurring many logical difficulties. The teaching of our eastern philosophers is that the real interior nature of the monad is the same as the real interior essence of the Godhead, but from beginningless past time it has a transitory nature, considered illusive, and the mode in which this illusion works is known by the name of Karma.

But were we not led astray in the first instance? Ought we not to have acquiesced in the first above given definition of the theory of evolution? The premiss was satisfactory enough—the mistake was in allowing the religionist's deduction as a logical necessity. When the religionist states that there is no thinkable connection between evolution and Nirvana, he merely postulates for the word evolution a more limited scope than that which the Occultist attaches to it, viz., the development of soul as well as that of mere form. He is indeed right in stating that the natural man, while he remains such, will never attain the ultimate goal of Being. True it is, for the Occultist as for the religionist, that, to free himself from the fatal circle of rebirths, he must "burst the shell which holds him in darkness—tear the veil that hides him from the eternal." The religionist may call this the act of divine grace; but it may be quite as correctly described as the "awakening of the slumbering God within." But the error of the religionist is surely in mistaking the first glimmer of the divine consciousness for a guarantee of final emancipation, at, say, the next death of the body, instead of merely the first step of a probationary stage in the long vista of work for Humanity on the higher planes of Being!

To provide ourselves with an analogy from the very theory of Evolution which we have been discussing, is it not more logical to imagine that, in the same way in which we see stretched at our feet the infinite gradations of existence, through the lower animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms—between which indeed, thanks to the recent investigations of scientific men—there is no longer recognised to be any distinct line of demarcation—so the heights (necessarily hidden from our view) which still remain to be scaled by us in our upward progress to Divinity, should be similarly filled with the gradations of the unseen hierarchy of Being? And that, as we have evolved during millions of

centuries of earth-life through these lower forms up to the position we now occupy, so may we, if we choose, start on a new and better road of progress, apart from the ordinary evolution of Humanity, but in which there must also be innumerable grades?

That there will be progress for Humanity as a whole, in the direction of greater spirituality, there is no doubt, but that progress will be partaken of by continually decreasing numbers. Whether the weeding out takes place at the middle of the "great fifth round," or whether it be continually taking place during the evolutionary process, a ray of light is here thrown on the statement met with in all the Bibles of Humanity as to the great difficulty of the attainment. "For straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it; but wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth unto destruction, and many there be that go in thereat." This and parallel passages doubtless refer to the weeding out of those who are unfit to continue the progress, on which the more spiritualized Humanity will then have entered. The most vivid picture of the comparative handful of elect souls, who are fit to achieve the great quest, will be obtained by contemplating the fact already stated, that the objective universe, with its myriads of inhabitants, will never, in the vast abysses of the future, cease to be; and that the great majority of humanity—the millions of millions—will thus for ever whirl on the wheel of birth and death.

But though Nature may give us an almost infinite number of chances to attempt the great quest, it were madness to put by the chance offered now, and allow the old sense-attractions to regain their dominance, for it must be remembered that the barbarism and anarchy which every civilisation must eventually lapse into, are periods of spiritual deadness, and that it is when "the flower of civilisation has blown to its full, and when its petals are but slackly held together," that the goad within men causes them to lift their eyes to the sunlit mountains, and "to recognise in the bewildering glitter the outlines of the Gates of Gold."

There are no doubt realms in the Devaloka where the bliss of heaven may be realised by those who aspire to the selfish rewards of personal satisfaction, but these cease to exist with the end of the manwantara, and with the beginning of the next the devotee will again have to endure incarceration in flesh. The eighth chapter of the Bhagavad Gita does indeed state that there is a path to Nirvana through the Devaloka, and amongst the countless possibilities of the Infinite who shall assert that this is not so? but the context surely implies such a detachment and devotion through life as is difficult for us even to contemplate, much less to realize.

However distant, therefore, may appear to us the achievement of the great quest, when we consider how much more closely we are allied to the animal than to the God, it must necessarily seem an infinitely far-off goal, but though we may have to pass through many life-times before we

reach it, our most earnest prayer should be, that we may never lose sight of that celestial goal, for surely it is the one thing worthy of achievement!

To many the foregoing may appear as mere speculations, and the firmest faith indeed can scarcely call itself knowledge, but, however necessary the complete knowledge may be, we may at least hope that its partial possession is adequate to the requirements of the occasion. To us whose feet tread, often wearily, towards the path of the great quest, and whose eyes strain blindly through the mists that wrap us round, steady perseverance and omnipotent hope must be the watch-words—perseverance to struggle on, though the fiends of the lower self may make every step a battle, and hope that at any moment the entrance to the path may be found.

As an example of these two qualities, and also because all words that strike a high key are bound to awaken responsive echoes in noble hearts, let us conclude with the following extract from the Ramayana:—

"Thus spoke Rama. Virtue is a service man owes himself, and though there were no heaven nor any God to rule the world, it were not less the binding law of life. It is man's privilege to know the right and follow it. Betray and persecute me brother men! Pour out your rage on me O malignant devils! Smile, or watch my agony in cold disdain ye blissful Gods! Earth, hell, heaven combine your might to crush me—I will still hold fast by this inheritance! My strength is nothing—time can shake and cripple it; my youth is transient—already grief has withered up my days; my heart—alas! it is well-nigh broken now. Anguish may crush it utterly, and life may fail; but even so my soul that has not tripped shall triumph, and dying, give the lie to soulless destiny that dares to boast itself man's master."

"PILGRIM."

WHISPER OF A ROSE.

Behold me! an offspring of Darkness and Light.
With soft, tender petals of radiant white,
With golden heart mystery, full of perfume
That is Soul of my Breath—the Secret of Bloom.

Infinity's centre is heart of the rose,
And th' breath of Creation its perfume that flows
Through ages and eons and time yet untold—
But the *Soul* of the *Breath* I may not unfold.

MORA.

THE SECLUSION OF THE ADEPT.

[CONTINUATION OF "COMMENTS ON LIGHT ON THE PATH," BY THE AUTHOR.]

"Before the voice can speak in the presence of the Masters, it must have lost the power to wound."

THOSE who give a merely passing and superficial attention to the subject of occultism—and their name is Legion—constantly inquire why, if adepts in life exist, they do not appear in the world and show their power. That the chief body of these wise ones should be understood to dwell beyond the fastnesses of the Himalayas, appears to be a sufficient proof that they are only figures of straw. Otherwise, why place them so far off?

Unfortunately, Nature has done this and not personal choice or arrangement. There are certain spots on the earth where the advance of "civilisation" is unfelt, and the nineteenth century fever is kept at bay. In these favoured places there is always time, always opportunity, for the realities of life; they are not crowded out by the doings of an inchoate, money-loving, pleasure seeking society. While there are adepts upon the earth, the earth must preserve to them places of seclusion. This is a fact in nature which is only an external expression of a profound fact in super-nature.

The demand of the neophyte remains unheard until the voice in which it is uttered has lost the power to wound. This is because the divine-astral life* is a place in which order reigns, just as it does in natural life. There is, of course, always the centre and the circumference as there is in nature. Close to the central heart of life, on any plane, there is knowledge, there order reigns completely; and chaos makes dim and confused the outer margin of the circle. In fact, life in every form bears a more or less strong resemblance to a philosophic school. There are always the devotees of knowledge who forget their own lives in their pursuit of it; there are always the flippant crowd who come and go——Of such, Epictetus said that it was as easy to teach them philosophy as to eat custard with a fork. The same state exists in the super-astral life; and the adept has an even deeper and more profound seclusion there in which to dwell. This place of retreat is so safe, so sheltered, that no sound which has discord in it can reach his ears. Why should this be, will be asked at once, if he is a being of such great powers as those say

* Of course every occultist knows by reading Eliphas Levi and other authors that the "astral" plane is a plane of unequalised forces, and that a state of confusion necessarily prevails. But this does not apply to the "divine astral" plane, which is a plane where wisdom, and therefore order, prevails.

who believe in his existence? The answer seems very apparent. He serves humanity and identifies himself with the whole world; he is ready to make vicarious sacrifice for it at any moment—*by living not by dying for it.* Why should he not die for it? Because he is part of the great whole, and one of the most valuable parts of it. Because he lives under laws of order which he does not desire to break. His life is not his own, but that of the forces which work behind him. He is the flower of humanity, the bloom which contains the divine seed. He is, in his own person, a treasure of the universal nature, which is guarded and made safe in order that the fruition shall be perfected. It is only at definite periods of the world's history that he is allowed to go among the herd of men as their redeemer. But for those who have the power to separate themselves from this herd he is always at hand. And for those who are strong enough to conquer the vices of the personal human nature, as set forth in these four rules, he is consciously at hand, easily recognised, ready to answer.

But this conquering of self implies a destruction of qualities which most men regard as not only indestructible but desirable. The "power to wound" includes much that men value, not only in themselves, but in others. The instinct of self-defence and of self-preservation is part of it; the idea that one has any right or rights, either as citizen, or man, or individual, the pleasant consciousness of self-respect and of virtue. These are hard sayings to many; yet they are true. For these words that I am writing now, and those which I have written on this subject, are not in any sense my own. They are drawn from the traditions of the lodge of the Great Brotherhood, which was once the secret splendour of Egypt. The rules written in its ante-chamber were the same as those now written in the ante-chamber of existing schools. Through all time the wise men have lived apart from the mass. And even when some temporary purpose or object induces one of them to come into the midst of human life, his seclusion and safety is preserved as completely as ever. It is part of his inheritance, part of his position, he has an actual title to it, and can no more put it aside than the Duke of Westminster can say he does not choose to be the Duke of Westminster. In the various great cities of the world an adept lives for a while from time to time, or perhaps only passes through; but all are occasionally aided by the actual power and presence of one of these men. Here in London, as in Paris and St. Petersburgh, there are men high in development. But they are only known as mystics by those who have the power to recognise; the power given by the conquering of self. Otherwise how could they exist, even for an hour, in such a mental and psychic atmosphere as is created by the confusion and disorder of a city? Unless protected and made safe their own growth would be interfered with, their work injured. And the neophyte may meet an adept in the flesh, may live in the same house with him, and yet be

unable to recognise him, and unable to make his own voice heard by him. For no nearness in space, no closeness of relations, no daily intimacy, can do away with the inexorable laws which give the adept his seclusion. No voice penetrates to his inner hearing till it has become a divine voice, a voice which gives no utterance to the cries of self. Any lesser appeal would be as useless, as much a waste of energy and power, as for mere children who are learning their alphabet to be taught it by a professor of philology. Until a man has become, in heart and spirit, a disciple, he has no existence for those who are teachers of disciples. And he becomes this by one method only—the surrender of his personal humanity.

For the voice to have lost the power to wound, a man must have reached that point where he sees himself only as one of the vast multitudes that live; one of the sands washed hither and thither by the sea of vibratory existence. It is said that every grain of sand in the ocean bed does, in its turn, get washed up on to the shore and lie for a moment in the sunshine. So with human beings, they are driven hither and thither by a great force, and each, in his turn, finds the sunrays on him. When a man is able to regard his own life as part of a whole like this he will no longer struggle in order to obtain anything for himself. This is the surrender of personal rights. The ordinary man expects, not to take equal fortunes with the rest of the world, but in some points, about which he cares, to fare better than the others. The disciple does not expect this. Therefore, though he be, like Epictetus, a chained slave, he has no word to say about it. He knows that the wheel of life turns ceaselessly. Burne Jones has shown it in his marvellous picture—the wheel turns, and on it are bound the rich and the poor, the great and the small—each has his moment of good fortune when the wheel brings him uppermost—the King rises and falls, the poet is *fêted* and forgotten, the slave is happy and afterwards discarded. Each in his turn is crushed as the wheel turns on. The disciple knows that this is so, and though it is his duty to make the utmost of the life that is his, he neither complains of it nor is elated by it, nor does he complain against the better fortune of others. All alike, as he well knows, are but learning a lesson; and he smiles at the socialist and the reformer who endeavour by sheer force to re-arrange circumstances which arise out of the forces of human nature itself. This is but kicking against the pricks; a waste of life and energy.

In realising this a man surrenders his imagined individual rights, of whatever sort. That takes away one keen sting which is common to all ordinary men.

When the disciple has fully recognised that the very thought of individual rights is only the outcome of the venomous quality in himself, that it is the hiss of the snake of self which poisons with its sting his own life and the lives of those about him, then he is ready to take part in a

yearly ceremony which is open to all neophytes who are prepared for it. All weapons of defence and offence are given up ; all weapons of mind and heart, and brain, and spirit. Never again can another man be regarded as a person who can be criticised or condemned ; never again can the neophyte raise his voice in self-defence or excuse. From that ceremony he returns into the world as helpless, as unprotected, as a new-born child. That, indeed, is what he is. He has begun to be born again on to the higher plane of life, that breezy and well-lit plateau from whence the eyes see intelligently and regard the world with a new insight.

I have said, a little way back, that after parting with the sense of individual rights, the disciple must part also with the sense of self-respect and of virtue. This may sound a terrible doctrine, yet all occultists know well that it is not a doctrine, but a fact. He who thinks himself holier than another, he who has any pride in his own exemption from vice or folly, he who believes himself wise, or in any way superior to his fellow men, is incapable of discipleship. A man must become as a little child before he can enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Virtue and wisdom are sublime things ; but if they create pride and a consciousness of separateness from the rest of humanity in the mind of a man, then they are only the snakes of self re-appearing in a finer form. At any moment he may put on his grosser shape and sting as fiercely as when he inspired the actions of a murderer who kills for gain or hatred, or a politician who sacrifices the mass for his own or his party's interests.

In fact, to have lost the power to wound, implies that the snake is not only scotched, but killed. When it is merely stupefied or lulled to sleep it awakes again and the disciple uses his knowledge and his power for his own ends, and is a pupil of the many masters of the black art, for the road to destruction is very broad and easy, and the way can be found blindfold. That it is the way to destruction is evident, for when a man begins to live for self he narrows his horizon steadily till at last the fierce driving inwards leaves him but the space of a pin's-head to dwell in. We have all seen this phenomenon occur in ordinary life. A man who becomes selfish isolates himself, grows less interesting and less agreeable to others. The sight is an awful one, and people shrink from a very selfish person at last, as from a beast of prey. How much more awful is it when it occurs on the more advanced plane of life, with the added powers of knowledge, and through the greater sweep of successive incarnations!

Therefore I say, pause and think well upon the threshold. For if the demand of the neophyte is made without the complete purification, it will not penetrate the seclusion of the divine adept, but will evoke the terrible forces which attend upon the black side of our human nature.

. . . . . .

"Before the soul can stand in the presence of the Masters its feet must be washed in the blood of the heart."

The word soul, as used here, means the divine soul, or "starry spirit."

"To be able to stand is to have confidence;" and to have confidence means that the disciple is sure of himself, that he has surrendered his emotions, his very self, even his humanity; that he is incapable of fear and unconscious of pain; that his whole consciousness is centred in the divine life, which is expressed symbolically by the term "the Masters;" that he has neither eyes, nor ears, nor speech, nor power, save in and for the divine ray on which his highest sense has touched. Then is he fearless, free from suffering, free from anxiety or dismay; his soul stands without shrinking or desire of postponement, in the full blaze of the divine light which penetrates through and through his being. Then he has come into his inheritance and can claim his kinship with the teachers of men; he is upright, he has raised his head, he breathes the same air that they do.

But before it is in any way possible for him to do this, the feet of the soul must be washed in the blood of the heart.

The sacrifice, or surrender of the heart of man, and its emotions, is the first of the rules; it involves the "attaining of an equilibrium which cannot be shaken by personal emotion." This is done by the stoic philosopher; he, too, stands aside and looks equably upon his own sufferings, as well as on those of others.

In the same way that "tears" in the language of occultists expresses the soul of emotion, not its material appearance, so blood expresses, not that blood which is an essential of physical life, but the vital creative principle in man's nature, which drives him into human life in order to experience pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow. When he has let the blood flow from the heart he stands before the Masters as a pure spirit which no longer wishes to incarnate for the sake of emotion and experience. Through great cycles of time successive incarnations in gross matter may yet be his lot; but he no longer desires them, the crude wish to live has departed from him. When he takes upon him man's form in the flesh he does it in the pursuit of a divine object, to accomplish the work of "the Masters," and for no other end. He looks neither for pleasure nor pain, asks for no heaven, and fears no hell; yet he has entered upon a great inheritance which is not so much a compensation for these things surrendered, as a state which simply blots out the memory of them. He lives now not in the world, but with it; his horizon has extended itself to the width of the whole universe.

THE WHITE MONK.

By the Author of the "Professor of Alchemy."

PART I.—RALPH'S STORY.

"IT was after this manner, as they say," began Ralph, swinging himself on to a bench and pouring out for himself a tankard of our good home-brewed, as I crouched in the hay opposite to him. "Two centuries agone and thirty years or so, there dwelt in this very house which I serve—and which one day, young master, you shall rule!—Sir Gilbert de Troyes, your ancestor, and his lady, and four fair sons, and a lovely daughter. Of these sons, twain were at the wars, one was in his nurse's lap, and another was gone to Italy, to finish his studies at Parma. Thus did the old nobles use to ruin their sons!

"This young foregoer of yours (a goodly youth!) fell in with the usual temptations of Satan. He held, with the poets, that the world is the best book for men to read; and he studied it, I ween, with diligence. Now there was a certain damsel, winsome enough, I doubt not, in the Italian style, with black hair and the devil—save the mark!—in her wandering eyes. So it came to pass that Master Gilbert, younger, wooed her for his bride, like an honest gentleman, as the old tales say he was; and so great is the power of one upright soul amongst others, that the young witch—she was but young, poor soul! and teachable—was charmed herself from her Italian ways, and vowed to love and follow only him; and the day before their marriage, she was walking with him in the streets of Parma, by night—for Master Gilbert had a governor along with him in Italy, who must be hoodwinked—when there chanced to espy them one Pietro Rinucci, a clerkly fellow (with a curse upon him!) who was even studying also at Parma, and who loved the Italian witch himself.

"This Rinucci had been favoured of the girl, and only when she saw the Englishman, with his blue eyes and his honest ways, had she scorned her countryman and left him. Rinucci, after the manner of his race-fellows, then dogged her steps, tracked her to her early meetings with young Gilbert de Troyes, who was his unsuspecting friend, and listened to their innocent ravings of love conjoined to virtue.

"Afterward, had he gone to the damsel's poor lodging and there, with Heaven knows what direful threats! conjured her to renounce her honest lover and return to himself. The signorina was not like an English girl—she neither stormed nor yielded—she cajoled and blinded him. 'If he would go, she would consider; perchance she did not love the Briton truly; perchance it was a whim; she knew not. Might she but think? it was a whirl, and her heart, alas! was o'er susceptible;

'twould pass; he must leave her now, at least, and she would see. Meantime Pietruccino should wear this pretty crimson ribbon of hers till they met again.' After even such words, and for a kiss, he left her. But the cunning villain was more than her match, and waited all the next day round the corners, whence he could see her goings out and comings in. He saw her glide to her trysting-place; he followed cautiously; he heard her give a signalling whispered call; he heard it answered by a short, low whistle; young Gilbert de Troyes swung merrily round the corner and fell into his Italian sweetheart's arms.

"He met his death, poor, noble young fellow! 'Tis an old tale repeated. I need scarce have wasted all these words upon it—but that one's heart must needs ache at these things. In the course of nature that Italian snake, Rinucci, was bound to finish his rival there and then. So he got behind the unwary schoolboy—for the lad was, indeed, little more—and stabbed him, all too deep, in the back of the neck.

"Folk say Rinucci triumphed as he set his foot on his dying college-mate, and wiped his dagger, with a laugh, before the horror-stricken girl. Myself can scarcely believe it; he was too young in murder then for that.

"Be this as it may, certain it is that he dragged away the mourning damsel from the corpse of the man who would have saved her soul, and took her back to himself.

"A sickening story, boy. Wilt thou have more, young master? Yea? Why, there is worse to come. For Mistress Italiana—no tradition tells her name—was spirited as any gipsy woman, and full of crafty lore, such as her race delight in. She broke her heart over her English lover's corpse; but she had still the Southern amusement left her of revenge. She concocted an evil greenish powder, and coloured Signor Pietro's sweetmeats with it.

"The fellow ate largely, praising the daintiness of the confection. It was deadly enough, I daresay, in all conscience, but it killed him not. These reptiles live on poison; morally, 'tis certain, belike, and also physically it agreed with him. Perchance he may have felt a qualm or two, though tradition says nought of it. Anyway, the next fytte of this story shows us the mysterious disappearance of the Italian girl, of whom no word hath ever since been told.

"She left behind her, whether willingly or no, a quantity of the false seasoning, which Master Pietro had caused to be analysed, and which he seems to have carefully preserved.

"Some time after these events, we find Signor Pietro Rinucci entered into the Monastery of Dominicans at Brescia, a repentant neophyte. He had turned remorseful, no doubt, and in good time! The fellow had ever strong imaginations. He was received in due time as a brother; wore the garb of the Order, and cast his eyes down.

Tradition saith he was in great turmoil of soul at this time—judge for yourself, young master, by what followed.

"One fine morning Brother Petrus was missing from his small, damp cell, and none could tell what had become of him. None, that is, save the poverty-stricken ropemaker who had supplied him with cords to scale the monastery walls; and his discretion had been paid for. The fact being, I doubt not, that discipline being ever repugnant to our young bravo's manners, he had fled it.

"In the meantime, the news of Gilbert de Troyes' death had been brought to these very doors, and certainly the grooms who then tended the good horses of your ancestors must, even in this saddle-room, have spent their sorrow in each other's company. But Ambrose de Troyes, newly back from the wars, and second-born of the family, rose in his wrath, and swore to avenge his brother. For all might know that the death blow had been dealt by one Pietro Rinucci, fellow-scholar of Gilbert's, whose absence afterward from the University had puzzled the doctors and caused inquisition into the matter.

"So away went Ambrose, the soldier, to Parma. And mind ye, Ambrose was no careless school-boy, no mean foe to a man, but a great, staunch fellow who had seen service, and who was, moreover, by Nature something stern and hard of purpose.

"But at Parma they told him Rinucci was escaped into a monastery which they named, and showed a painted portrait of him, and did so minutely, point by point, describe the man, that Ambrose swore he should know him, should he meet him in Heaven, And that was a strong assertion, note ye.

"Well, Ambrose journeyed on towards the secluded spot where the Monastery of Dominicans lay, and was enforced to rest one night at the village of Santa Rosa on his road. Having stabled his steed, refreshed it and himself, and practised his arm some moments with the good sharp sword, he slung the weapon round him and went forth for a stroll to pass the time.

"He came to the equivalent of what would be to us in England an ale-house, but some way out of the village, meet for travellers to pause and rest a moment on their way. Ambrose went in to look about him and ordered drink for himself. He lacked a companion to pledge, but looking round the little room saw no one but a moody man who seemed lost in thought, though enjoying some passing sour wine. Ambrose himself could stomach neither the fare nor the company, so he quickly got him on his way a little further; when, meeting with a simple shrine to the Virgin, the God-fearing soldier took his rosary from under his baldrick, and knelt him down to pray. For something had sore perplexed him; he had seemed to see in the features of that morose comrade at the inn the most exact resemblance of Rinucci. But Rinucci was safe at the Monastery, waiting till his time should come, and

the avenger should denounce him. But even as he rose from prayer did Ambrose see a mounted messenger speeding to him, who told him breathlessly the news had just reached Santa Rosa that the Monk Petrus was escaped and roaming at large somewhere in the country.

"Then Ambrose de Troyes knew he had his man; and natheless, like the large-hearted fellow he was, he would but meet him quite alone. So he rewarded the newsbringer and sent him away. Once more he fell on his knees before our Lady's image, and besought that his cause might find Heaven's favour, and his action in it be in every point just and serviceable. (For he looked upon himself as sent to do such things as might cause his brother's soul to rest in peace.) Then he went rapidly retracing his steps towards the inn again, and, led by Destiny, out came Pietro Rinucci, unarmed, to meet him. Ambrose de Troyes looked into the assassin's eyes and knew him. Stranger still, the piercing eyes of the cunning Italian saw, in the traits of this bronzed warrior, relationship to the Gilbert who had been his friend and victim.

"'I arrest thee, Pietro Rinucci, for the murder of my brother, Gilbert de Troyes, and, though I may not draw upon a tonsured monk (yea, I know thee through all thy false disguises!), yet, before I hale thee to the ecclesiastical courts, I will show thee, snake, what I think of thee, and of all such!'

"And Ambrose de Troyes smote the villain a shameful blow upon the face.

"Even at that instant, the monk whips me Ambrose's sword from its scabbard, and, with the fatal dexterity of his race, ran in upon the stately Englishman and laid him, bleeding quick to death, upon the hot white road.

"'Oh Margaret, my sister Margaret!' the dying man raved, as if he thirsted for help from the hand that had been kind to him.

"'A right pestilent breed of Britons! but easy to kill—easy to kill,' quoth the Monk, as he laid down the red sword by the dying man's side and left him alone in his agony.

"This scene was witnessed by a terrified young country-girl, who crouched behind a heap of stones, meanwhile, until the murderer's flight, and then ran to assist De Troyes, who thought she was his sister Margaret, and said marvellous tender words, of home and of her kindness, and of the little brother he had left in the nursery.

"After this, there comes a period of Rinucci's life of which we know but little. He seems to have raced about the country, in hiding always, but doing little harm for him. Italy, however, is debateable ground for one of her own recreant monks, so we find Messer Pietro fleeing Justice and coming over here to England. Whether he had had some of his heart-searchings that he knew so often, I know not, but deem it very likely. Here is the flaw, to my mind, in the foreigners' constitutions. They

recognize their sins as such, not so we English! We say our evil deeds are fate, congenital infirmity, ignorance, negligence, or even virtues; they say their sins are sins, and yet they do them. Had I but half the talent of sinning that Messer Pietro seems to have owned, my faith, I would have gloried in it! So did not he, however; he went to a father confessor, fell on the earth, and implored absolution—for life was still sweet to him, he said, and he would not die yet awhile.

"The father sent him for penance to travel as a pilgrim, in a white penitential garb to England, there to walk to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, foully slain on earth by violence.

"The father did well for his mother-country, but evilly for us.

"The monk Petrus performed at all points the penalty enjoined him, and afterward, having no especial call to Italy again, he followed his roving instincts and wandered about England, even till chance brought him to this, our, town. In this country he knew no men well enough to desire to kill them; besides, at this period, one of his fits of penitence seems to have been on him. Certes, he wore the monkish habit, only different in its white colour from that of other fraternities, and the folk grew acquainted with his white figure as he roamed the land in deepest meditation, with his eyes bent upon the ground.

"Now, one day, say the chronicles (which are made up of village tales), the White Monk, as our townsfolk called him, was sitting in a thicket by a brook in which he was bathing his travelled feet, when there came by the sister of his victims, even Mistress Margaret de Troyes herself, and walked the pleasant fringes of the forest, very near to where the wanderer sat, on the further side the elders. She was accompanied by her mother and by another lady, both of whom were pressing the claims of some noble suitor upon her.

"The other ladies were in deepest mourning for Gilbert and for Ambrose, and Mistress Margaret herself, though she wore no such signs of grief, was most plainly clad in a pale, pure garb of lavender. She listened quietly to all they urged, then spoke and said:

"'My mother, he is a light, false man. I care not for him.'

"It was protested to her, her high birth, the respect in which he would hold her for herself; above all, her fair beauty, would all ensure his faithfulness. But Margaret said:

"'I beseech ye, press me no further. Heaven knows I wish the gentleman much good, and that he may aspire to higher things. I will pray for him, weep for him if need be; but, ladies, though I be but a simple English maiden, I hold myself all too good for such as he to marry and draw down, perchance, to like thoughts with himself. I hate all evil—not the doers, mother; but the evil. We are all weak and changeable, and I dare not come in contact of my free will with evil influence. God might punish me by weakness of resolve against infection.'

"They urged her yet once more; she might triumph and convert a soul.

"'In truth,' confessed fair Margaret de Troyes, 'ye wound me sorely, dearest ladies mine! At such a time, when good Ambrose de Troyes is scarce cold in his grave, to bid his sister make her choice amongst his townsfolk; and celebrate the marriage feast with a breaking heart! My Ambrose—to think that thou, who, if I but spake of a moment's weariness, would quickly place a cushion for my head, and sit by the hour on our window-seat chafing my feet, that thou should'st be bleeding in the death-struggles, on the hard, parched road, in a foreign land, and I be far away, not able so much as to raise thy dear head upon my knee! Oh, I loved him so tenderly, strong brother of mine! I gloried in my brown-maned soldier. We prayed together the night before he left on his sacred errand, and, at his entreaty, I laid my hand upon his head and blessed him in Our Lady's name. He was a grave, good man; and you would have me turn my thoughts from him to that other! What though I know Ambrose to be now one of God's angels; yet he hath left me behind him on the earth—the first unkindness he hath ever done me! And his mother and mine would have me think of wedlock!'

"The fair, pale Englishwoman bent her head, and Pietro heard her weeping.

"Well, it is but guesswork thenceforth. Folk say, in their coarse way of speaking, that the White Monk 'loved' the lady Margaret. Forfend! The love of such a man were an insult all too gross to offer to the memory of any Damoiselle de Troyes. Say, rather, he kindled to the worship of goodness in that form first of all.

"We know that from that hour when he first saw and heard her, Rinucci, the stained wretch, wandered ever where there was a chance to see her, even from afar. Once, indeed he even spoke with her. Under the favour of his sacred garment he dared to near her, and asked:

"'Maiden, how say you? Is there mercy in Heaven for the worst sinners, or no?'

"'Nay, holy father," answered the damsel, smiling, "thou must be better seen in these high mysteries than I who dwell in the world, where we all need mercy. We can but hope that our God is more pitiful than are our fellow creatures to our faults.'

"'Maiden,' besought the White Monk further, 'can such as thou look pityingly upon a vice-stained fellow man?'

"But Margaret wept, and answered him:

"'Oh, father, search me not over this problem. I have lost the dearest to me in the world, two brothers, by an assassin's hand. If that man stood before me, tell me, *could* I look at him forgivingly? Oh, never, father! Human nature is too weak.'

"The rencounter was over, for Pietro dared speak no more. But,

according to the custom of that day, Mistress Margaret bent her fair head to receive the blessing of the holy father.

"The monk started back in horror; even he was not too base to feel that. But as the maiden still stood humbly waiting, he was forced to stretch his hands forth from the distance, and murmur: 'Benedicite!'

"The days went by and the townsfolk noted how the White Monk wasted, and how strange he was. He would mutter to himself like a madman. He never said a word of holy import to the cottagers with whom he lodged at small cost. He ate almost nothing and appeared to spend his days in solitary musing. His conduct smacked so oddly of mania that Giles Hughson, his landlord, took to watching whither he went and what he did. He saw him always following Margaret, but seeking to avoid her if she turned where she might see him. He seemed to dread her greatly, yet, to worship her, or, at least to follow her like a lost soul looking after the light from some vanishing angel's wing.

"Once Margaret turned and saw him, but recognised him not as the man she had spoken withal. She, taking him for a *frère quetant*, silently, without looking upon him, pressed into his hand money, which he took, and which was found on him when he died, as you shall hear.

PERCY ROSS.

(To be continued.)

THE following remarkable passage was published some five years ago in the *Theosophist*, of Madras (1883); and it is needless to call attention in more detail to the fidelity with which it is being since then verified.

Protesting against the arbitrary chronology of the Sanskritists in the question of Indian antiquity who make it dependent on the Greeks and Chandragupta—whose date is represented as "the sheet-anchor of Indian chronology" that "nothing will ever shake" (Prof. Max Müller and Weber), the author of the prophecy remarks that "it is to be feared that as regards India, the chronological ship of the Sanskritists has already broken from her moorings and gone adrift with all her precious freight of conjectures and hypotheses." And then adds:—

"We are at the end of a cycle—geological and other—and at the beginning of another. Cataclysm is to follow cataclysm. The pent-up forces are bursting out in many quarters; and not only will men be swallowed up or slain by thousands, "new" land appear and "old" subside, volcanic eruptions and tidal waves appal; but secrets of an unsuspected past will be uncovered to the dismay of Western theorists and the humiliation of an imperious science. This drifting ship, if watched, may be seen to ground upon the upheaved vestiges of ancient civilisations, and fall to pieces. We are not emulous of the prophet's honours: but still, let this stand as a prophecy." (See also "*Five Years of Theosophy*," p. 388.)

LOVE WITH AN OBJECT.

SOME distinguished contributors to theosophical literature have of late been describing what qualities are necessary to constitute a perfect man, *i.e.*, an Adept. They said that among other things it was absolutely and indispensably necessary, that such a being should possess Love—and not merely Love in the abstract—but love regarding some object or objects. What can they possibly mean by speaking of "love with an object," and could there possibly be love without any object at all? Can that feeling be called love, which is directed solely to the Eternal and Infinite, and takes no cognizance of earthly illusions? Can that be love which has no object or—in other words—is the love of forms or objects the true love at all? If a man loved all things in the universe alike, without giving any preference to any of them, would not such a love be practically without any object; would it not be equal to loving nothing at all; because in such a case the individuality of any single object would be lost to sight?

A love which is directed towards all things alike, an universal love, is beyond the conception of the mortal mind, and yet this kind of love, which bestows no favours upon any one thing, seems to be that eternal love, which is recommended by all the sacred books of the East and the West; because as soon as we begin to love one thing or one being more than another, we not only detract from the rest an amount of love which the rest may rightfully claim; but we also become attached to the object of our love, a fate against which we are seriously warned in various pages of these books.

The *Bhagavad Gita* teaches that we should not love or hate any object of sense whatsoever, nor be attached to any object or thing, but renounce all projects and fix our thoughts solely on It, the Eternal, which is no-thing and no object of cognition for us, but whose presence can be only subjectively experienced by, and within ourselves. It says: "He is esteemed, who is equal-minded to companions, friends, enemies, strangers, neutrals, to aliens and kindred, yea to good and evil men" (Cap. vi., 14); and further on it says: "He whose soul is united by devotion, seeing the same in all around, sees the soul in everything and everything in the soul. He who sees Me (Brahmâ) everywhere and everything in Me, him I forsake not and he forsakes not me. . . . He who sees the same in everything—Arjuna!—whether it be pleasant or grievous, from the self-resemblance, is deemed to be a most excellent Yogin" (Cap. vi., 29, 32).

On almost every page of the *Bhagavad Gita* we are instructed only to direct our love to that which is eternal in every form, and let the form

itself be a matter of secondary consideration. "He must be regarded as a steadfast renouncer, who neither hates nor desires." . . . "In a learned and modest Brahman, in a cow, in an elephant, in a dog, and a Swapāka; they who have knowledge see the same thing." . . . "Let no man rejoice in attaining what is pleasant, nor grieve in attaining what is unpleasant; being fixed in mind, untroubled, knowing Brahma and abiding in Brahma." . . . "He who is happy in himself, pleased with himself, who finds also light in himself, this Yogin, one with Brahmá, finds *Nirvana* in Him."

The great *Hermes Trismegistus* teaches the same identical doctrine; for he says: "Rise and embrace me with thy whole being, and I will teach thee whatsoever thou desirest to know." The *Bible* also tells us that "God is Love" (I. John iv., 8), and that we should love Him with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind (Math. xxii., 37), and while it teaches that we should love nothing else but God (Math. xx., 37), who is All in All (Ephes. i., 23), yet it affirms, that this God is omnipresent, eternal and incomprehensible to the finite understanding of mortals (I. Timoth. vi., 16). It teaches this love to be the most important of all possessions, without which all other possessions are useless (I. Corinth. xiii., 2), and yet this God, whom we are to love, is not an "object" (John i., 5), but everywhere. He is in us and we in Him (Rom. xii., 5). We are to leave all objects of sense and follow Him alone (Luc. v., 2), although we have no means of intellectually knowing or perceiving Him, the great Unknown, for whose sake we are to give up house and brethren, sisters, father, mother, wife, children and lands (Mark x., 29).

What can all this mean, but that love itself is the legitimate object of love? It is a divine, eternal, and infinite power, a light, which reflects itself in every object while it seeks not the object, but merely its own reflection therein. It is an indestructible fire and the brighter it burns, the stronger will be the light and the clearer will its own image appear. Love falls in love with nothing but its own self, it is free from all other attractions. A love which becomes attached to objects of sense, ceases to be free, ceases to be love, and becomes mere desire. Pure and eternal love asks for nothing, but gives freely to all who are willing to take. Earthly love is attracted to persons and things, but Divine spiritual love seeks only that which is divine in everything, and this can be nothing else but love, for love is the supreme power of all. It holds together the worlds in space, it clothes the earth in bright and beautiful colours, it guides the instincts of animals and links together the hearts of human beings. Acting upon the lower planes of existence it causes terrestrial things to cling to each other with fond embrace; but love on the spiritual plane is free. Spiritual love is a goddess, who continually sacrifices herself for herself and who accepts no other sacrifice but her own self, giving for whatever she may receive, herself in return. Therefore the

Bhagavad Gita says: "Nourish ye the gods by this and let the gods nourish you. Thus nourishing each other ye shall obtain the highest good" (Cap. iii., ii.); and the Bible says: "To him who has still more shall be given, and from him who has not, even what he has shall be taken away" (Luke xix., 26).

Love is an universal power and therefore immortal, it can never die. We cannot believe that even the smallest particle of love ever died, only the instruments through which it becomes manifest change their form; nor will it ever be born, for it exists from eternity, only the bodies into which it shines are born and die and are born again. A Love which is not manifest is non-existent for us, to come into existence means to become manifest. How then could we possibly imagine a human being possessed of a love which never becomes manifest; how can we possibly conceive of a light which never shines and of a fire which does not give any heat?

But "as the sun shines upon the lands of the just and the unjust, and as the rain descends upon the acres of the evil-minded as well as upon those of the good"; likewise divine love manifesting itself in a perfect man is distributed alike to every one without favour or partiality. Wherever a good and perfect human being exists, there is divine love manifest; and the degree of man's perfection will depend on the degree of his capacity to serve as an instrument for the manifestation of divine love. The more perfect he is, the more will his love descend upon and penetrate all who come within his divine influence. To ask favours of God is to conceive of Him as an imperfect being, whose love is not free, but subject to the guidance of, and preference to, mortals. To expect favours of a Mahatma is to conceive him as an *imperfect* man.

True, "prayer," *i.e.* the elevation and aspiration of the soul "in spirit and in truth" (John xiv., 14), is useful, not because it will persuade the light to come nearer to us, but because it will assist us to open our eyes for the purpose of seeing the light that was already there. Let those who desire to come into contact with the Adepts enter their sphere by following their doctrines; seeking for love, but not for an object of love, and when they have found the former, they will find a superabundance of the latter throughout the whole extent of the unlimited universe; they will find it in everything that exists, for love is the foundation of all existence and without love nothing can possibly continue to exist.

Love—divine love—is the source of life, of light, and happiness. It is the creative principle in the Macrocosm and in the Microcosm of man. It is *Venus*, the mother of all the gods, because from her alone originates Will and Imagination and all the other powers by which the universe was evolved. It is the germ of divinity which exists in the heart of man, and which may develop into a life-giving sun, illuminating the mind and sending its rays to the centre of the universe; for it

originates from that centre and to that centre it will ultimately return. It is a divine messenger, who carries Light from Heaven down to the Earth and returns again to Heaven loaded with sacrificial gifts.

It is worshipped by all, some adore it in one form and some in another, but many perceive only the form and do not perceive the divine spirit. Nevertheless the spirit alone is real, the form is an illusion. Love can exist without form, but no form can exist without love. It is pure Spirit, but if its light is reflected in matter, it creates desire and desire is the producer of forms. Thus the visible world of perishable things is created. "But above this visible nature there exists another, unseen and eternal, which, when all created things perish, does not perish" (Bh. G. viii. 20), and "from which they who attain to it never return." This is the supreme abode of Love without any object, unmanifested and imperishable, for there no object exists. There love is united to love, enjoying supreme and eternal happiness within her own self and that peace, of which the mortal mind, captivated by the illusion of form, cannot conceive. Non-existent for us, and yet existing in that Supreme *Be-ness*, in which all things dwell, by which the universe has been spread out, and which may be attained to by an exclusive devotion.

EMANUEL.

SELF MASTERY.

(A SONNET.)

O! for the power to lay this burden low!
This weight of self; to kill all vain desire
To clasp to our outer selves the scorching fire,
So that the God within shall live and grow!
O! for the strength to face the hidden foe,
To raise our being higher still and higher,
To breathe the breath that Holy ones inspire,
To break the bonds that bind to Earth below!

Great, Infinite Soul! that broodeth o'er us ever,
Say, can the human will *unaided* win
The Victor's crown (and earthly bondage sever),
—A Heavenly flight, triumphant over sin?
O Human and Divine, forsake us never,
Thine is the power by which we enter in!

DUM SPIRO, SPERO.

Reviews.

A MODERN MAGICIAN. A ROMANCE, by J. Fitzgerald Molloy, in Three Volumes. Ward & Downey, 12, York Street, Covent Garden.

Opinions may be greatly divided as to the merits of this book; and to those who look for unexceptionable literary style as a primary element in fiction, it may not be satisfactory. But to all those who regard ideas as the first requisite, this work will probably prove of great interest. It has been somewhat curious to note the reception with which Mr. Molloy has met. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, for instance, devotes considerable length to him, and somewhat smartly calls him "a novelist born, but not made"; after which it proceeds, with more apparent animus than judiciousness, to criticise the pedantic style of conversation and narrative which the author occasionally makes use of. Curiously enough, the critic selects for his worst blows the phrases used by the chief inspector of the detectives. Now, if there is one thing more common than another, it is to find the half educated, but uncultured, men of the class from which police inspectors are drawn, using the longest words and phrases, not so much as a proof of their culture, as with the object of impressing their hearers. The reviewer was perhaps right to assail Mr. Molloy for sending his hero to Scotland Yard to hunt up news of his erring wife, who, as he was perfectly aware, had fled with another man. But this, and other trifling mistakes of similar character, are venial errors, and could only be so strongly animadverted upon in a paper which devotes itself to hunting plagiarisms in impossible places, through envy of successful authors; or by a reviewer who is a personal enemy of the author. As Macintosh well said: "The critic who is discerning in nothing but faults, may care little to be told that this is the mark of unenviable disposition, but he might not feel equally easy, were he convinced that he thus gives absolute proofs of ignorance and want of taste." To make matters worse, and more interesting to LUCIFER, the reviewer is plainly a partisan of the Society for Psychical Research, to which Mr. Molloy somewhat unfeelingly alludes as the "Society of Scientific Cackle." The review in the *Pall Mall Gazette* starts with smartness and intelligence, but allows itself to run off into partisanship and prejudice. But all that is in strict keeping with the tone of a "Gazette" which generally starts useful work well, continues it badly, and ends by throwing mud out of the gutter at anybody or anything which happens to run counter to it. For instance, here is a specimen of the reviewer:

"As a story teller he (the author) is the Bobadil of fashionable mysticism: as a literary workman he is a pretentious bungler: his syntax is inconceivable, his dialogue impossible, his style a desperately careful expression of desperately slovenly thinking, his notions of practical affairs absurd, and his conception of science and philosophy a superstitious guess; yet he has an indescribable flourish, a dash of half-ridiculous poetry, a pathetic irresponsibility, a captivating gleam of Irish imagination, and, above all, an unsuspicious good nature, that compel a humane public to read his books rather than mortify him by a neglect which he has done nothing malicious to deserve."

Such criticism can only be met from the point of view of the reviewer, by

"Set a thief to catch a thief," and from that of Mr. Molloy, by "Heaven save me from the penny-a-liners, actuated by personal animus!"

The reviewer may be allowed to have pointed out a few glaring errors in Mr. Molloy's style and syntax, but we add that, in pointing these out, he has only exposed himself.

As regards the central figure of Benoni, the adept in the book, LUCIFER may, perhaps, say a few words. Slightly as the character is drawn, and startling as are the deeds of this personage, there is a majesty about him which commands respect, and we may congratulate Mr. Molloy on his effort. We do not entirely accord with the author in the deeds which he sets Benoni to do, but with regard to the words and precepts which he puts into the adept's mouth, we do absolutely agree, and recommend our readers, and especially all the Theosophists, to read Mr. Molloy's book. Here the *Pall Mall* reviewer—being, as said, an admiring follower of the Society for Psychical Research—again falls foul of Mr. Molloy; but we may safely quote the impressive and truthful words of Benoni, and leave the rest to others.

Amerton, the hero of the book, reproaches the adept with having seen trouble approaching him, and with having neglected to warn him. Benoni replies:

"That is true. It was not permitted that I should serve you then; to test your strength it was necessary that you should bear the trial unaided. When, some years ago, you came to me in Africa, and asked me to solve experiences which perplexed you, and later besought Amuni, the faithful One, to show you the pathway leading towards light, you but obeyed a dictate of your nature impossible to resist. That within you urged you forward to seek the sacred mysteries of life and death. But these cannot be obtained by those who are not prepared to endure with patience, and grow strong in spirit. You have suffered, and thus taken the first step towards the attainment of your desires."

"But, surely," said Philip, "you might have warned me."

"I should have but inflicted additional pain on you."

"Was there no escape?"

"None, indeed," replied the mystic.

"Then I was destined to meet humiliation and pain."

Benoni looked at him with mingled pity and affection in his gaze.

"A child," he said, in his low, sonorous voice, "is grieved for a broken toy, or is humiliated by correction."

"But you don't compare my wrongs to a child's grievances?"

"His sorrows are as real and bitter to him as your afflictions are to you. It is only when time has passed, he reviews his distress with wonder, seeing the pettiness of its cause. So will it be with you. Ten years hence, you will regard this grief, desolating your life, with equanimity; forty years later, you will remember it with indifference, as an item in your fate. Then shall you look back upon the brightness and darkness of your existence as one regards the lights and shadows chequering his pathway through woods in spring. How futile seem woe and joy, weighed with the consideration that all men are as shadows that fade, and as vapours which flee away. . . . . Think, my friend," continued the mystic earnestly, "of your existence but as a journey towards a goal, on which hardships must be suffered by the way. You are now but working out the fulfilment of your fate. Remember, those who would ascend must suffer; affliction is the flame which purifies; pain teaches compassion." (pp. 89, 90, Vol. III.)

When asked of himself, Benoni replies:

"Misfortune cannot compass, distress overwhelm, nor disappointments assail me, because the things of the world are as naught to my senses, and man's life seems but a dream, Before this stage affliction must have crucified the senses; self must be conquered, slain, and entombed." (p. 91, Vol. III.)

There are other passages equally true from the occult standpoint, and we trust their readers will benefit by them and appreciate them.

As regards Amerton's character, we see the natural, born, mystic turning aside and voluntarily taking upon himself, though warned, the bonds of married life. These become intolerable to him, and the unhappiness of two persons results. Occultism is a jealous mistress, and, once launched on that path, it is necessary to resolutely refuse to recognise any attempt to draw one back from it. Amerton wanted to crush out his natural tendencies to occultism, and failed. It is as hard to draw back from them, and turn attention solely to the things of the world, as it is, when studying occultism, to turn our attention solely to the invisible regions, and neglect absolutely the physical world.

The other characters in the novel make it light, graceful and pleasant reading. The interest is ever preserved from the first to the last scene, and certainly no one could find, in all the three volumes, one dull page in them. Moreover, Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy seems an acute observer. Some of his secondary heroes, such as the wealthy widow, Mrs. Henry Netley, a plebeian enamoured of rank and title, and Lord Pompey Rokeway, "a gay, though ancient, personage," who uses rouge, wig, and corsets, and imagines every woman in love with him—are portraits from nature, to one who knows anything of modern society. In short, "The Modern Magician," as a work of fiction, can fearlessly bear comparison with any of the modern productions written lately upon occult subjects, with the solitary exception of Rider Haggard's "She," and surpasses some in unabated interest. We might be more exacting and severe, perhaps, were it a purely theosophical work. As it stands, however, we must congratulate Mr. Molloy in having clothed the subject of mysticism in such graceful robes; had he been as good a literary workman as he is an excellent constructor of plots, the book should have met with unqualified approval. Meanwhile, we wish it the greatest success.

"THE TWIN SOUL: A PSYCHOLOGICAL AND REALISTIC ROMANCE," in two volumes, by an Anonymous Author. Ward & Downey, 12, York Street, Covent Garden.

This is quite another kind of literary production than the "Modern Magician," just reviewed. It aspires to more serious and philosophical mysticism, but fails rather ungloriously. There are passages in it which, taken out of the work, especially at the beginning of Volume I., might be made the subjects of short and rather useful little treatises upon mystic theories; but, as a whole, the book is one of the most disappointing novels published for some time. It begins well, goes on from bad to worse, promises much, holds nothing, and ends nowhere, seeming to be written not as a work of fiction, but simply to ventilate the author's ideas. These—the work being anonymous—have to be judged by the novel alone. It is rumoured that the "Twin Soul" is the occasional work of twelve years' labour, and the disconnected character of its events bears out the rumour. Its style is pedantic, though good in writing, while the matter and plot are heavy, and delivered in a long-winded and didactic manner.

The story is that of one Mr. Rameses, an exceedingly virtuous, learned, and solemn Oriental millionaire, whose real nationality remains to the end a mystery, and whose story is narrated by a somewhat cynical English philosopher, called De Vere. The latter tells the story in the style which suits him best, and is

perfectly natural. He is humorous and amusing, even if slightly ponderous. But alas for the reader! Mr. De Vere suddenly stops short at an early stage, and the story is taken up, without any apparent cause or reason, by a man unknown, who "had less sympathy with Mr. Rameses," and who has all the defects of Mr. De Vere's qualities, and a good many of his own besides, for he is even more ponderous and more cynical, without his humour. Mr. Rameses is a peculiar character, but, as sketched, he is quite in keeping with his Oriental origin. He believes in many theories: re-incarnation, socialism, certain occult doctrines, the possibility of recovering the memory of past incarnations, and, as a matter of course, the modern craze of the day, the theory of "twin souls." He is perpetually in search of his "twin," and hunts her with the pertinacity of a sleuth-hound under all forms, and in all places. Mr. De Vere is the possessor of an Assyrian collection, Egyptian papyri, and also of two female mummies—Amenophra and Lurulâ, the first the daughter of a Pharaoh, the second a priestess of Isis—of which the sarcophagi are covered with hieroglyphics, which Mr. Rameses reads with most surprising ease. The hero, claiming his memory as a palimpsest, which by certain processes clearly discovers the obliterated record of his past incarnations, cannot, in spite of this, make up his mind which of the two mummies was formerly the body of his twin-soul. Finally, he solves the doubt by declaring them both to have been the mortal casket of his beloved—with Lurulâ for choice. The reader here has great hopes held out to him that there will be a grand ceremony, at which the mummies are to be unrolled, and at which the soul of the deceased mummy will be summoned back to shuffle on a mortal coil again. Alas! such hopes are fallacious; for the ceremony never takes place, owing to Mr. Rameses falling in love with the sister of a Hindu lady married to an English baronet. After much hesitation the lady so honoured by his choice is also declared to be the vehicle of his twin-soul, *i.e.*, to save appearances—to be a re-incarnation of the ego which formerly dwelt in the mummy or mummies. Finally, after a long-winded oration over the mystic properties of a magnificent present of jewels, Mr. Rameses wins "the fair Niona," as she is called—who, although a Hindu, is a Zoroastrian Sun-worshipper. They are married, notwithstanding their "paganism," according to Roman Catholic rites, and the pair start to spend the honeymoon in Egypt, where, in the Temple of Isis at Thebes, they are to be again united according to the—to them—more sacred ritual of Sun-worship. After a very interesting dream about the Deluge, which broke through an isthmus uniting Gibraltar to North Africa, and destroyed a vast civilization which occupied the floor of the present Mediterranean Sea, they arrive safely in Egypt. Here the fair Hindu of Zoroastrian persuasion and Italian name, has another interesting psychic vision, an interview with the Sphinx, which makes her incontinently faint, and lose consciousness. Then they proceed to Thebes, and, after due care, make selection of the site of the Temple of Isis. They build their bonfire and ignite it, but at the supreme moment Niona gives a gasp, faints, and this time dies outright, with as little reason for it as every other incident in the novel has. The return to Cairo is immediately commenced, and here Niona, in strict keeping with Mr. Rameses's habits, is at once converted into a mummy. It must be rather interesting to possess the body of three defunct twin souls, and reflect upon their virtues.

The rest of the book is occupied by various disquisitions of the author,

disguised flimsily under conversations of his characters on the social and political customs of the Nineteenth century. Read carefully, the conversations contain ideas, but are likely to offend on account of their length and ponderousness. As regards the construction of the book and the characters, Mr. Rameses is interesting, in spite of his solemnity and his love of mummies, and Mr. De Vere is amusing. The other *dramatis personæ* seem to have been created merely as pegs upon which to hang the author's opinions. What, for instance, is the object of entering into detail upon the passionate episodes in the career of Mr. Rameses's secretary, or the mercenary marriage of Lady Gwendoline Pierrepoint with "Old Methusaleh"? Their only excuse can be that they may serve to increase the contrast between such marriages and that with a twin soul. Taken as a whole, the ideas are interesting, and the mystic utterances in the first volume almost correct from the orthodox occult point. But the manner in which they are displayed is irritating, and this chiefly because the reader is perpetually being brought up to a point of interest, and as perpetually left disappointed.

POSTHUMOUS HUMANITY.*

This is a translation from the French by Colonel H. S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society, of the remarkable work of that name, by a well-known *savant*, Adolphe d'Assier. The original work appeared a few years ago, and produced a stir both in the sceptical public and unbelieving science, and an outcry among the spiritists of France, whose pet theories about the "spirits" of the dead it upset. "Posthumous Humanity" was not only a singularly interesting work, but it was one of the first, and perhaps the loudest, of the bugle notes that heralded the last act of the fierce battle between materialistic science and spiritualism; for it ended in the virtual defeat of the former, at any rate, upon one line: it forced the hand of the majority of sceptics in the recognition of what is called in mysticism the "astral body" of man and animal, and by more pretentious than wise investigators "the *phantasms* of the living," forgetting those of the dead.

That a learned member of an academy of science should, of all men, write a serious book on the phenomena of "the Borderland," accepting as facts in nature such things as ghostly appearances, and the projection of the double, is almost a phenomenon in itself. And what makes the case the more remarkable as an indication of a new current in public opinion, is the fact that these things, which it has hitherto been the fashion to consign with a laugh or a shudder to the limbo of exploded superstitions, are treated by the author in a perfectly scientific spirit. He accounts for them, not by the usual supposition of hallucination or stupidity on the part of observers, but by an exceedingly ingenious and plausible postulation of forces at work in us, and around us, which are as little "supernatural" as any of the recognised forces of nature, or portions of man's constitution. Not only has M. d'Assier the courage to face the probable ridicule of the wiseacres, but he has the audacity to turn the tables upon "men of

* *Posthumous Humanity*, a study of Phantoms, by Adolphe d'Assier, Member of the Bordeaux Academy of Sciences. Translated and annotated by Henry S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society. George Redway, London, 1887. 8vo. pp. 360.

science," by actually making fun of their unmeasured pretensions, and twitting them mercilessly about their past mistakes. Not the least remarkable feature in the case is the fact that the author, who started into these researches an ardent positivist, has come out of them an ardent positivist still. He believes that what he has accomplished is to extend the reign of matter into a region previously believed to belong to spirit, thus planting the standard of positivism in a wider and more fruitful region, which he has happily reclaimed from the winds and tides of superstition. But the fact is, that although our author has gone a good deal further than most of those who start out "on their own hook" to explore the realms of the Occult, he cannot be said to have penetrated very far into the mysteries of being. He has peeped in at the door of the psychic ante-chamber to the spiritual world proper—the ante-chamber in which the members of Psychical Research Societies amuse themselves and others by playing blind-man's buff with hypothesis—and his interesting volume tells us of the wonderful things that go on there. The result of his researches, as he says in his *Preface*, is the conclusion that "posthumous humanity is, in fact, but a special example of posthumous animality, and that the latter presents itself as the immediate consequence of the living world." Every tyro in theosophy knows that this conclusion is a fair approximation to the truth, and were man nothing but an animal of high degree, it might possibly be the whole truth. But man is an animal, plus *something*, and this something *more*, is precisely what M. d'Assier leaves entirely out of sight, as indeed he could hardly help doing if he attached any importance to remaining a Positivist. It is this *something more*, of whose very existence our author seems profoundly unconscious, that has the chief interest for us, for that is the spiritual and eternal part of man, in contradistinction to the psychic portion which fades away and disappears after a time, as M. d'Assier very justly declares.

It seems a pity that a learned and ingenious man, like our author, should not have begun investigations of this kind by making himself familiar with at least the bare outline of the metaphysical and psychological system that underlies the schools of philosophy of India. This system is the result of very profound research into such phenomena as our author deals with, and also into other far deeper and more important manifestations that he has not considered at all; and these researches have for thousands of years occupied, to a greater or lesser degree, almost every thinking man among races which are acknowledged to be possessed of a very high degree of intellectual acuteness and spiritual insight. Were our Western adventurers into the borderland between spirit and matter—the astral world—to take this obvious precaution, they would know that the ground over which they now laboriously make their way, has not only been traversed before, but pretty fully surveyed and mapped out, and that their supposed discoveries amount virtually to no more than a verification of results long ago obtained by others. This very needed exception in the work under review has been obviated by the translator's notes and supplement, without diminishing the practical value of M. d'Assier's treatise as a useful contribution to occult literature. For, as his labours do actually confirm much of the teachings of Theosophy, with regard to that part of the constitution of man, which is common to him and the animals, the work, as it now stands, is really a valuable occult treatise as to facts. The important question with the world, in these times, being not so much *what is*

said, as *who it is that says it*, the fact that an incorrigible positivist, has published his belief in the actuality of a psychic plane of existence, and of the temporary survival in it after death of a certain part or principle of the animal (including man), is of the greatest help and importance to theosophy. It will probably affect public opinion far more profoundly than if a thousand Eastern sages proclaimed the same elementary fact of Occultism in chorus. No better illustration of, and testimony to, the reality of plain, broad facts in connection with wraiths, "doubles," and other such apparitions, can be found than in d'Assier's "Posthumous Humanity" in its new English garb, by Colonel Olcott, and with the translator's *Preface* and annotations to the text. These add greatly to the value of the book for the student of Occultism. In fact, these additions serve the same purpose which a notice of the work in LUCIFER might have been expected to have in view; for they correct the author in some particulars, add additional information in others, and generally forestall the critic who writes from the Theosophical standpoint. Besides this, the translator has added a highly interesting and unique *appendix*, giving the opinions of numerous Hindus of various castes and sects upon psychic phenomena of that kind, collected from various parts of India, which, by itself, has considerable value to the student of mystical sciences. In conclusion, we may record almost a general opinion—save, of course, that of rank materialists—that no work yet published on the subject dealt with by our author is better calculated to reach the scientifically-minded enquirer. It is written with calmness and logical clearness that takes the scoffer's laugh out of his mouth. It goes as far as anyone new to the subject could be reasonably expected to follow; and the direction it takes is the right one. It is preeminently *the* book for the too sceptical and ignorant enquirer to begin with.

ספר יצירה. *Sepher Yetzirah, The Book of Formation, and the Thirty-two Paths of Wisdom; translated from the Hebrew, and collated with Latin Versions. By Dr. W. Wynn Westcott, Bath: Robert H. Fryar*, 1887.

This is a treatise of about 30 quarto pages on that well-known Hebrew occult work, the Sepher Yetzirah. It consists of an introduction, giving the historic aspects of the matter, an English translation of the Sepher Yetzirah and the Thirty-two Paths, and several pages of notes, giving remarks on and variant readings of difficult and disputed passages.

The introductory pages bear the stamp of considerable literary research, and the translation of the Book of Formation itself is intelligible and concise. But we can hardly say as much for the Thirty-two Paths, which, abstruse and difficult of comprehension in the original, are, we are afraid, no more intelligible in the translation. Owing to the unpopularity of the subject, there are readers who will be readily drawing the conclusion that Dr. Westcott himself does not altogether understand their mystical bearing and symbolism. Yet the notes on the actual text of the "Sepher Yetzirah" are valuable, and show considerable occult knowledge. But a still greater error is made by the translator. We notice that Dr. Westcott has invariably rendered the word Elohim by "God."

notwithstanding that it is a plural noun, as shown by the plural word "Chiim" joined thereto in the ninth section of the first chapter. This will, no doubt, prove grateful to the staff and readers of the *Jewish World*, whose editors pride themselves, against all fact and truth, on the *Monotheism* of their early ancestors. It cannot fail to strike the Kabalists as an unfortunate deviation from the original meaning in favour of one laboriously fabricated by both Jewish and Christian falsificators.

The "Book of Formation" is a treatise consisting of 6 chapters and 33 sections, and thus its compilation is pentacular. The 6 chapters refer to the Yetziratic World, the 6 periods of Genesis; while the 33 sections have a close analogy with the Thirty-two Paths which are added at the end of the work. It is a philosophical disquisition on the occult meanings of the ten numbers of the decimal scale, and the 22 letters of the Hebrew sacred alphabet. The first chapter deals with the numbers, which it divides into a Tetrad (symbolising Spirit, Air, Water, and Fire), and a Hexad (symbolising Height, Depth, East, West, South and North). The second chapter treats generally of the 22 letters, produced from the Air or the number 2, and divided into 3 Mother-letters, 7 double-letters, and 12 simple letters. The third chapter shows the symbolic reference of the 3 Mother-letters to Air, Water, and Fire; the fourth chapter that of the 7 double-letters to the Planets &c.; the fifth chapter that of the 12 simple letters to the signs of the Zodiac, &c.; and the sixth chapter forms the synthesis.

The 32 paths are no other than symbolical developments of the 10 Sephiroth or numbers, and the 22 letters which form the connecting links between them.

Altogether the work is interesting and worthy of careful study.

TREBLE CHORDS.

POEMS BY CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

Edinburgh: R. and R. Clark.

This is an inviting little book of verse, with an ill-chosen title. Why "Treble Chords," when the author cannot compose anything more than a single part? The octave is spanned by treble or threefold chords, but Miss Furley has not yet reached the octave of attainment! No, the book must be re-christened at its second birth; and the protest of the *Girton Girl*, and the more sustained poem of the *Other Isolt*, are assuredly good enough to interest and delight a sufficient number of women to send it into a second edition. The writer has a distinct faculty of seeing, as well as the tendency to take the "other side," as she does in *Isolt of Brittany* and in *Galatea to Pygmalion*. The moral of the latter poem is thus presented:

> "O, frequent miracle! so often seen
> We scarcely pause to think what it may mean—
> Man's power to raise within a woman's heart
> A love he does not know, nor could impart;
> To wake a soul within the marble breast,
> Then long to soothe it back to stony rest;
> For, though the woman's sweeter to caress,
> The statue's more convenient to possess."

Here is a specimen of the sonnets, not the best, perhaps, but to the purpose :

CIRCE.

Men call me Circe, but my name is Love;
And my cup holds the draught of sweet and sour,
Of gain, joy, loss, renouncement, all the dower
That woman's love brings man. I hold above
Your outstretched hand the chalice; ere you prove
Its potency, bethink you; it has power
To test your soul. If in a sinful hour
You touch it, you shall sink as those who strove
Of old to win my heart. Lo! there they be,
Not men but beasts; for with impure desire
They sought me, and Love holds *that* blasphemy;
And for their sin doth bid them dwell in mire
Nor know their shame. Had they been pure in thought,
My cup had strengthened them and injured not.

It is but a tiny handful, this, of first flowers ; not even a gathering of first-fruits. But they have the fragrance of promise, and a freshness of real rarity. Whether the fruit will set and mature must depend upon the sunshine and the rain and other surroundings of the struggling life, and on the depth of soil and strength of rootage. Of these we cannot judge ; but the first-flowers are sweet and pretty and worth a word of welcome.

G. M.

THE CREATOR, AND WHAT WE MAY KNOW OF THE METHOD OF CREATION.*

The above is the title of a lecture, forming the seventeenth of what are known as the "Fernley Lectures," delivered annually, by the leading minds in the Ministry of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. This specific lecture is the latest of the series, and was delivered in Manchester, August 1st in present year, by the Rev. W. H. Dallinger, LL.D., F.R.S., Pres. R.M.S., etc., Governor of Wesley College, Sheffield.

The lecture occupies an unique position amongst its fellows, and will bear a most favourable comparison with any that have been delivered by the various Presidents of the Royal Society on the sciences of the day. For clearness of argument and lucidity of thought—*as far as it goes*—it is unsurpassed, and, as a specimen of the power of English language, it is a treat to all who can estimate its value. It is all this, and more, and here its significance and suggestiveness comes in, and I can do no less than characterise its delivery under the circumstances, to an auditory that represents (in the eyes of the sect itself, at all events) the purest form of Evangelical religion, as a startling phenomenon, and as such I consider a notice of it in no way out of place in a theosophical journal. That such a lecture should be allowed to be delivered and favourably received, not only by the audience, but by the Wesleyan body at large, is a "sign of the times" that the intelligent observer cannot fail to discern. It is, undoubtedly, an index

* The Fernley Lecture, 1887, by Dr. Dallinger. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, London E.C. (1s. 6d., paper covers.)

finger that marks a large advance in the progress of human emancipation from the increasingly intolerable yoke of Churchianic or Ecclesiastical tyranny; and all "friends of progress" will cheerfully render to the worthy and eloquent lecturer the thanks that are due for his manly and outspoken views upon the profoundest question of the age. The strangest part is the spectacle of a "Minister of the Gospel," himself a scientist of no mean order, proclaiming from a Methodist platform his adherence to, and acceptance of, the doctrines of Charles Darwin, as true exponents of the "Method of Creation," which means that "Natural Selection," and survival of the "Fittest," accounts for the origin of species and the indefinite variety of extinct and extant animal forms of life. Why not include vegetable forms s well? Methinks the fabulous "missing link" between the vegetable and animal kingdoms may, without much difficulty, be actually spotted. Nature, as delineated by the great "Naturalist," must have been very peevish and unkind to her worshippers, when she mocks them by destroying every vestige, even to the veriest fragmentary fossil, of this anxiously looked for and expectant missing link, between the animal (brute) and man! To my view, the continuous chain of sequential life forms, as presented in the Darwinian theory, evinces a vast number of "missing links," and, unless these can be supplied, it will not bear the strain when tested by the unclouded intellect of man. The philosopher of Materialism may accept the Darwinian theories (for as yet they are nothing less or more) as gospel, but the spiritual philosopher will not, nor can he accept them as truth, simply because he recognises a factor, which is an abomination in the eyes of the materialistic "wise ones." It is this factor that the eloquent and learned lecturer pleads for, without suspecting what it really is. I have reason to know that our reverend scientist regards this "Spiritual" factor with the utmost contempt. But I leave this, and pass on to notice some of the really valuable thoughts and facts that ennoble the lecture, which is addressed to "thoughtful and earnest minds, not concerned specially with questions of philosophy, metaphysics, and science, but alive to the advanced knowledge and thought of our times, and anxious to know how the great foundation of religious belief, the existence of Deity, is affected by the splendid advance of our knowledge of nature."

This expression "existence of Deity" is conveniently elastic enough to cover the ground of argument by a scientific theologian, inasmuch as it may be taken to mean a personal God, according to sound Evangelical belief, and thus assume a plausible defence of Theism versus Atheism; or, it may admit of a much wider application to an "Unknown God"; for when the lecturer does venture to delineate the characteristic of Deity as the Creator, it is such terms as "Inscrutable Power or Creator," "Eternal Mind," "Infinite Intelligence," &c., which is tantamount to saying that the Primal Cause of all that is, is unknowable; and if this is what Dr. Dallinger really means, he is at one with the Spiritual Philosopher; but this will be a curious weapon in the hands of an ecclesiastical theologian—as dangerous as it is curious. By the use of these terms the reverend author shields himself from the charge of materialistic heresy, albeit to the clear-sighted one there are several, if not many, weak and vulnerable points in the defensive armour; but if the adherents and votaries of the "faith once delivered to the saints" might be a little chary in their acceptance of him as a "sound" exponent of religious truth, yet all progressive minds will hail him as

a fearless champion for the truth as delivered by the Book of Nature and interpreted by the splendid achievements of modern science.

"The study of phenomena, their succession and their classification, is the essential work of science. It has no function, and is possessed of no instrument with which to look behind or below the sequence, in quest of some higher relation. The eye and mind of the experimentalist know only of antecedent and consequent. These fill the whole circle of his research; let him find these, and he has found all."

Here the domain of "science" is defined by a master mind, which tells us that "the researches of science are physical." The observable, finite contents of space and time are the subjects of its analysis. Existence, not the cause of existence, succession, not the reason of succession, method, not the origin of method, are the subjects of physical research. A primordial cause cannot be the subject of experiment nor the object of demonstration. It must for ever transcend the most delicate physical re-action, the profoundest analysis, and the last link in the keenest logic. Science refuses absolutely to recognise mind as the primal cause of the sequences of matter. This is just—within the strict region of its research—for phenomena, their sequences and classification, are its sole domain. But observe; science universally puts *force* where the reason asks for cause. The forces affecting matter are tacitly assumed to be competent to account for every activity, every sequence, every phenomenon, and all the harmonies of universal being, a nexus for the infinite diversities and harmonies, a basis for all the equilibrium of nature, is found by modern science in force. But force is as absolutely inscrutable as mind. Force can never be known in itself; it is known by its manifestations. It is not a phenomenon, it produces phenomena. We cannot know it; but we know nothing without it. The ultimate analysis of physical science is the relations of matter and force. In irreducible terms, therefore, the final analysis of science is *matter as affected by motion.*

We now see, from the above excerpta, the goal to which the "splendid discoveries" of modern science lead its votaries, as portrayed by an authority that claims to speak not as other men; and if it is not a veritable dismal swamp, leading to nothing or negation; a miasma suffocating the aspirations of those who are trusting to the leadership of *savants* to guide them in the path that *conveys* them to the habitat of true wisdom and knowledge of themselves; then I can only say of such, "miserable comforters are ye all."

But the question intervenes here: is this a true definition of the end and aim of science? It may be to the majority of the Royal Society; but I may tell those who claim to be the conservators of science, and who arrogate to themselves the right to define the boundaries of even physical science, that they do not possess the *all* of human intelligence, and that there are, outside their societies, men who refuse to bow the knee to the modern scientific Baal, who refuse to be cajoled by the use of terms that mystify but certainly do not enlighten. For instance, who is one wit the wiser when, having reached the end of its tether, science discovers that "matter and motion" govern and regulate all things observable by the human eye, or within the range of the human mind? To the credit of the author of the last Fernley Lecture, he sees and acknowledges the dilemma into which "materialistic" science is

driven; but whether "theological" science, so ably represented by himself, can altogether evade it, is a question that I do not here stay to propound. This much, however, I may say, scientific dicta notwithstanding, there *is* another department of scientific research which *does* form the *nexus*—the *veritable* missing link—between the known and their unknown, and this is the science of psychology, which commences just where the professors of science (physical) confess themselves baffled, and are unable, or rather unwilling, to advance further in this to them *terra incognita.* The wilful ignoring of this by Materialistic leaders of thought ends by putting them out of court in the discussion of the profound problems arising out of the discoveries of the psychological scientist. In presence of facts, the evidence for which are world wide and as demonstrable—*on their own plane or ground*—as geological, or astronomical facts which the psychologist adduces, of what conceivable use are the "relations of matter and force" of the physicist, as explanatory of the laws, &c., pertaining to the new world discovered by psychological *Savants?*

It will be new to many of your readers to find the Rev. Dr. "hob-nobbing" with Professor Huxley, who is quoted as—*not* a Materialist! The learned professor appears to be indignant with those who are zealous for "the fundamental article of the faith materialistic," who "parade force and matter as the Alpha and Omega of existence," and says, "If I were forced to choose between Materialism and Idealism, I would elect for the latter"; and the lecturer adds, "Truly, if our choice must be between them, this is the normal alternative." It were better had the Professor given some inkling as to what *he* meant by this high-sounding term "Idealism." *

The author again says—"I adopt gladly the language of Professor Huxley: Belief, in the scientific sense of the word, is a serious matter, and needs, strong foundations. If it were given me to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time to the still more remote period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions, I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from not—living matter.'"

"So should I," adds the Rev. Dr., who brings in Mr. Crooks (?), of whom the lecturer says, "I do not forget the recent and splendid service done by Mr. Crooks to the philosophical side of chemistry. It is a most subtle and exquisite means of endeavouring to deduce the *method*, the '*law*' according to which what we know as the 'chemical elements' were built up. He obtains indications of a primitive element—a something out of which the elements were evolved. He calls it *protyle* or first stuff, and from its presence concludes that the elements, as we know them, have been evolved from simpler matter—or perhaps, indeed, from one sole kind of matter." In the following sentences he tries hard to depreciate this "splendid discovery" by Mr. Crooks, the reason for which is anything but difficult to discover. Dr. Dallinger *knows* that Mr. Crooks published a work entitled "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," containing his *Experimental* Investigations in Psychic Force, which he, in conjunction with his friend Huxley, thinks it beneath him to notice.

* Both the Idealism of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the Hylo-Idealism of Dr. Lewins are more materialistic and atheistic than any of the honestly declared materialistic views—Buchner's and Molaschott's included.—[ED.]

But *I* claim the "splendid discovery" of Mr. Crooks to be of far more transcendent importance than the learned scientist will admit. It comes marvellously near to the scientific demonstration of the ethic propounded by the "philosophy of spirit," "There is but one life, and one substance, by which life is manifested in an infinitude of forms in all universes, from the simplest to the most complex organic."

On this subject the Lecture contains the following eloquent, and, I may add, brilliant peroration.

"Life, it is well known, has its phenomena inherent in, and strictly confined to, a highly complex compound, with fixed chemical constituents. This compound, in its living state, is known as protoplasm. It is clear, colourless, and to our finest optical resources, devoid of discoverable structure. There is not a living thing on earth but possesses its life in protoplasm, from a microscopic fungus, to Man. To depict the properties of Life in irreducible simplicity, take one of the lowliest instances within the range of science. Let it be one of the exquisitely minute, almost infinitely prolific, and universally diffused living forms that set up, and carry on, putrefaction. The lesser of them may, when considered as solid specks, vary from the fifty-thousand-millionth of a cubic inch to the twenty-billionth of a cubic inch (evidently far beneath the unaided optic power of the human eye to see). I select one that is oval in shape. Its mission as an organism, is to break up and set free the chemical elements that had been locked up in dead organic compounds. (Query—Was this tiny creature self-generated, or was it the product of the *dead* organism?) Its own substance wears out by this and other means; and it has the power to renovate the waste from the dead decomposition in which it lives, constructing, in the lavatory of its protoplasm, new living matter. But more; this vital and inconceivably minute speck multiplies with astounding rapidity in two ways; by the first and common process, in the course of a minute and a half, the entire body is divided into two precisely similar bodies, each one perfect; almost immediately these again divide, and so on in geometric ratio through all the populated fluid; the rapidity of this intense and wonderful vital action transcending all thought. By this process alone, a single form may, in three hours, give rise to a population of organisms as great as the human population of the globe. This is life—whether vegetable or animal none can determine—in the simplest form in which it can be known, and which distinguish it for ever and everywhere from what is not life."

Several equally interesting examples of recent scientific discoveries are given, but space forbids me to more than mention them. Science, as represented by the *Savants*, evidently believes in an unbridged chasm between the forms of life and not-life. The Scientist and Philosopher of Spirit join issue on this, for they declare that "Life is present everywhere, and *in* all forms, organic or non-organic, and without the presence of Life no forms—not even mineral—could be phenomenal or *ex*istent."

Your space does not permit me to deal with more than one other, and, to many, the more important subject of Biblical records coming within the domain of science. Here is a specimen of how the learned scientist and theologian deals with the biblical account of Creation.

"And God said, 'Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind.' That is the utterance of the human conception, which can alone represent to us the divine resolve to fill the earth with life—and the joy of living things. 'And it was so.' But what epochs of countless ages filled the incalculable interval?" *

The boldness of this utterance from one in the position of the Reverend Lecturer can be well imagined. It contains the elements of combustion which need but the spark of investigation to deal a death blow to the established Churchianic dogma of Biblical infallibility in its literal sense. I conclude by repeating that such a deliverance by a ministerial representative of the Wesleyan denomi-

* A few years—and, who knows? perhaps only few months more, and Protestant England will have reverend scientists explaining to their congregations from the pulpits that Adam and Eve were but the missing link "—*two tailless baboons.*—[ED.]

nation is a phenomenon that strikingly indicates the "Signs of the times," and which shows that the emancipation of the human mind from the bonds of theological presumption is not far distant.

WILLIAM OXLEY.

Higher Broughton, Manchester, *December* 11th, 1887.

ABSOLUTE MONISM; OR, MIND IS MATTER AND MATTER IS MIND. By SUNDARAM IYER, F.T.S. Madras, 1887.

Under the above title the author issues an address delivered at the last convention of the delegates of the Theosophical Society at Adyar. Metaphysicians, who note with interest all criticisms of Western psychology from the Oriental standpoint, will welcome the appearance of this extremely able and instructive *brochure*, which constitutes the first instalment of Absolute Monism. The object of the writer is to discuss the point whether an examination of all theories, as to relations of mind and body, "does not lead us to the Unistic theory that Mind is Matter, and Matter is Mind." He endeavours to merge the apparent dualism of subject and object into a fundamental unity :—

"Is mind a product of organized matter? No . . . . for organized matter is only a combination of material particles, as is unorganized matter. How is it, then, that there is the manifestation of Mind in the one case, and not in the other? . . . . Can subjective facts ever emerge out of a group of molecules? Never; as many times never as there are molecules in the group. And why? Because Mind cannot issue from No Mind." (p. 13.)

The line of argument adopted *versus* Materialism—the doctrine that mental facts are the *resultant* of chemical changes in the brain; force and matter being the only Ultimates of Existence—is unquestionably forcible. Mind can never be resolved into a "bye-product" of brain activity, for several valid reasons. In the first place, in its aspect of thought, it exhibits *concentration on an end*, *intelligence* and *interest* in the subject under consideration, all of which characteristics, according to Tyndall and Du Bois Reymond, are necessarily absent from those remarshallings of atoms and molecules which are declared to "cerebrate out" mental phenomena! In the second place, the gulf between consciousness and molecular change has never been bridged; an admission to which the leading physicists and physiologists of the day lend all the weight of their authority. The terms "consciousness" and "matter" are expressive of things so utterly contrasted, that all attempts to deduce the former from the latter have met with signal discredit. Nevertheless, materialists assume the contrary, whenever the necessities of their philosophy demand it. Hence, we find men, like Büchner, admitting in one place that "in the relation of soul and brain, phenomena occur which *cannot be explained by . . . . matter and force*," and elsewhere resolving mind into the "*activity of the tissues of the brain*," "a mode of motion"—contradictions, the flagrancy of which is enhanced by the fact that the same author invests the physical automaton Man with a power to control his actions! Lastly, the degradation of consciousness into "brain-function" by constituting philosophers, theologians, scientists, and all alike "conscious automata"—(machines whose thoughts are determined *for*, not *by* their conscious Egos)—knocks away the basis of argument. The only resource

becomes universal scepticism; a denial of the possibility of attaining truth. Can impartiality, correct thinking and agreement, be expected on the part of controversialists who form part of a comedy of Automata?

If mind is not inherent in matter, it cannot be evolved by mere nervous complexity. The combination of two chemical elements cannot result in a compound in which something more than the constituent factors are present. It is sometimes urged that, since the properties of substances are often altogether changed in the course of chemical combinations—new ones arising with the temporary lapse of the old—consciousness may be explained as a "peculiar property" of matter under some of its conditions. Mr. Sundaram Iyer meets this objection ably. "Aquosity," it is said, is a property of oxygen and hydrogen in combination, though not in isolation. To this he answers, "chemical properties are either purely subjective facts or objectivo-subjective ones" (p. 57). They exist only in the consciousness of the percipient, and represent no external and independent reality. Psychologists of the type of Huxley would do well to recall this fact, apart from the considerations springing from other data.

Our author is loud in his praises of *Panpsychism*, that phase of pantheism which regards all matter as saturated with a potential psyche. He speaks of the "catholicity, sublimity and beauty . . . . not to say the philosophy, and logic, and truthfulness of this creed of thought." It is, however, clear that some of the authorities he cites in support of this view, more especially Clifford, Tyndall, and Ueberweg, represent a phase of thought which is too materialistic to do justice to an elevated pantheistic concept. Clifford's *conscious* mind-*stuff* is sublimated materialism, and Ueberweg speaks of those "sensations" present in "inanimate" objects which are "concentrated" in the human brain, as if they represented so many substances to be weighed in scales. Instructive and thoughtful as is the discussion of this subject (pp. 32-63), its value would have been increased by a survey of the pantheistic schools of German speculation, so many of whose conclusions are absolutely at one with esoteric views as to the Logos and the metaphysics of consciousness.

After discussing the primary and secondary (so-called) qualities of matter, as tabulated by Mill, Hamilton and others, Mr. Sundaram Iyer passes on the question: "What is force?"

> "Force *is* matter . . . . it may be related to matter in . . . . four ways:—firstly, it may be an extraneous power to matter, acting upon it from without; secondly, it may be an inherent power in matter, influencing it from within, but yet distinct from the substance of matter; thirdly, it may be an innate power in matter, influencing it from within, and not distinct from the substance of matter; or fourthly, it may be a function of the substance of matter." (p. 76-7.)

After an interesting criticism of current theories, he concludes that:—

> "Function is simply the phenomenal effect of the latent cause, namely force, but never force itself. This potential existence, which is in matter, *is a physical existence.* If not it cannot, as shown before, produce any impression whatsoever upon or in the substance of matter."

Matter is force and force is matter. It is not quite evident, however, whether this position is strictly reconcilable with the remark that "the primary qualities of matter are all simplifiable into . . . . extension and (its) motion (actual or possible).

If force is a *physical existence*, and the real *substance* of matter at the same time, we get back no further into the mystery of what things-in-themselves really are. Physical existence remains the reality behind physical existence and

the realization of matter and force, as aspects only of one basis, in no way simplifies the crux.

It is not clear, moreover, what is the exact meaning the author intends by the use of the word "force." Is it motion—molar or molecular—or the unknown cause of motion? According to Professor Huxley, "force" is merely an expression used to denote the *cause* of motion, whatever that may be. We only *know* this cause in its *aspect* of motion, and cannot penetrate behind the veil in order to grasp the Noumenon of which motion is the phenomenal effect. The necessity, therefore, of recognising the fact that *motion* is all that falls within the cognizance of sense, forbids the (profane) scientist to use the term "force" as representative of anything but an abstraction. The question is complicated by the consideration that the *substantiality* of various so-called "forces" appears most probable, and that this substantiality becomes objectively real to sense, only on a plane beyond this—the domain of matter in its order of physical differentiations.

The materialistic doctrine that force merely=a motion of matter is contradicted by the fact that, as shown by Mill, *motion can be temporarily neutralized.* Lift a heavy weight on to a shelf and the mechanical energy expended in the act is latent in the potentiality of the weight to fall to the ground again. There is *no immediate equivalent*, as the attraction of the earth for the object remains the same (the now greater distance tending to diminish the amount though in a very minute degree.)

It may be further noted that, granting Mr. Sundaram Iyer's definition of matter as "*extension pure and simple*," to be correct (p. 112), it is difficult to understand how he predicates this barren content as endowed with *motion* (p. 83.) What moves?

The rest of the *brochure* is taken up with some excellent criticism of current conceptions of atoms, space and heterogenealism (a creed now so sorely wounded by Mr. Crooke's "Protyle.") Dealing with one of the late Mr. G. H. Lewe's utterances, the author remarks with great truth: "By some mysterious law of occurrence the self-contradictions of the bulk of the erudite and enlightened are in point of gravity, palpableness, and number in direct proportion to their erudition and enlightenment." With how many contrasted dicta from the pages of our Büchners, Spencers, Bains etc., etc., could this conclusion be supported.

One word before we close. Is the title of the work well chosen? It appears to us the least satisfactory sentence which has been traced by the writer's pen. The definition of "mind as matter and matter as mind" not only offers no solution of the great psychological problem discussed, but does injustice to the contents of the work itself.

In the process of definition we "assemble representative examples of the phenomena," under investigation and "our work lies in generalizing these, in detecting community in the midst of difference." Now, there is *no community whatever* between mental and material facts. For as Professor Bain writes:

"Extension is but the first of a long series of properties all present in matter, *all absent in mind* . . . . our mental experience, our feelings and thoughts, have no *extension*, no *place*, no *form* * or *outline*, or *mechanical division* of parts; and

* Nevertheless *objectively* viewed thoughts are actual entities to the occultist.

we are incapable of attending to anything mental until we shut off the view of all that."—"*Mind and Body.*" pp. 125 and 135.

The phenomenal contrast of mind and matter is not only at the root of uor present constitution but an essential of our terrestrial consciousness. Duality is illusion in the ultimate analysis; but within the limits of a Universe-cycle or Great Manwantaræ it holds true. The *two* bases of manifested Being—the Logos (spirit) and Mulaprakriti, (Matter, or rather its Noumenon) are unified in the absolute reality, but in the Manvantaric Maya, under space and time conditions, they *are contrasted though mutually interdependent aspects of the* ONE CAUSE.

EDITORS' NOTES.

WE have a good deal of correspondence now in type, but must stand over till next month owing to lack of space.

In particular we wish to acknowledge a letter on Hylo-Idealism, signed C. N., forwarded to us by Dr. Lewins from a correspondent of his now in the East. This letter places Hylo-Idealism in a new and very different light, and its straightforward style and language are in strong contrast to the turgid effusions of such writers as G. M. McC. An extract from one of the latter's letters to the "*Secular Review*" (January 7, 1888), for instance, says that "Specialism *is* Superficialism, and *vice versa*, both being *fractionalism;* and that the true desideratum is generalisationism (*i.e. all-roundism* and *all-throughism*), whereby and wherein the Kantian and Hegelian metaphysic may be precipitated and modern Materialism sublimed? There is only one alembic for both, and that is Solipsism—that true 'wisdom of the ages,' in which the profoundest thinker is at one with the little child.—G. M. McC." !!! *

The following books have been received and will be noticed in due course:—

"Absolute Relativism; or, the Absolute in Relation," by W. B. McTaggart. (W. Stewart & Co.)

"Spirit Revealed," by Captain William C. Eldon Serjeant. (George Redway.)

"A Modern Apostle," and other Poems, by Constance C. W. Naden. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

"Manuel of Etheropathy," by Dr. Count Manzetti.

* See also his letter under Correspondence.

Correspondence.

THE CHURCH AND THE DOCTRINE OF ATONEMENT.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

As it is often supposed that the clergy are required to be united as one man in teaching a doctrine called Atonement, and that this doctrine requires the clergy either to teach that "God required the blood of Jesus to be shed and offered as a sacrifice for an Atonement," or to leave the Church if they reject it; therefore, since I reject this doctrine, it is sometimes wondered how I can either have been admitted to ordination, or, being admitted, how I can remain in, or expect to have a hearing in, the pulpits of the National Churches.

The explanation of my position is as follows:

I offered myself as a candidate for ordination much later than is usual; and *one* of the three beneficed clergy, whose testimonials, as to the candidate's religious views being orthodox, each candidate is required to provide before being accepted as a candidate for examination and ordination, *informed* the Bishop of London (Jackson) that I did not hold Church of England views on the Atonement. The Bishop, therefore, before accepting me as a candidate, required a personal interview; when I told the Bishop, in reply to his question, whether I had any difficulty in accepting the doctine of Atonement as taught in the second of the XXXIX. Articles, that I was entering the Church in order to teach, that it was the work of Jesus Christ to devote His life a living sacrifice to persuade us to believe that in His love, His mind, His spirit towards us, we saw (so far as it could be manifested in the human form) the love, mind, and spirit of God towards us; and that the sacrifice of Jesus consisted in His leaving nothing undone that love could do or suffer, even to drinking to its very dregs the cup of our hatred, whilst blind and ignorant, in order that we might accept and believe His testimony.

And, in addition, I told the Bishop that if the XXXIX. Articles did not allow of this teaching, and demanded of the clergy to believe and teach that "God required the blood of Jesus to be shed and offered as a sacrifice for an Atonement, either to appease God's wrath, satisfy His justice, or propitiate His favour," then such a doctrine was immoral, anti-Christian, contrary to the Scriptures, and made God to be no better than Shylock, a wolf, or a devil. And I dared the Bishop to refuse accepting me as a candidate.

The Bishop made no reply, neither assenting nor dissenting, and I returned to Petersham to await the result of this interview. After a day or two the Bishop's chaplain wrote that I might consider my proposal to come to the Bishop's examination for Orders accepted; and I was ordained without one word of comment upon the conversation at this private interview. But my first vicar only allowed me to preach three times, and then for the rest of the year he boycotted me from either preaching, reading, or even speaking in the parish, excepting only in a particular part of it. My second vicar, after allowing me

to preach three times, also boycotted me entirely. I appealed to the Bishop, but he declined to interfere. So after striving in vain to find a clergyman who would allow me to preach what I was ordained to teach, I published pamphlets, and delivered them by the hundred and thousand at the church doors after the service, wherever there was a large congregation; but after a time the Bishop was appealed to to stop me; when he not only denied me, as Peter denied Jesus, but he threatened to instruct the police to prevent me; and the ruling powers at St. Paul's Cathedral did instruct the chief of the police to prevent me.

As a last resort, I write letters in the Press wherever I can find a newspaper willing to open its columns, to explain my views and appeal to the people to obtain liberty in the Church for teaching the truth of "Christ Crucified." But so great is the opposition to this, that the chief organ of the Church and the Press (the *Times*) refuses even to allow me to advertise for a pulpit, on the ground that it is *inadmissible;* notwithstanding all the minutest details of divorce trials are freely *admissible*, thus proving that everything is admissible excepting one thing, viz.: the truth of Christ Crucified.

And yet the Archbishop of Canterbury has recently told the world that "the Church wishes the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to be told," and the Bishops of Carlisle, Durham, Peterborough, Manchester, Liverpool and Bedford, have also used words to the same effect. But although I have spent the best part of my life (17 years) in striving to find one clergyman (from the highest to the lowest), I have not found one who would allow this liberty to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, concerning Christ Crucified. And I appeal to the rulers of the Church to allow this liberty—and to the people to demand and obtain this liberty, if the rulers of the Church refuse it. For I have a letter from Canon Liddon, in which he says to me, "I can believe with all my heart, although I only know you from the two letters which you have written to me (upon my sermons), that if you were to preach, people would go to hear you as they go to hear me." Is there not a cause then, why I should complain of being thus cruelly and unjustly boycotted for 17 years without any reason?

The chief organ of the Church and the Press (the *Times*) in the supposed chief Christian city in the world, refused to publish, even as an advertisement, any one of the three following appeals, on the ground that they were *inadmissible*. Yes, *inadmissible*, whilst all the minutest details of the Barrett trial, the Dilke trial, the Colin Campbell trial, the Seabright trial, and a host of others of a like nature, were all *freely admissible*."

I.

"A pulpit wanted, in the National Church, in which liberty will be allowed to teach the truth of Christ Crucified, openly and fearlessly, in order that it may no longer remain either a stumbling-block to the Jews, foolishness to the world, or a mystery to the teachers of it (as it is to this day, for want only of this liberty), but may verily be seen to be, as it is, and as St. Paul asserted it to be, the power of God, and wisdom of God for the salvation of all men."

II.

"The Rev. T. G. Headley, of Petersham, S.W., appeals to the Clergy and people of the Church of England for a pulpit in which he may be allowed to

preach seven sermons: I. on Unbelief; II. the Trial of Abraham; III. the Day of Judgment; IV. Mary Magdalene; V. Conversion of St. Paul; VI. Jesus, only; VII. Inspiration."

III.

"The Rev. T. G. Headley, of Petersham, S.W., appeals to the Clergy for a pulpit in which he may be allowed to explain the mystery of Christ Crucified, that it may no longer remain a mystery."

Rev T. G. Headley.

Manor House, Petersham, S.W.

[This persistent refusal is the more remarkable as other preachers are allowed to teach worse, *from an orthodox standpoint, of course.* Is it *inadmissible* "to explain the mystery of Christ Crucified," as the Rev. Mr. Headley is likely to, lest it should interfere with the explanation and description of Jehovah—"*one with Christ Jesus*" in the orthodox dogma—by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.? Says this truthful and cultured if not very pious orator: "At first the chief attributes of Satan were given to Jehovah. It was God who destroyed the world, hardened Pharaoh, tempted David, provoked to sin, and punished the sinner. This way of thinking lingered even as late as 700 B.C.: 'I the Lord make peace and create evil' (Isa. xlv. 7). We have an odd survival of this identification of God with the Devil in the word '*Deuce*,' which is none other than '*Deus*,' but which to us always means the Devil. As the Jew grew more spiritual he gradually transferred the devilish functions to a 'Satan,' or accusing spirit. The transition point appears in comparing the early passage (2 Sam. xxiv.), when *God* is said to 'move' David to number the people, with the later (1 Chron. xxi.), where *Satan* is said to be the instigator who 'provoked' the numbering. But Satan is not yet the King Devil. We can take up our Bible and trace the gradual transformation of Satan from an accusing angel into the King Devil of popular theology."—(*The Key*, etc. p. 22.) This, we believe, is an even more damaging teaching for the Orthodox Church than any theory about "Christ Crucified." Mr. Headley seeks to prove Christ, the Rev. Haweis ridiculing and making away with the Devil, *destroys and makes away for ever* with *Jesus*, as Christ, also. For, as logically argued by Cardinal Ventura de Raulica, "*to demonstrate the existence of Satan, is to re-establish* ONE OF THE FUNDAMENTAL DOGMAS OF THE CHURCH, *which serves as a basis for Christianity, and without which*, Satan (and Jesus) would be but names"; or to put it in the still stronger terms of the pious Chevalier des Mousseaux, "*The Devil is the chief pillar of Faith* . . . . if it was not for him, the Saviour, the Crucified, the Redeemer, would be but the most ridiculous of supernumeraries, and the Cross an insult to good sense." (See *Isis Unveil.* vol. i., 103; vol. ii., 14.) Truly so. Were there no Devil, a Christ to save the World from him would be hardly wanted! Yet, the Rev. Haweis says: (p. 24) "I cannot now discuss the teaching of the N. T. on the King Devil, or I might show that Jesus did not endorse the popular view of one King Devil, and . . . . notice the way in which our translators have played fast and loose with the words *Diabolus and Satan;*" adding that the Tree and Serpent worship was an Oriental cult, "of which the narrative of Adam and Eve is a Semitic form." Is this *admissible* orthodoxy?—Ed.]

SOCIALISM AND THEOSOPHY.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

MESDAMES,—In the December number of LUCIFER Mr. J. B. Bright takes exception to some remarks on Socialism in an article on "Brotherhood," which appeared in your pages a month previously.

As the writer of that article, I think it right to accept Mr. Bright's challenge, and endeavour to replace my somewhat hasty generalisations by a more precise statement of the teachings of Theosophy, as they appear to me to bear on the question at issue.

Mr. Bright objects to my use of the phrase "*materialistic* Socialism." My intention was to draw a distinction between that which "concerns itself primarily with the material or physical condition of mankind," and that other form of purely voluntary association, springing, as regards each of its members, from a recognition of their unity of purpose, and the realisation of the idea of brotherhood, for an example of which we may turn to the communistic system of the early Christian Church. I would point out that this is not a fanciful distinction, as in the first case what is described as "a juster distribution of wealth" is the very essence of the Socialistic idea, while in the second it is only an incident, arising from the conviction that worldly possessions have in themselves no value in comparison with "the things of the spirit." I maintain then that the teachings of Theosophy are opposed to "modern materialistic Socialism," and I will endeavour to point out, as briefly as possible, in what this opposition consists.

There is at the outset a fundamental difference between Theosophy and Socialism in the value they attach to the "material and physical" well-being of mankind. Theosophy regards any given earth life as an infinitesimal link in the chain of lives which leads from the first glimmerings of a separate consciousness up to the very threshold of Divinity and All-knowledge. And taking the doctrines of Re-incarnation and Karma, as interacting laws, it sees in the apparent injustices of physical life, and in the inequalities of intellectual and moral development among mankind, the results of good or bad use made of opportunities in previous incarnations. The Universe is governed by the great law of Harmony, whose agent is Karma, and infractions of this law, or rebellion against it, are punished by the action of Karma, whether in the individual or the race. Thus the position of every individual in respect to his fellow men, and the position of every nation (the compound, as it were, of individual Karmas) in respect to other nations, is the direct result of previously acquired characteristics and affinities. The re-incarnation of an individual will be governed by his personal affinities: firstly, to the general Karma of his nation: secondly, to the particular circumstances of his parentage and condition in life. Theosophy therefore teaches that so far as regards his individual Karma, a man's place in Society is what he has made it, and he has no right to cry out against the injustice of the law which he has broken, and which inexorably exacts the penalty of his default. This does not however quite hold good as regards the national or the cyclic Karma. It is quite possible that by the action of cyclic Karma injustice may be done to individuals, to be atoned for no doubt in future existences, but at the same time calculated to impede their

due and regular development. The combating of this cyclic Karma, in so far as it deals unjustly with individuals, is the work of the great and wise ones of this earth, and every true Theosophist will to the best of his ability take part in the struggle. But the Socialist movement is itself a part of the cyclic Karma, and in its endeavour to rectify what seem, from its limited point of view, injustices, it cannot fail to be unjust to those the justice of whose position in life it declines to recognise. Thus it cannot be otherwise than that it should meet with opposition from those whose object is the improvement of humanity as a whole.

I must in the second place point out that the teaching of Theosophy is entirely opposed to the idea that any very great progress can be made by humanity as a whole, within the space of a few generations. Speaking of the destruction of evil in the human heart, the author of "Light on the Path" says, "Only the strong can kill it out. The weak must wait for its growth, its fruition, its death. And it is a plant which lives and increases throughout the ages. It flowers when man has accumulated unto himself innumerable existences." This is undoubtedly Theosophical teaching, but I do not think it tallies with Mr. Bright's view that "this self same society ——— contains within it all the germs of such a reconstruction of the physical environment as shall shortly place the means of spiritual and psychical regeneration within the reach of all." It is impossible that Socialism or any other external organisation can "raise the intellectual and instinctive moral standard of the whole community to such an extent that all will, in the next generation after the Social Revolution, be amenable to the truths" of Theosophy. This would be equivalent to saying that every member of the community was prepared definitely to undertake the task of self-conquest, and it happens unfortunately that almost all the external work of Socialism is in the opposite direction. Further, it must be distinctly pointed out that this task of self-conquest must be undertaken and carried through by each man for himself, and only those who have reached a certain point in human evolution are ready for the struggle. There is one other point on which I feel some stress must be laid. It seems to me impossible that Theosophy, recognising as it does the immense gulf which exists between ordinary humanity (in which term I of course include all its followers), and those who are on the threshold of Divinity, can fail to recognise at the same time the principle of hierarchy in its best and noblest sense. I mean of course a spiritual hierarchy, but even this is incompatible with that innate hatred of domination which is so obvious in Socialism. There is no doubt some inconsistency in this hatred of domination, as in practice Socialists are prepared to substitute for the existing domination of intelligence that of mere numbers, but this, if anything, only makes the contrast between the two ideas somewhat stronger. It is only right to point out that an accepted disciple (not a mere student) practically surrenders his personal liberty, and pledges himself to obedience to those great ones who are the initiators of the Theosophical movement.

I have endeavoured thus far to particularise my general statement that the teachings of Theosophy were opposed to Socialism. I think Mr. Bright's objections to my other statements are in effect answered in what I have already said, but I may perhaps be permitted to deal with them separately. If Mr.

Bright has understood the meaning of the article on Brotherhood, he will, I think, see that whereas the Theosophical idea of brotherhood is based on the identity of the Divine spirit inherent in humanity, and thence working downwards, the brotherhood of Socialism is based on the assumption of equality on the material, or intellectual plane, and has, *per se*, no existence at all on the higher plane. The brotherhood of Theosophy, once rightly understood, will no doubt be manifested on the lower planes, but that does not make it the same thing as an idea of Brotherhood which begins and ends in physical existence.

As to my remark that Socialism is an attempt to interfere with the action of the Laws of Karma, I should perhaps have added the word "individual," which, in conjunction with my reference to the parable of the talents, should make the meaning clear. Socialism aims at the levelling of classes, which is nothing else than a redistribution of the responsibilities of life. I understand the parable of the talents to indicate the true meaning of the differences in opportunities accorded to individuals during their life on earth. Every opportunity is also a responsibility, and from those to whom much is given much will be demanded. Further, responsibility is thrust upon those who can bear it, and to relieve them from it, and transfer it the shoulders of the weaker brethren, is an interference with the laws of Karma, and can only lead to a retardation of the general evolution of humanity. I will only say in conclusion that I have endeavoured to confine my remarks to the view of Socialism advanced by Mr. Bright. It is indeed hardly necessary to point out that Theosophy can never be a party to the incitements to violence, and the appeals to the baser passions which Mr. Bright rightly deprecates, but which are unfortunately too often the stock-in-trade of the Socialist orator.

I feel that there are many points in Mr. Bright's letter to which I should be glad to reply more in detail, but I fear that in so doing I might be considered as trenching too much on those purely political aspects of the question which are outside the scope of Theosophical work.

I am, Mesdames,

Your obedient servant,

THOS. B. HARBOTTLE.

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

The question is answered by Schopenhauer as follows:

". . . . Starting from the plane of *mental conception (Vorstellung)*, and proceeding on our way towards the attainment of *objective knowledge*, we shall never be able to arrive at a higher point than our own conception (imagination), *i.e.* of the external appearance of the object of our observation; but we shall never be able to penetrate into the interior of the things and to find out what they really are (not what they merely appear to be). So far I agree with *Kant*. But as a counterpoise to this truth I have called attention to another one; namely, that we are not merely the *cognising subject*, but we are also ourselves a part of object of our cognition, we are ourselves the *Thing itself*. There is consequently an interior way open to us from that self-existing and interior essence of things, which we cannot approach from the outside; a kind of sub-

terranean passage, a secret connection, by which we by treason, as it were, may at once penetrate into a fortress which was impregnable from the outside. The *Thing itself* can as such enter our consciousness only in a direct manner, *i.e. by becoming conscious of its own self.* To attempt to know it objectively is to ask for a self-contradiction." (*The World as Will and Conception.* Vol. ii., Cap. 18).

What Schopenhauer expresses in modern philosophical language might perhaps be stated in a few words by saying, that man cannot become conscious of the truth unless the truth is in him, and in that case it is not the man who recognises the truth, but the truth which recognises itself in man. He who wants to know it objectively must separate himself from it, because no one can see his own face without the help of a mirror; but if he separates himself from it, the truth exists in him no longer. It is therefore the truth itself which may become self-conscious in man, provided there exists any truth in him.

F. H.

A NOTE OF EXPLANATION.

I WOULD much rather suffer an unintentional misrepresentation of my meaning than take the trouble to reply, and have no desire to magnify small matters of difference. But a very critical friend calls my attention to certain statements and apparent discrepancies in the "Esoteric Character of the Gospels," on which I will beg leave to say a word.

I find it affirmed on p. 300, in a foot-note, that "Mr. G. Massey is not correct in saying that '*The Gnostic form of the name Chrest or Chrestos denotes the Good God, not a human original,' for it denoted the latter, that is, a good, holy man.*" But either the statement has no meaning as an answer to me, or it is based on a misunderstanding of mine.* I was showing that the *original* Christ of the Gnosis was not one particular form of human personality, like the supposed historic Christ, and that the name denoted a divine, and not a human *original.* I was perfectly well aware, as your quotations show, that the name was *afterwards* conferred on the "good" as the Chrestoi or Chrestiani. Nor do I say, or anywhere imply, that the "*Karest,*" or mummy-type of immortality *was* the *only form of the Christ,* as your quotations again will prove. I have written enough about that Gnostic Christ who was the Immortal Self in man, the reflection of, or emanation from, the divine nature in humanity, and in both sexes, not merely in one.† This is the Christ that never could become a one person or be limited

* The remark made has never been meant as "an answer," but simply as an observation that the word "Chréstos" applied to a "good man," a "human original," and not to a "good God only." If such was not the intention of Mr. Massey, and he amplifies his idea elsewhere, it was not so amplified in his article in the "Agnostic Annual." It is, therefore, simply a bare statement of facts referring to that particular article and no more. I do not for one moment oppose Mr. Massey's conclusions, nor doubt his undeniable learning in the direction of those particular researches, *i.e.*, about the words "Christos" and "Chrestos." What I say is, that he limits them to the negation of an historical Christ, and, for reasons no doubt very weighty, does not touch upon their principal esoteric meaning in the temple-phraseology of the Mysteries.—H.P.B.

† This is absolutely and preeminently a Theosophical doctrine taught ever since 1875, when the Theosophical Society was founded.—[ED.]

to one sex. This you accept and preach; yet you can add "*Still the personage (Jesus) so addressed by Paul—wherever he lived—was a great initiate, and a 'Son of God.'** But the Christos of Paul, being the Gnostic Christ, as you admit (301), it cannot be a personage named Jesus, or a great Initiate, who was addressed by him. It appears to me that in passages like these, you are giving away all that is worth contending for, and vouching for that which never has been, and never can be, proved. I have searched for Jesus many years in the Gospels and elsewhere without being able to catch hold of the hem of the garment of any human personality. Ben-Pandira we know a little of, but cannot make him out in the Christ of the Gospels. The Christ of the Gnosis can be identified, but not with any historic Jesus.

We do not go to the Christian Gospels to learn the true nature of the Christ, or the incarnation according to the Gnostic religion (I use this term in preference to yours of the "Wisdom-Religion," as being more definite and explanatory; not as a religion, supposed by the *Idiotai* to have followed in the wake of Historic Christianity!). These were known in Egypt, more than six thousand years ago. When the monuments began the Cult of the Supreme God Atum was extant. We know not how many æons earlier, but six thousand years will do. Atum=Adam was the divine father of an eternal soul which was personated as his son, named Iu-em-hept (the Greek Imothos or Æsculapius), an image of whom used to be seen (on shelf 3,578,b. 1874), in the British Museum. He was the second Atum=Adam, and is called the "Eternal Word" in the Ritual. In external phenomena this type represented the Solar God, re-born monthly or annually in the lunar orb; in human phenomena the Christ or Son of God as the essential and eternal soul in man. But he was neither a man nor an Initiate. He was just what the Logos, the Word of Truth or Ma-Kheru, the Buddha or Christ is in other Cults.†

* This, I am afraid, is a misunderstanding (due, no doubt, to my own fault) on the part of our learned correspondent, of the meaning that was intended to be conveyed in the articles now criticized. If he goes to the trouble of reading over again the paragraph that misled him (see p. 307, 5th paragraph), he will, perhaps, see that it is so. That which was really meant was that, though the terms *Christos* and *Chréstos* are generic surnames, still, the personage so addressed (not by Paul, necessarily, but by any one), was a great Initiate and a "Son of God." It is the name "Jesus," placed in the sentence in parentheses that made it both clumsy and misleading. Whether Paul knew of Jehoshua Ben Pandira (and he must have heard of him), or not, he could never have applied the surname used by him to Jesus or any other *historic* Christ. Otherwise his *Epistles* would not have been withheld and exiled as they were. The sentence which precedes the two incriminated statements, shows that no such thing, as understood by Mr. Massey, could have been really meant, as it is said "Occultism pure and simple finds the same mystic elements in the Christian as in other faiths, *though it rejects emphatically its dogmatic and historic character.*" The two statements, viz., that Jesus or Jehoshua Ben Pandira *whenever he lived*, was a great Initiate and the "Son of God"—just as Apollonius of Tyana was—and that Paul never meant either him or any other living Initiate, but a metaphysical Christos present in, and *personal* to, every mystic Gnostic as to every initiated Pagan—are not at all irreconcileable. A man may know of several great Initiates, and yet place his own ideal on a far higher pedestal than any of these.—[H.P.B.]

† Nor shall I dispute this statement in general. But this does not invalidate in one iota *my* claim. The temple priests assumed the names of the gods they served, and this is as well known a fact, as that the defunct Egyptian became an "Osiris"—was "osirified"—after his death. Yet Osiris was assuredly neither "man nor an Initiate," but a being hardly recognised as such by the Royal Society of materialistic science. Why, then, could not an "Initiate," who had succeeded in merging his spiritual being into the *Christos state*, be regarded as a Christos after his last and supreme initiation, just as he was called *Chrestos* before that? Neither Plotinus, Porphyry nor Apollonius

I cordially agree with "M," a correspondent whom you quote, and wish that all our orthodox friends would as frankly face the facts. If any historic Jesus ever did claim to be the Gnostic Christ made flesh* once for all, he would be the supremest impostor in history.

Let us define to ourselves very strictly what it is we do mean, or we shall introduce the direst confusion into the conflict, and we shall be unable to distinguish the face of friend from foe in the cloud of battle-dust which we may raise. What I find is, that Historic Christianity was based either upon the suppression or the perversion of all that *was* esoteric in Gnostic Christianity. And to bring any aid from the one to the support of the other is to try and re-establish with the left hand all that you are knocking down with the right.

I am also taken to task on page 307 for alluding to the Bible as a "Magazine of falsehoods already exploded, or just going off," by the writer who adds force to my words later on in characterizing these same writings as a "Magazine of (*wicked*) falsehoods"† (p. 178), which was going farther than I went, who do set down as much to ignorance as to knavery. What I meant was, that the "Fall of Man" in the Old Testament, is a falsification of fable, now exploded, and that the redemption from that fall, which is promised in the New, whether by an "Initiate" or "Son of God" is a fraud based on the fable, and a falsehood that is going to be exploded. There is no call to mix up the Book of the Dead, the Vedas, or any other sacred writings, in this matter. Each tub must stand on its own bottom, and the one that won't, can't hold water.‡

GERALD MASSEY.

P.S. By the by, I see the Adventists, and other misleading Delusionists are all agog just now about the wonderful fulfilment of prophecy, and corroboration

were Christians, yet, according to esoteric teaching, Plotinus realized this sublime state (of becoming or uniting himself with his *Christos*) six times, Apollonius of Tyana four times, while Porphyry reached the exalted state only once, when over sixty years of age. The Gnostics called the "*Word*" "Abraxas" and "Christos" indiscriminately, and by whatever name we may call it, whether Ma-Kheru, or Christos or Abraxas, it is all one. That mystic state which gives to our inner being the impulse that attracts "the soul toward its origin and centre, the Eternal good," as Plotinus teaches, and makes of man a god, the Christos or the unknown made manifest, is a preeminently theosophical condition. It belonged to the temple mysteries, and the teachings of the Neo-Platonists.—[H.P.B.]

* "Christ made flesh," would be a claim worse than imposture, as it would be *absurdity*, but a man of flesh assuming the *Christ-condition* temporarily, is indeed an occult, yet living, fact.—[ED.]

† Just so, if it has been originally written to be accepted in its dead letter sense. But, as I entirely agree with Mr. Massey, that historic Christianity was based upon the suppression, and especially the *perversion* of that which was esoteric in gnosticism, it is difficult to see in what it is that we disagree? The perversion of esoteric facts in the gospels is not so cleverly done as to prevent the true occultist from reading the Gospel narratives between the lines.—[H.P.B.]

‡ If Mr. G. Massey kindly waits till the conclusion of "the Esoteric character of the gospels" to criticise the statements, he may perhaps arrive at the conviction that we are not so far apart in our ideas upon this particular question as he seems to think. Of course my critic being an Egyptologist, opposed to the Aryan theory, and arriving at his conclusions only by what he finds in strictly authenticated and accepted documents—and I, as a Theosophist and an Occultist of a certain school, accepting my proofs on data which he rejects—*i.e.* esoteric teachings—we can hardly agree upon every point. But the question is not whether there was or never was an *historical* Christ, or Jesus, between the years 1 and 33 A.D.—but simply were the Gospels of the gnostics (of Marcion and others, for instance) perverted later by Christians—esoteric allegories founded on *facts*, or simply meaningless fictions? I believe the former, and esoteric teachings explain many of the allegories. —[H.P.B.]

of historic fact, that we are now witnessing. The "Star of Bethlehem" has re-appeared, so they say, to prove the truth of the Christian story. But, sad to say, it is not the star of Christ that is now visible in the south-east before sun-rise every morning. It is Venus in her heliacal rising. It is Venus as the Maleess, or Lucifer as "Sun of the Morning." This particular Star of Bethlehem —there are various others less brilliant and less noticeable—generally does return once every nineteen months or so, when the planet Venus is the Morning Star. Only the gaping camel-swallowers, who know all about the "Star of Bethlehem," and the fulfilment of prophecy, are not up in Astronomy, and they will no doubt squirm and strain at this small gnat of real fact offered to them by way of an explanation.

G. M.

[*We give room to this remarkable letter with the object of comparison. The Secularists are loud in proclaiming the modes of expression of the Theosophists as "stultic profundity," and the Esoteric Doctrine as "a hopeless chaos," a "rudely methodised madness." At the same time the Hylo-Idealists are* PERSONÆ GRATISSIMÆ *in the "Secular Review," and no such remarks are passed about their theories and style.* Readers please to compare. "Fiat Justitia, ruat Saladinus!"—ED.]

HYLO-IDEALISM—THE SECRET OF JESUS.

"Behold, the Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

THE primacy of Self is indisputable, if by reason of one fact only—that this, self-same, Self is the initial postulate of all sane philosophy. And, when Philosophy soars to Metaphysic, Scientific Analysis "takes up the wondrous tale," and its burden is Self-hood also. All roads lead to Rome. All analysis runs into the Egoistic Synthesis. "The One [Ego] remains, the Many change and pass." Yet the passing is only the flux and ebb of the One. In Hegel's words, "that which passes away passes away into its own self: only the passing away passes away." Which things are an allegory, and yet "*solvitur ambulando.*" A recent traveller in the United States tells us, that, in the Emerson country, he chanced upon cross-roads, and found there an apparently contradictory direction-post. One arm of it bore the inscription, "This is the way to Concord," the other, pointing in the opposite direction, was similarly worded, "This is the way to Concord." The Hylo-Ideal Thesis is this Ideal Concord, to be reached whether you travel by way of Eastern Idealism, or by the route of plainer Western Materialism. For, and here all contradictions are reconciled, in the one Subject-object which is Self, there is no diversity, neither Jew nor Greek, neither Idealism only, nor Materialism only, or exclusively, but all is one.* And in Unity there is no class distinction, no nomenclature, no "otherness," no Ebal *and* Gerizim, but only the Mount of God. What the Ego is, *all* is.† It is the *x* of every problem and answers to any value save the spurious and indifferent one of the Dualist.

I find Hylo-Idealism (Auto-centricism)—this "pearl of great price"—canvassed and examined by many modern thinkers, only to be contemptuously cast away, though it would have made each one of them in turn "richer than all his tribe." But it was ever thus. In this rejection there is no despair in

* Hence the Spirit of *Non-Separateness* in esoteric philosophy must be the ONE *truth.*—ED.

† Only this "Ego" is *universal*, not *individual*: *Absolute* Consciousness, not the *human* Brain. —ED.

the view of the *illuminati*. All is ours, and paltering with the central truth of SOLIPSISM, as men have ever paltered, does not change or diminish the truth itself, or lessen the assurance of its ultimate victory, since to go from, or flee from, the Egoistic presence is an impossibility. We wander here and there, but to seek to transcend ourselves is vain. There must, sooner or later, be the *resipiscentia*, the coming home at last to Self, and Self only, as to the better home at last.

In this view there is no *Logos*—save that indisputable one, which maketh all things to every one of us—no "true Light" save that effulgent one which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world," namely, his own creative and illuminating Egoity—*sans* which there is but nothingness. Such a Gospel as this should be termed the Evangel of common-sense were it not that that phrase shows only one side of the question—"*Virginibus, puerisque est*" but it is also the very acme of the exalted intelligence, "the last and sharpest height" of human thought where the atmosphere is all too rare for mortal breath.

The highest and the lowliest* are ever thus akin—"Aryan worship secreted in the Holy of Holies the utensils of the dairy." Grasp but the centre truth of truths—that the Ego and its products are *one*, that every one of us spins, from his own consciousness, the web of thing and circumstance, which envelopes him—and you see at once and as it were instinctively, that in this Universe-circle of Egoity there is no "otherness" even thinkable, no lower and no higher, no difference, nothing essentially common or unclean, everything being, not so much cleansed of God, as very THEOBROMA,† God's food and nutrient element, seeing that in it, and by it, and through it, we and all things CONSUBSTANTIALLY EXIST.

Thus *veræ causæ* and other figments are not so much unsearchable, or past finding out, as out of court or indifferent. Whether all be of God, or all be from a "clam-shell," does not matter—does not, by one jot, affect our Thesis. Indifferently we are by origin, patricians or "gutter-snipes." The Ego is free of the Cosmos—equal to either fortune, high or low, makes *its own* universe, calls it by its own name, and it "lives and moves and has its being."

G. M. McC.

GERALD MASSEY ON SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Massey has sent us a circular, the contents of which should be of interest to the lovers of Shakspeare and the buyers of rare books. The writer says:

"My work on the Secret Drama of Shakspeare's Sonnets, with Sketches of his Private Friends, and of his own Life and Character, first published in the year 1866, the Second Edition of which was issued, with a Supplement, for Subscribers in 1872, has now been out of print many years. It is frequently enquired for, and very rarely to be found in the catalogues of second-hand booksellers. Therefore I am about to reproduce the work. It will have to be re-cast and re-written where

* Then why not term the philosophy "*High-Low*-Idealism" *vice* "Hylo-Idealism"?—Ed.

† "Theobroma"—the same as *cacao-butter*. We take exception *to the phraseology*, not to Dr. Lewins' ideas.—Ed.

necessary, as the writing can now be more definitely done. Errors must be confessed and corrected. The new volume will be on lines similar to those of the earlier work, accentuated in many of the details, but modified in others. There will be something new and more decisive to say concerning both sets of the Sonnets, which I call the Southampton and Herbert series; and not without reason or warrant will the Comparative method be pushed much farther than before. The work will be written up to date in the light of the latest knowledge. The most recent data, the latest results of Shakspearian Siftings, will be utilised; and something will have to be said concerning the current Baconian Craze, which was no doubt foreseen by the Great Humourist when he wrote, '*A most fine figure! To prove you a Cypher.*' It is my aim to fight one last battle on this field for what I maintain to be the cause of truth and right; to entrust a final answer on the Sonnet question to the types of John Guttenberg, and leave in his safe keeping a plea that shall be heard hereafter, as a permanent memorial to the writer's love and admiration for Shakspeare the Poet and Man. After twenty years the ground is felt to be firmer underfoot. The building will have a more concrete base. I am enabled to give a closer clinch to my conclusions, and, as I think, complete my case. Necessarily the book must be large, 700 or 800 pp. The price will be One Guinea."

CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING TO ASTROLOGERS.

ASTROLOGICAL NOTES—No. 3.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

QUESTION, at London, 11.45 a.m., Feb. 26th, 1887.

Will the quesited die from his present illness?

Hearing by letter that my uncle, an octogenarian, was seriously ill from pneumonia, I drew a figure for the moment of the impression to do so, which occurred while reading the communication. His illness had commenced about February 7th, and he was now confined to his bed.

The following are the elements of the figure:—

Cusp of 10th house 0° ♓.
— 11th house 3° ♈.
— 12th house 20° ♉.
— 1st house 4° 38′ ♋.
— 2nd house 20° ♋.
— 3rd house 8° ♌.

Planets' places: ♆ 25° 10′ ♉; ♅ 11° 46 R ♎; ♄ 15° 54′ R ♋. ♃ 5° 48′ R ♏; ♂ 20° 31′ 31″ ♓; ☉ 7° 35′ 50″ ♓. ♀ 27° 53′ 14″ ♓; ☿ 23° 18′ 58″ ♓; ☽ 16° 22′ 36″ ♈. Caput Draconis 27° 35′ ♊; ⊕ 13 24′ ♌.

As the quesited was the 4th of my mother's brothers and sisters, my mother being the 8th and last, I took the 10th house of the figure for herself, the 12th (or 3rd from the 10th) for her eldest brother or sister, the 2nd for the 2nd, the 4th for the 3rd, the 6th for the 4th—the quesited—and the 1st (the 8th from the 6th) for his 8th, or house of death. ♂ was lord of his first house, and ☽ of his 8th. The aspect was ☽ 25° 51′ 5″ ♂, separating from the quindecile, and applying to the semisextile. As the significators were in good aspects, separating from one and applying to the other, and within orbs of both, it signified sure recovery; more especially as ♂ received ☽ by house, and was dignified by triplicity. Nevertheless, the severity of the illness was shown by *Cauda Draconis* in quesited's 4th house; by ♄, lord of quesited's 4th, posited in quesited's 8th, retrograde, in his detriment, and in close □ to ☽, lady of quesited's 8th and posited in his 6th. Furthermore, as ☽, the applying planet of the two significators, was in a cardinal sign and in a succeedent house of the figure, each degree signified a week; therefore as ☽ wanted 4° 8′ 55″ of the perfect semisextile aspect, I judged that he would be convalescent in 4 weeks and 1 day, or March 27th. *On March 29th he walked out in his garden for the first time*, and fully recovered from his attack.

NEMO.

ERRATUM.—Page 76, 2nd column, line 2, *for* ♍ *read* ♏.

LUCIFER

VOL. I. LONDON, FEBRUARY 15TH, 1888. No. 6.

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

"*Truth* is the Voice of Nature and of Time—
Truth is the startling monitor *within us*—
Nought is without it, it comes from the stars,
The golden sun, and every breeze that blows. . . . "

—W. THOMPSON BACON.

". . . . Fair Truth's immortal sun
Is sometimes hid in clouds; not that her light
Is in itself defective, but obscured
By my weak prejudice, imperfect faith
And all the thousand causes which obstruct
The growth of goodness. . . . "

—HANNAH MORE.

"WHAT is Truth?" asked Pilate of one who, if the claims of the Christian Church are even approximately correct, must have known it. But He kept silent. And the truth which He did not divulge, remained unrevealed, for his later followers as much as for the Roman Governor. The silence of Jesus, however, on this and other occasions, does not prevent his present followers from acting as though they had received the ultimate and absolute Truth itself; and from ignoring the fact that only such Words of Wisdom had been given to them as contained a share of the truth, itself concealed in parables and dark, though beautiful, sayings.*

This policy led gradually to dogmatism and assertion. Dogmatism in churches, dogmatism in science, dogmatism everywhere. The possible truths, hazily perceived in the world of abstraction, like those inferred from observation and experiment in the world of matter, are forced upon the profane multitudes, too busy to think for themselves, under the form of *Divine revelation* and *Scientific authority*. But the same question stands open from the days of Socrates and Pilate down

* Jesus says to the "Twelve"—"Unto you is given the mystery of the Kingdom of God; but *unto them that are without, all things are done in parables*," etc. (Mark iv. 11.)

to our own age of wholesale negation: is there such a thing as *absolute truth* in the hands of any one party or man? Reason answers, "there cannot be." There is no room for absolute truth upon any subject whatsoever, in a world as finite and conditioned as man is himself. But there are relative truths, and we have to make the best we can of them.

In every age there have been Sages who had mastered the absolute and yet could teach but relative truths. For none yet, born of mortal woman in *our* race, has, or could have given out, the whole and the final truth to another man, for every one of us has to find that (to him) final knowledge *in* himself. As no two minds can be absolutely alike, each has to receive the supreme illumination *through* itself, according to its capacity, and from no *human* light. The greatest adept living can reveal of the Universal Truth only so much as the mind he is impressing it upon can assimilate, and no more. *Tot homines, quot sententiæ*—is an immortal truism. The sun is one, but its beams are numberless; and the effects produced are beneficent or maleficent, according to the nature and constitution of the objects they shine upon. Polarity is universal, but the polariser lies in our own consciousness. In proportion as our consciousness is elevated towards absolute truth, so do we men assimilate it more or less absolutely. But man's consciousness again, is only the sunflower of the earth. Longing for the warm ray, the plant can only turn to the sun, and move round and round in following the course of the unreachable luminary: its roots keep it fast to the soil, and half its life is passed in the shadow. . . .

Still each of us can relatively reach the Sun of Truth even on this earth, and assimilate its warmest and most direct rays, however differentiated they may become after their long journey through the physical particles in space. To achieve this, there are two methods. On the physical plane we may use our mental polariscope; and, analyzing the properties of each ray, choose the purest. On the plane of spirituality, to reach the Sun of Truth we must work in dead earnest for the development of our higher nature. We know that by paralyzing gradually within ourselves the appetites of the lower personality, and thereby deadening the voice of the purely physiological mind—that mind which depends upon, and is inseparable from, its medium or *vehicle*, the organic brain—the animal man in us may make room for the spiritual; and once aroused from its latent state, the highest spiritual senses and perceptions grow in us in proportion, and develop *pari passu* with the "divine man." This is what the great adepts, the Yogis in the East and the Mystics in the West, have always done and are still doing.

But we also know, that with a few exceptions, no man of the world, no materialist, will ever believe in the existence of such adepts, or even in the possibility of such a spiritual or psychic development. "The (ancient) fool hath said in his heart, There is no God"; the modern says, "There are no adepts on earth, they are figments of your diseased

fancy." Knowing this we hasten to reassure our readers of the Thomas Didymus type. We beg them to turn in this magazine to reading more congenial to them; say to the miscellaneous papers on Hylo-Idealism, by various writers.*

For LUCIFER tries to satisfy its readers of whatever "school of thought," and shows itself equally impartial to Theist and Atheist, Mystic and Agnostic, Christian and Gentile. Such articles as our editorials, the Comments on "Light on the Path," etc., etc.—are not intended for Materialists. They are addressed to Theosophists, or readers who know in their hearts that Masters of Wisdom *do* exist: and, though *absolute* truth is not on earth and has to be searched for in higher regions, that there still are, even on this silly, ever-whirling little globe of ours, some things that are not even dreamt of in Western philosophy.

To return to our subject. It thus follows that, though "general *abstract* truth is the most precious of all blessings" for many of us, as it was for Rousseau, we have, meanwhile, to be satisfied with relative truths. In sober fact, we are a poor set of mortals at best, ever in dread before the face of even a relative truth, lest it should devour ourselves and our petty little preconceptions along with us. As for an absolute truth, most of us are as incapable of seeing it as of reaching the moon on a bicycle. Firstly, because absolute truth is as immovable as the mountain of Mahomet, which refused to disturb itself for the prophet, so that he had to go to it himself. And we have to follow his example if we would approach it even at a distance. Secondly, because the kingdom of absolute truth is not of this world, while we are too much of it. And thirdly, because notwithstanding that in the poet's fancy man is

> ". . . . . the abstract
> Of all perfection, which the workmanship
> Of heaven hath modelled. . . . . ."

in reality he is a sorry bundle of anomalies and paradoxes, an empty wind bag inflated with his own importance, with contradictory and easily influenced opinions. He is at once an arrogant and a weak creature, which, though in constant dread of some authority, terrestrial or celestial, will yet—

> ". . . . . like an angry ape,
> Play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
> As make the angels weep."

Now, since truth is a multifaced jewel, the facets of which it is impossible to perceive all at once; and since, again, no two men, however

* *e.g.*, to the little article "Autocentricism"—on the same "philosophy," or again, to the apex of the Hylo-Idealist pyramid in this Number. It is a letter of protest by the learned Founder of the School in question, against a *mistake* of ours. He complains of our "coupling" his name with those of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and others, on the question of atheism and materialism, as the said lights in the psychological and physical sciences are considered by Dr. Lewins too flickering, too "compromising" and weak, to deserve the honourable appellation of Atheists or even Agnostics. See "Correspondence" in Double Column, and the reply by "The Adversary."

anxious to discern truth, can see even one of those facets alike, what can be done to help them to perceive it? As physical man, limited and trammelled from every side by illusions, cannot reach truth by the light of his terrestrial perceptions, we say—develop in you the *inner* know ledge. From the time when the Delphic oracle said to the enquirer "Man, know thyself," no greater or more important truth was ever taught. Without such perception, man will remain ever blind to even many a relative, let alone absolute, truth. Man has to *know himself*, *i.e.*, acquire the *inner* perceptions which never deceive, before he can master any absolute truth. Absolute truth is *the symbol of Eternity*, and no *finite* mind can ever grasp the eternal, hence, no truth in its fulness can ever dawn upon it. To reach the state during which man sees and senses it, we have to paralyze the senses of the external man of clay. This is a difficult task, we may be told, and most people will, at this rate, prefer to remain satisfied with relative truths, no doubt. But to approach even terrestrial truths requires, first of all, *love of truth for its own sake*, for otherwise no recognition of it will follow. And who loves truth in this age for its own sake? How many of us are prepared to search for, accept, and carry it out, in the midst of a society in which anything that would achieve success *has to be built on appearances, not on reality, on self-assertion, not on intrinsic value?* We are fully aware of the difficulties in the way of receiving truth. The fair heavenly maiden descends only on a (to her) congenial soil—the soil of an impartial, unprejudiced mind, illuminated by pure Spiritual Consciousness; and both are truly rare dwellers in civilized lands. In our century of steam and electricity, when man lives at a maddening speed that leaves him barely time for reflection, he allows himself usually to be drifted down from cradle to grave, nailed to the Procrustean bed of custom and conventionality. Now conventionality—pure and simple—is a congenital LIE, as it is in every case a "*simulation* of feelings according to a received standard" (F. W. Robertson's definition); and where there is any simulation *there cannot be any truth.* How profound the remark made by Byron, that "truth is a gem that is found at a great depth; whilst on the surface of this world all things are weighed *by the false scales of custom*," is best known to those who are forced to live in the stifling atmosphere of such social conventionalism, and who, even when willing and anxious to learn, dare not accept the truths they long for, for fear of the ferocious Moloch called Society.

Look around you, reader; study the accounts given by world-known travellers, recall the joint observations of literary thinkers, the data of science and of statistics. Draw the picture of modern society, of modern politics, of modern religion and modern life in general before your mind's eye. Remember the ways and customs of every cultured race and nation under the sun. Observe the doings and the moral attitude of people in the civilized centres of Europe, America, and even

of the far East and the colonies, everywhere where the white man has carried the "benefits" of so-called civilization. And now, having passed in review all this, pause and reflect, and then name, *if you can*, that blessed *Eldorado*, that exceptional spot on the globe, *where* TRUTH *is the honoured guest, and* LIE *and* SHAM *the ostracised outcasts?* YOU CANNOT. Nor can any one else, unless he is prepared and determined to add his mite to the mass of falsehood that reigns supreme in every department of national and social life. "Truth!" cried Carlyle, "truth, though the heavens crush me for following her, no falsehood, though a whole celestial Lubberland were the prize of Apostasy." Noble words, these. But how many think, and how many will *dare* to speak as Carlyle did, in our nineteenth century day? Does not the gigantic appalling majority prefer to a man the "paradise of Do-nothings," the *pays de Cocagne* of heartless selfishness? It is this majority that recoils terror-stricken before the most shadowy outline of every new and unpopular truth, out of mere cowardly fear, lest Mrs. Harris should denounce, and Mrs. Grundy condemn, its converts to the torture of being rent piecemeal by her murderous tongue.

SELFISHNESS, the first-born of Ignorance, and the fruit of the teaching which asserts that for every newly-born infant a new soul, *separate and distinct* from the Universal Soul, is "created"—this Selfishness is the impassable wall between the *personal* Self and Truth. It is the prolific mother of all human vices, *Lie* being born out of the necessity for dissembling, and *Hypocrisy* out of the desire to mask *Lie*. It is the fungus growing and strengthening with age in every human heart in which it has devoured all better feelings. Selfishness kills every noble impulse in our natures, and is the one deity, fearing no faithlessness or desertion from its votaries. Hence, we see it reign supreme in the world and in so-called fashionable society. As a result, we live, and move, and have our being in this god of darkness under his trinitarian aspect of Sham, Humbug, and Falsehood, called RESPECTABILITY.

Is this Truth and Fact, or is it slander? Turn whichever way you will, and you find, from the top of the social ladder to the bottom, deceit and hypocrisy at work for dear Self's sake, in every nation as in every individual. But nations, by tacit agreement, have decided that selfish motives in politics shall be called "noble national aspiration, patriotism," etc.; and the citizen views it in his family circle as "domestic virtue." Nevertheless, Selfishness, whether it breeds desire for aggrandizement of territory, or competition in commerce at the expense of one's neighbour, can never be regarded as a virtue. We see smooth-tongued DECEIT and BRUTE FORCE—the *Jachin* and *Boaz* of every International Temple of Solomon—called Diplomacy, and we call it by its right name. Because the diplomat bows low before these two pillars of national glory and politics, and puts their masonic symbolism "in (cunning) strength shall this my house be established" into daily practice; *i.e.*, gets by deceit

what he cannot obtain by force—shall we applaud him? A diplomat's qualification—"dexterity or skill in securing advantages"—for one's own country at the expense of other countries, can hardly be achieved by speaking *truth*, but verily by a wily and deceitful tongue; and, therefore, LUCIFER calls such action—a *living*, and an evident LIE.

But it is not in politics alone that custom and selfishness have agreed to call deceit and lie virtue, and to reward him who lies best with public statues. Every class of Society lives on LIE, and would fall to pieces without it. Cultured, God-and-law-fearing aristocracy being as fond of the forbidden fruit as any plebeian, is forced to lie from morn to noon in order to cover what it is pleased to term its "little peccadillos," but which TRUTH regards as gross immorality. Society of the middle classes is honeycombed with false smiles, false talk, and mutual treachery. For the majority religion has become a thin tinsel veil thrown over the corpse of spiritual faith. The master goes to church to deceive his servants; the starving curate—preaching what he has ceased to believe in—hood-winks his bishop; the bishop—his God. *Dailies*, political and social, might adopt with advantage for their motto Georges Dandin's immortal query—"Lequel de nous deux trompe-t-on ici?"—Even Science, once the anchor of the salvation of Truth, has ceased to be the temple of *naked* Fact. Almost to a man the Scientists strive now only to force upon their colleagues and the public the acceptance of some personal hobby, of some new-fangled theory, which will shed lustre on their name and fame. A Scientist is as ready to suppress damaging evidence against a current scientific hypothesis in our times, as a missionary in heathen-land, or a preacher at home, to persuade his congregation that modern geology is a lie, and evolution but vanity and vexation of spirit.

Such is the actual state of things in 1888 A.D., and yet we are taken to task by certain papers for seeing this year in more than gloomy colours!

Lie has spread to such extent—supported as it is by custom and conventionalities—that even chronology forces people to lie. The suffixes A.D. and B.C. used after the dates of the year by Jew and Heathen, in European and even Asiatic lands, by the Materialist and the Agnostic as much as by the Christian, at home, are—a *lie* used to sanction another LIE.

Where then is even relative truth to be found? If, so far back as the century of Democritus, she appeared to him under the form of a goddess lying at the very bottom of a well, so deep that it gave but little hope for her release; under the present circumstances we have a certain right to believe her hidden, at least, as far off as the ever invisible *dark* side of the moon. This is why, perhaps, all the votaries of hidden truths are forthwith set down as lunatics. However it may be, in no case and under no threat shall LUCIFER be ever forced into pandering

to any universally and tacitly recognised, and as universally practised lie, but will hold to fact, pure and simple, trying to proclaim truth whensoever found, and under no cowardly mask. Bigotry and intolerance may be regarded as orthodox and sound policy, and the encouraging of social prejudices and personal hobbies at the cost of truth, as a wise course to pursue in order to secure success for a publication. Let it be so. The Editors of LUCIFER are Theosophists, and their motto is chosen: *Vera pro gratiis.*

They are quite aware that LUCIFER'S libations and sacrifices to the goddess Truth do not send a sweet savoury smoke into the noses of the lords of the press, nor does the bright "Son of the Morning" smell sweet in their nostrils. He is ignored when not abused as—*veritas odium paret.* Even his friends are beginning to find fault with him. They cannot see *why it should not be a purely Theosophical magazine*, in other words, why it refuses to be dogmatic and bigoted. Instead of devoting every inch of space to theosophical and occult teachings, it opens its pages "to the publication of the most grotesquely heterogeneous elements and conflicting doctrines." This is the chief accusation, to which we answer—why not? Theosophy is divine knowledge, and knowledge is truth; every *true* fact, every sincere word are thus part and parcel of Theosophy. One who is skilled in divine alchemy, or even approximately blessed with the gift of the perception of truth, will find and extract it from an erroneous as much as from a correct statement. However small the particle of gold lost in a ton of rubbish, it is the noble metal still, and worthy of being dug out even at the price of some extra trouble. As has been said, it is often as useful to know what a thing *is not*, as to learn what it *is*. The average reader can hardly hope to find any fact in a sectarian publication under all its aspects, *pro* and *con*, for either one way or the other its presentation is sure to be biassed, and the scales helped to incline to that side to which its editor's special policy is directed. A Theosophical magazine is thus, perhaps, the only publication where one may hope to find, at any rate, the unbiassed, if still only approximate truth and fact. Naked truth is reflected in LUCIFER under its many aspects, for no philosophical or religious views are excluded from its pages. And, as every philosophy and religion, however incomplete, unsatisfactory, and even foolish some may be occasionally, must be based on a truth and fact of some kind, the reader has thus the opportunity of comparing, analysing, and choosing from the several philosophies discussed therein. LUCIFER offers as many facets of the One universal jewel as its limited space will permit, and says to its readers: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve: whether the gods that were on the other side of the flood which submerged man's reasoning powers and divine knowledge, or the gods of the Amorites of *custom* and *social falsehood*, or again, the Lord of (the highest) Self—the bright destroyer of the dark power of

illusion?" Surely it is that philosophy that tends to diminish, instead of adding to, the sum of human misery, which is the best.

At all events, the choice is there, and for this purpose only have we opened our pages to every kind of contributors. Therefore do you find in them the views of a Christian clergyman who believes in his God and Christ, but rejects the wicked interpretations and the enforced dogmas of his ambitious proud Church, along with the doctrines of the Hylo-Idealist, who denies God, soul, and immortality, and believes in nought save himself. The rankest Materialists will find hospitality in our journal; aye, even those who have not scrupled to fill pages of it with sneers and personal remarks upon ourselves, and abuse of the doctrines of Theosophy, so dear to us. When a journal of *free thought*, conducted by an Atheist, inserts an article by a Mystic or Theosophist in praise of his occult views and the mystery of Parabrahmam, and passes on it only a few casual remarks, then shall we say LUCIFER has found a rival. When a Christian periodical or missionary organ accepts an article from the pen of a free-thinker deriding belief in Adam and his rib, and passes criticism on Christianity—its editor's faith—in meek silence, then it will have become worthy of LUCIFER, and may be said truly to have reached that degree of tolerance when it may be placed on a level with any Theosophical publication.

But so long as none of these organs do something of the kind, they are all sectarian, bigoted, intolerant, and can never have an idea of truth and justice. They may throw innuendoes against LUCIFER and its editors, they cannot affect either. In fact, the editors of that magazine feel proud of such criticism and accusations, as they are witnesses to the absolute absence of bigotry, or arrogance of any kind in theosophy, the result of the divine beauty of the doctrines it preaches. For, as said, Theosophy allows a hearing and a fair chance to all. It deems no views—if sincere—entirely destitute of truth. It respects thinking men, to whatever class of thought they may belong. Ever ready to oppose ideas and views which can only create confusion without benefiting philosophy, it leaves their expounders personally to believe in whatever they please, and does justice to their ideas when they are good. Indeed, the conclusions or deductions of a philosophic writer may be entirely opposed to our views and the teachings we expound; yet, his premises and statements of facts may be quite correct, and other people may profit by the adverse philosophy, even if we ourselves reject it, believing we have something higher and still nearer to the truth. In any case, our profession of faith is now made plain, and all that is said in the foregoing pages both justifies and explains our editorial policy.

To sum up the idea, with regard to absolute and relative truth, we can only repeat what we said before. *Outside a certain highly spiritual and elevated state of mind, during which Man is at one with the* UNIVERSAL MIND—*he can get nought on earth but relative truth*,

or truths, from whatsoever philosophy or religion. Were even the goddess who dwells at the bottom of the well to issue from her place of confinement, she could give man no more than he can assimilate. Meanwhile, every one can sit near that well—the name of which is KNOWLEDGE—and gaze into its depths in the hope of seeing Truth's fair image reflected, at least, on the dark waters. This, however, as remarked by Richter, presents a certain danger. Some truth, to be sure, may be occasionally reflected as in a mirror on the spot we gaze upon, and thus reward the patient student. But, adds the German thinker, "I have heard that some philosophers in seeking for Truth, to pay homage to her, have seen their own image in the water and adored it instead." . . . . .

It is to avoid such a calamity—one that has befallen every founder of a religious or philosophical school—that the editors are studiously careful not to offer the reader only those truths which they find reflected in their own personal brains. They offer the public a wide choice, and refuse to show bigotry and intolerance, which are the chief landmarks on the path of Sectarianism. But, while leaving the widest margin possible for comparison, our opponents cannot hope to find *their faces* reflected on the clear waters of our LUCIFER, without remarks or just criticism upon the most prominent features thereof, if in contrast with theosophical views.

This, however, only within the cover of the public magazine, and so far as regards the merely intellectual aspect of philosophical truths. Concerning the deeper spiritual, and one may almost say religious, beliefs, no true Theosophist ought to degrade these by subjecting them to public discussion, but ought rather to treasure and hide them deep within the sanctuary of his innermost soul. Such beliefs and doctrines should never be rashly given out, as they risk unavoidable profanation by the rough handling of the indifferent and the critical. Nor ought they to be embodied in any publication except as hypotheses offered to the consideration of the thinking portion of the public. Theosophical truths, when they transcend a certain limit of speculation, had better remain concealed from public view, for the "evidence of things not seen" is no evidence save to him who sees, hears, and senses it. It is not to be dragged outside the "Holy of Holies," the temple of the impersonal divine *Ego*, or the indwelling SELF. For, while every fact outside *its* perception can, as we have shown, be, at best, only a relative truth, a ray from the absolute truth can reflect itself only in the pure mirror of its own flame—our highest SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS. And how can the darkness (of illusion) comprehend the LIGHT that shineth in it?

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

(Judges xi., 6—xi., 39.)

IN the early days of Israel's history, whilst Israel was struggling to be a nation and a kingdom, there was a people called the Ammonites, who were making war upon the Israelites.

And we are told that the Israelites, in great distress and fear, went out of their country, into the land of Tob, to find a man named Jephthah, who was a man of mighty valour, in order to persuade him to return with them, and be the captain and leader of their army, to fight against, and save them from the Ammonites.

Now this man Jephthah was himself an Israelite by birth, but because his mother had not been legally married to his father, Gilead, the sons of Gilead's lawful wife conspired together to drive him from his hearth, home, and country, as a disgrace to the family and to Israel; but the true reason was that they were envious and jealous of him, in like manner as the brethren of Joseph who had previously conspired against him.

For Jephthah himself was wholly innocent of having done anything to disgrace either the family or the nation. And therefore, in common justice, he ought not to have been made to suffer merely for the form and manner of his birth; over which neither Jephthah nor any of us have any control, either as to the time, when, or the manner, in which we should be born. But although Jephthah was despised and cast out as a dog, in the days of Israel's prosperity, yet in the day of Israel's adversity and weakness, Israel no longer allowed any mean and petty distinctions to prevent her from recognising the noble character of Jephthah, and she entreated him to forget past ill-usage, and return to be her captain and leader to save her from the Ammonites.

And as this proposal of Israel afforded Jephthah the long wished-for opportunity of returning to his country, and of establishing an hononrable reputation, *therefore* he was not only ready to forget and forgive the insults and injuries which he had received in the past from his brethren, but he was also ready to return with them, and share their troubles and dangers, even to sacrificing his life, if need be, in order to save their lives and property.

Jephthah was the more willing to return and make this sacrifice because he had a daughter, an only daughter and child; and she was all the world to him, as he was to her; "for beside her he had neither son nor daughter," and she had patiently and willingly suffered with him, and borne all his sorrows as her own.

But imagine the horror of Jephthah, after having saved the lives and

property of his brethren and countrymen by risking his own life, at being then required, by these very brethren and countrymen, to shed the blood of his only child! Immediately after the war was over, Jephthah was required to sacrifice his daughter as a burnt offering to the Lord of Battles, for having assisted Israel to overcome the Ammonites; and so great was the love of this heroine for her father, and for everything that concerned his honour and glory, that she willingly consented to be sacrificed as a burnt offering.

Can anything be conceived more heartrending and terrible than that Jephthah should thus be required by these very brethren and countrymen whom he had saved, to shed the blood of his only child as a sacrifice, in acknowledgment that he owed his victory to miraculous assistance and favour, and not to his own skill and valour?

What to him was the deliverance either of Israel or of his brethren (who had cared naught for him), if they now required him to sacrifice the only being in the world that he loved, and that loved him, and who was therefore all the world to him?

It is true that Jephthah had made a foolish and rash vow, in the mad excitement of the moment before going into battle, that if he came out of the battle victorious, he would sacrifice, as a burnt offering to the Lord, the first thing that came to meet him from his house as he returned from the battle; but when the first person that met Jephthah was his only daughter, *what could that Deity be, which accepted as a sacrifice the blood of this child?* What could the religion of Jephthah's brethren and countrymen be, that allowed and required him to commit such an evil deed?

For if Jephthah had saved his brethren and countrymen from their enemies, could they not now save Jephthah from shedding the blood of his daughter as a sacrifice, in the name of religion, *when* the very deed itself proclaimed the religion, and their conception both of religion and of the Deity, to be evil? And if his brethren and countrymen would not save his daughter, but even required him to fulfil his vow, could not Jephthah save himself and his child by refusing to commit this evil deed? But if, in order to save his own blood from being shed as a blasphemer for an atonement, Jephthah had to flee from the country as an outcast and a criminal, whither could he flee to, that would make life worth keeping? For surely the world would be no desirable place for an honest man to live in, if he had to live at enmity with men both at home and abroad, because he had made a rash and foolish vow, which no Deity worthy of being worshipped could or would require him to perform?

Because under such a sanguinary conception of religion, and of the Deity, there was no remission, or redemption either, with, or without, the shedding of blood. If Jephthah refused to shed the blood of his daughter, then both his own and his daughter's would be shed by his

brethren and countrymen, whilst if Jephthah shed the blood of his daughter, as a sacrifice to save his own, what remission or redemption was there in this? None!

And he cried for a deliverer to save him and his daughter, from this great trouble. For he had staked his life and his all upon obtaining a position and reputation for himself and his daughter at home in Israel; and now, to give up hope of this for ever, and to shed the blood of his daughter, or again flee as an outcast—what was it but a living death to Jephthah, either way, whether he remained and sacrificed his daughter, or fled to save her?

But who, in this agonising moment of Jephthah's trouble, could raise his voice to demand, in the name of religion, this diabolical sacrifice of his innocent child?

Yes; diabolical. For what spirit, or voice, but that of a devil or fiend could *counsel* men to shed the blood of this pure and noble girl? And where could the devil or fiend be found who would *commit* the deed itself?

Jephthah is mockingly told that he is the fiend who must sacrifice his child, as Abraham is said to have offered Isaac. And Jephthah is told that he has no one to blame but himself, for having made the vow. But who heard the vow? or who accepted the vow? Who could he, or they be, who would require the fulfilling of it?*

Are they worthy of the name of brethren and countrymen who would persuade Jephthah *to assassinate* his daughter, in the name of religion, or even look on at such an assassination? Would it not be blasphemy to say that a good Deity required Jephthah to kill his innocent child? And would not a good Deity release Jephthah from his vow, and forbid him to sacrifice his daughter, in like manner as the Scriptures teach us Abraham was forbidden to sacrifice his son Isaac? And if it is said, it would have been faithless and sinful of Jephthah after returning from the battle victorious, to have refused the offering of his daughter as a sacrifice; yet surely to bind Jephthah to break the Sixth Commandment, and to shed innocent blood in the name of religion, would be making the Deity that required such a sacrifice to be evil, and His worshippers to be the doers of evil; and thus Jephthah would be required to sell himself to the devil.

And how could men be other than the doers of evil, and the priests of

* Jehovah, of course, in his own national character of Baal, Moloch, Typhon, etc. The final and conclusive identification of the "Lord God" of Israel with Moloch, we find in the last chapter of *Leviticus*, concerning *things devoted not to be redeemed*. . . . "A man shall devote unto the Lord of all that he hath, *both of man* and beast. . . . None devoted, which shall be devoted of men, shall be redeemed, *but shall surely be put to death* . . . for it is *most holy unto the Lord.*" (See Leviticus xxvii., 28, 29, 30.)

"Notwithstanding the numerous proofs that the Israelites worshipped a variety of gods, and even offered human sacrifices until a far later period than their Pagan neighbours, they have contrived to blind posterity in regard to truth. They sacrificed human life as late as 169 B.C. (*Vide* "*Joseph. contra Apion*," II, 8—what Antiochus Epiphanius found in the Temple), and the *Bible* contains a number of such records. At a time when the Pagans had long abandoned the abominable practice, and had replaced the sacrificial man by the animal, and the ox of Dionysius was sacrificed at the Bacchic Mysteries ("Anthon," p. 365), Jephthah is represented sacrificing his own daughter to the Lord' for a burnt-offering." *Isis Unveiled*, vol. ii., pp. 524, 525.

evil, who would counsel Jephthah to commit this evil deed, and be ready to commit it themselves if he hesitated? How? Whether Jephthah received any miraculous assistance or not, in the war, yet he was in no wise bound to surrender his personality and to become an abject slave to the supposed power that helped him. For Jephthah's personal services were needed as an instrument to deliver and save the Israelites, or his services would not have been asked for. It was also possible that he might have given certain services, which even a miraculous power was unable to give—as we read in the Book of Judges that "Judah could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." (Judges i. 19.)*

And again, if all the glory of Jephthah's victory had to be ascribed to a miraculous power, then likewise all the shame would have to be ascribed to that power also, for having ordained that Jephthah's daughter should be the first person to meet him after the war, to pay *the price of victory* to Jephthah, with *death to his child*—for whom, alone, he coveted victory.

Victory on such terms was defeat and shame, not glory; for surely such views of religious worship must be the *d'evil* worship which the Psalmist speaks of (Psalm cvi., 37), and not the service or worship of a good God who would have mercy and *not* sacrifice, as Abraham learnt when he went out of the Philistine city into the wilderness, and communed with God alone on Mount Moriah.

But it was one thing for a single individual like Abraham, at the close of a long life, to acquire the knowledge "that God would have mercy and not sacrifice"; and quite another thing for a Town, a City, a Nation, or the World, to have acquired this knowledge in its infancy; as even Abraham only acquired this knowledge by going out of the city into the wilderness, and communing alone with God.

We can well understand how impossible it would have been for Abraham even to have attempted, on his return from the mountain, to teach the Philistines the faith or gospel (that God would have mercy and not sacrifice), from the very fact that when Jesus Christ came *into the world* to teach the faith or gospel, which Abraham had gone *out of the world* to learn, Jesus was condemned by Caiaphas to be crucified with malefactors, as a blasphemer. And to this very day this doctrine of the power of Caiaphas, the adversary of Jesus, continues to be taught as the doctrine of the Church, which it is necessary to believe in order to obtain the blessing of the Church here and of God hereafter.

Therefore it is manifestly evident that after Abraham had acquired the knowledge that God would have mercy and not sacrifice, yet he could not publish it, but could only lay it up in his heart as a secret

* It is said in the "Holy Book," that it was "the Lord (who) was with Judah," who "could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron," (Judges i. 19), and not "Judah" at all. This is but natural, according to popular belief and superstition that "the Devil is afraid of iron." The strong connection and even identity between Jehovah and the Devil is ably insisted upon by the Rev. Haweis. See his "Key" (p. 22).—ED.

treasure, to be disclosed in the distant future, which in the vision of his mind he saw. Meanwhile he prayed that the Lord would raise up messengers and stewards to prepare the world to receive this faith or gospel, because of its being too Herculean a task for any one person to alter suddenly the religion of a people.

For whilst priests continued to teach, and the people to believe that sacrifices of human beings were acceptable to God, how was the man who dared (suddenly and without the cloak of a parable) to reveal and publish the contrary, to escape being himself slain as a blasphemer, whose blood it would be doing God service to shed for an atonement? And until the world was sufficiently educated to declare the generation of him who should be unjustly slain (Isaiah liii.), it could only be like throwing pearls to swine for such an one to attempt the task.

Then from whence, and from whom could Jephthah, who had saved others, now look for the salvation of his daughter, or of himself, if he refused to sacrifice that daughter?

And, in the anguish of his soul, Jephthah rent his clothes, and bemoaned his trouble, whilst his daughter fled to the mountains to pour out the sorrow of her soul, during the few short days she had yet to live.

It is true that, in order to save her father from the cruel pain of assassinating his devoted child, the noble girl may have voluntarily leapt into the sulphurous flames on the burning altar; just as the noble Roman soldier Curtius on his horse leapt down into the dark and awful volcanic gulf as a sacrifice to save his countrymen.

But the more heroic and divine these persons were, the more demoniacal and diabolical must be the religion of those persons who required them thus to suffer.*

It is true that the priests of such a religion may have believed in it themselves, and may have been ready to sacrifice their own sons and daughters in like manner; but that in no wise lessens the crime, but on the contrary it intensifies it a hundred fold. How were the people to be saved from a religion, of which the priests themselves needed to be saved, whilst the priests had the sole education of the people from infancy upwards, as well as the Chief power in the State to make and unmake its laws, even to making and unmaking its kings?

Whilst the priests and rulers of the church taught such a cruel religion,† would not the people and priests need a Mediator to deliver and save them from practising it?

If He who mediated to deliver and save us was Himself condemned to be slain, and crucified with thieves as a blasphemer whose blood ought to be shed for an Atonement, what hope of salvation can there be for the world from such a Religion, until the people not only uplift the

* And yet it is this "demoniacal and diabolical religion" that passed part and parcel into Protestantism.—ED.

† So "the people and priests" do now. And as the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once said in a sermon, "could Jesus come back and behave in the streets of Christian cities as he did in those of Jerusalem, he would be declared an impostor and then confined in prison."—ED.

Crucified Jesus as having been no blasphemer, but also expose the doctrine to be evil and false which is quoted as an authority for requiring the blood of "the Just one" to be shed for an Atonement? And if it is said that we have no longer women brought like Jephthah's daughter to be assassinated and burnt as a sacrifice, or noble men condemned to be burnt as heretics, yet we have to the present day noble men and women condemned by the Church as evil (to be accursed here and damned hereafter), simply and solely because they refuse to believe this evil doctrine of Atonement, which is oftentimes such a burden to their soul (either to accept or reject) that they are driven to the very verge of madness.

It is no uncommon thing to hear priests revile even our Queen as being no true Christian, simply because they suppose she does not believe in this evil doctrine of atonement, which is the doctrine of Caiaphas, the enemy of Christ, and not Christ's doctrine, teaching, or gospel.

Should not such scriptural stories as these of the assassination of Jephthah's noble daughter, of the crucifixion of Jesus, and the spilling of the blood of a whole host of martyrs, awaken men who have slumbered to rise, to hear, to see, to speak, and run to save the world from having to believe in this sanguinary doctrine, which is a stumbling-block to the Jews, foolishness to the world, and a mystery even to the teachers of it. This doctrine of Atonement can not be reconciled as either good or true; and therefore it is the cause of all progress being prevented so far as the world is dependent on the Church for progress.

Yet the man who doubts or denies the goodness of this doctrine is branded by the Church, to the present day, as a Sceptic and Atheist, whom all sound Churchmen should avoid. And for sixteen centuries the Church used its sovereign power to condemn those who rejected its doctrine of Atonement as criminals, whom it would be doing God service to burn as heretics; and the Church is only prevented from doing so now *because* (to its great regret) it has no longer the power which it formerly had in the days of "the Inquisition." The doctrine remains the same still, and therefore the people owe it, as a duty to the long roll of martyrs, to expose it. For it has been the cause of much evil, and even to this day it assassinates the souls of noble men and women, who incarcerate themselves in monasteries and nunneries in the vain attempt to attain a sound belief in it.

But when the Church is willing to allow (what it has refused to the present day) liberty in the pulpit for explaining the mystery and translating the truth of a "Crucified Christ," then it will be seen that the truth is not only a light to the Gentiles, but also the glory of Israel; and the truth shall make us free.* (John viii., 32.)

Manor House, Petersham, S.W. REV. T. G. HEADLEY.

* Only, as such *truth* and *freedom* amounts to the Church committing suicide and burying herself with her own hands, she will never allow such a thing. She will die her natural death the day when there will not exist a man, woman or child to believe any longer in her dogmas. And this beneficent result might be achieved within her own hierarchy, were there many such sincere, brave and honest clergymen who, like the writer of this article, fear not to speak the truth—whatever may come.—[ED.]

LUNIOLATRY.

A FRIEND has just informed me of the fact that when President Cleveland was making his recent tour through the States an old negro presented him with *the left hind foot of a grave-yard rabbit, which had been killed in the dark of the moon.* In making his present the negro said he had sent it because he desired the re-election of President Cleveland. "*Tell him to preserve it carefully, and that as long as he keeps it he will always get there.*"

The friend whom I speak of had just been reading a lecture of mine on "Luniolatry," in which the imagery and significance of the hare and rabbit in the moon were spoken of all too briefly, and he wishes to know if I can interpret the meaning of the negro's gift. I guess so. As previously explained the hare and the rabbit are both zootypes or living images of lunar phenomena. A rabbit pounding rice in a mortar is a Chinese sign of the moon. Swabian children are still forbidden to make the likeness of a rabbit or hare in shadow on the wall, as it would be a sin against the moon. The hare in the moon is a well-known Hindu type of Buddha. It is mythically represented that Buddha once took the form of a hare on purpose to offer himself as food for a poor famishing creature, and so the Buddha was translated in that shape to be eternized as the hare in the moon. That is one illustration of the way in which the book of external nature was filled full of mystic meanings, the essence of which escapes altogether in trying to read such things as historical, no matter whether they are related of Buddha, Horus, or Jesus. This hare or rabbit in the moon is a symbol or superstition with various races, Black, Brown, Red, Yellow, and White. When the meaning was understood it was a symbol; when the clue is lost it becomes a superstition of the ignorant; thus the ancient symbolism survives in a state of dotage with the negroes as well as with the "noble Caucasian."

The frog in the moon was another lunar type. In a Chinese myth—that is, a symbolic representation—the lunar frog has three legs, like the Persian ass in the Bundahish. In both cases the three legs stand for three phases of the moon reckoned at ten days each in a luni-solar month of thirty days. Now it happens that the rabbit's period of gestation is thirty days; and the early races included very curious observers amongst their naturalists, who had to think in things and express their thought in gesture-signs and *zootypes* before there were such things as printer's types. Hence the frog that dropped its tail, the serpent that sloughed its skin, the rabbit with its period of thirty days, were all symbols of the moon. Enough that the rabbit *was* a zootype of the moon, and the rabbit is equal to the hare. Hor-Apollo tells us that when the Egyptians would denote "an opening," they delineate a

hare, because this animal always has its eyes open (B. I. 26). This can be corroborated in several ways. The name of the hare in Egyptian is "Un," which means open, to open, the opener. It was applied to Osiris, "Un-Nefer," in his lunar character as the good opener, otherwise the splendid or glorious hare, because "Nefer" means the handsome, beautiful, perfect, or glorious. Also the city of Unnut was that of the hare, "Un," and this was the metropolis of the 15th Nome of Upper Egypt, which is another mode of identifying the open-eyed hare with the moon at the full, called the "Eye of Horus," and with the woman of the moon who brings her orb to the full on the 15th day of the month (Egyptian Ritual, ch. lxxx). The hare was also a symbol of the opening period at puberty, a sign therefore of being open, unprohibited, or "it is lawful" (Sharpe). Hence the Namaqua Hottentots would only permit the hare to be eaten by those who had attained the age of the adult male. The proverb, "*Somnus leporinus*," relates to the hare that sleeps with its eyes open; and in our old English pharmacopœia of the folk-lore or leech-craft, the brains and eyes of the hare are prescribed as a cure for somnolency, and a sovereign medicine for making or keeping people wide-awake. The rabbit equates with the hare, and has the same symbolical value. Now it is sometimes said that the hare-rabbit is of both sexes. So the moon was both male and female in accordance with the dual lunation. The new moon with the horns of the bull or the long ears of the ass, the rabbit, or hare was considered to be male. The dark lunation or hinder part was female. In the ancient symbolism the front or fore-part is masculine, the hinder-part or the tail is feminine. The two were head and tail in the earliest coinage as well as on the latest coins. In Egypt the South was front and is male; the North was the hinder-part and is female. Hence the old Typhon of the Northern part was denoted by the tail-piece, and it follows that Satan with the long tail is of feminine origin, and so the devil was female from the first. The same symbolism was applied to the moon. In the light half it was the male moon, in the dark half female. The new moon was the Lord of Light, the Increaser, the sign of new life, of saving and healing. The new moon was the messenger of immortality to men in the form of the hare or the rabbit. The waning moon represented the devil of darkness, the Typhonian power that said to men "even as I die and do not rise again so will it be with you." Offerings were made to the new moon. When the moon was at the full the Egyptians sacrificed a black pig to Osiris. This represented Typhon, his conquered enemy. But in the dark half of the lunation Typhon had the upper hand when he tore Osiris into fourteen parts during the fourteen nights of his supremacy. The lunar zootype then is male in front, and female in the hinder-part of the animal. In the hieroglyphics the khepsh-leg or hind-quarter is the

ideographic type of Typhon, the evil power personified. Further, the left side is female and Typhonian; the right is male. Ergo, *the left hind leg of the grave-yard animal that was killed in the dark of the moon*, stood for the hind (or last) quarter of the moon; literally the end of it. And if the negro laid hold of that rabbit's foot the right way, we can read the symbol that he probably did not understand, although he knew the rabbit's hind foot was a good fetish. It shows the survival of *intended* symbolism, which represents some sort of victory over the power of darkness analogous to taking the brush of the fox (another Typhonian animal) after it has been hunted to death. This was the last leg that the devil of darkness had to stand on, and so it was a trophy snatched from the Typhonian power to be worn in triumph as a token of good luck, of repetition or renewal, thence a second term.

It would be a sort of equivalent for taking the scalp of Satan, who could only be typified by the tail or hinder leg. The gift was tantamount to wishing "*A Happy New Moon to You!*" expressed in the language of symbolism, which was acted instead of being spoken. The negroes consider this particular talisman bequeathed by "*Brer Rabbit*" represents all the virtues and powers of renewal that are popularly attributed to the New Moon. But do not let me be misunderstood by those who know that in the Negro Märchen the rabbit is the good one of the typical two, and that the fox plays the Typhonian part. The rabbit or hare of the moon may be pourtrayed in two characters or in one of two. In both he is the hero, the Lord of Light and conqueror of the Power of Darkness, the rabbit, so to say, that rises again from the graveyard in or as the New Moon. The figure of the hind quarter and latter end of the dying moon is thus a type of the conquered Typhon, but the magical influence depends upon its being also a type of the conqueror, the rabbit of the resurrection or the New Moon. It is a curious coincidence that the luckiest of all Lucky Horse-Shoes in England is one that has been cast off the *left hind foot* of a Mare.

Lastly, this hind leg of the lunar rabbit is a fellow-type with the leg of pig that is still eaten in England on Easter Monday, which is a survival of the ancient sacrifice of the pig Typhon, in the solar or annual reckoning, as pourtrayed in the planisphere of Denderah, where we see the god Khunsu offering the pig by the leg in the disc of the full moon. It must have been a potent fetish long ages ago in Africa, and a medicine of great power according to the primitive mysteries of the dark land. It may be surmised that much of this fetishtic typology is still extant amongst the negroes in the United States, and it is to be hoped that the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, which has done, and is doing, such good work under the direction of Major J. W. Powell in collecting and preserving the relics of the Red Men, will extend the range of its researches to the black race in America, and not leave those matters to irresponsible story-tellers.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT:

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

By Mabel Collins.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was the day of the Princess Fleta's wedding and the whole city was *en fête.*

Hilary Estanol paced the streets wildly, like a creature distracted. He had never seen her face since the day he returned from the secret monastery. He could not trust himself to go near her. He felt that the savage in him must kill, must destroy, if too much provocation were given him.

He held this savage in check as well as he could. He would not trust himself under the same roof with the woman he loved as he loved nothing else in life, and who had given him her love while she gave herself to another man. Herself! How much that meant Hilary seemed only now to know, now that he heard her marriage bells ringing, now that she was absolutely given. Yes, she had given herself away to another man. Was it possible? Hilary stood still now and again in the midst of the crowded street trying to remember the words she had said to him in that wood in the early morn when she had accepted his love. What had she taken from him then? He had never been the same since. His heart lay cold, and chill, and dull within him save when her smile or its memory woke him to life and joy. Were these gone for ever? Impossible. He was still young—a mere boy. She could not have stolen so much from him! No—he had the first right—he would be her lover still and always, to whoever else she gave herself in name. This was the point of thought to which Hilary perpetually returned. Undoubtedly she was his, and he would claim her. But obscured and excited as his mind was he had sufficient intelligence to know that his must be a secret claim even though it stood before all others. He could not go and claim her at the altar, for she had not given him any right to. What she had said was, "Take from me what you can." Well, he could not make her his wife. He could not marry a royal Princess. She was not of his class. This being so, what could he hope for? Nothing—and yet he had her love—yes, the last kind touch of her hand, the last sweet smile on her lips, were still with him, and drove his blood rioting through his veins.

At last the procession is coming—the soldiers have already cleared the way and with their horses keep back the crowd. Hilary stands now,

still as a carven figure, watching only for one face. He sees it suddenly —ah! so beautiful, so supremely beautiful, so mysterious—and everything in Heaven and earth becomes invisible, non-existent, save that one dear face. A voice rang out on the air, clear, shrill, above all other voices.

"Fleta! Fleta! My love! my love!"

What a cry! It penetrated to Fleta's ears; it reached the ears of her bridegroom.

In the church, amid the pomp and ceremony, and the crowd of great people, Otto did a thing which made those near him stare. He went to meet his bride and touched her hand.

"Fleta," he said, "that voice was the voice of one who loves you. What answer do you make to it?"

Fleta put her hand in his.

"That is my answer," she said.

And so they stepped up the broad low steps to the altar. None heard what had been said except the king.

Fleta's father was strangely unlike herself. He was a rugged, morose, sombre man, ill-disposed towards all humanity, as it would seem, save those few who held the key to his nature. Of these, his daughter was one; some said she was the only one. Others said her power lay in the fact that she was not his daughter, but a child of other parents altogether than those reputed to be hers; and that a State secret was involved in the mystery of her birth.

At all events, it was seldom indeed that the king interfered with Fleta. But he did so now, at this moment, with all the eyes of the Court upon them.

He spoke low into her ear, he stood beside her.

"Fleta," he said, "is this marriage right?"

Fleta turned on him a face so full of torture, of deathly pain, that he uttered an ejaculation of horror.

"Say no word, my father," she said, "it is right."

And then she turned her head again, and fixed her glorious eyes on Otto.

What a strangely beautiful bride she was! She was dressed with extraordinary simplicity; her robe had been arranged by her own hands in long, soft lines that fell from her neck to her feet, and a long train lay on the ground behind her, but it was undecked by any lace or flowers. No flowers were in her hair, no jewels on her neck. Never had a princess been dressed so simply, a princess who was to be a queen. The Court ladies stared in amazement. But they knew well that there was a grace so supreme, a dignity so lofty, in this royal girl, that however simple her dress she outshone them all, and would outshine any woman who stood beside her.

No one heard any of what passed between the three chief actors in this scene; yet everyone was aware that there was something unusual

in it. There was an atmosphere of mystery, of excitement, of strangeness. And yet what else would be possible where the Princess Fleta was concerned? In her father's Court she was looked upon as a wild, capricious, imperious creature whose will none could resist. None would have wondered had they believed her carriage to have passed over the body of an accepted lover, now thrown aside and discarded. So did these people interpret the character of Fleta. Otto knew this, felt it, understood it; knew that those creatures of intrigue and pleasure would have thought her far less worthy had they judged her character more nearly as he did. To him she was pure, stainless, unattainable; virgin in soul and thought. This he said to her when, on leaving the cathedral, they entered a carriage together and alone. They had together passed through crowds of congratulators, nobles, great ladies, diplomats from different parts of Europe. They had bowed and smiled, and answered courteously the words addressed to them. And yet how far away were their thoughts all the while! They neither of them knew who they had met, who they had spoken to. All was lost in one absorbing thought. But it was not the same thought. No, indeed, their minds were separated widely as the poles.

Fleta was filled with the sense of a great purpose. This marriage was but the first step in a giant programme. Her thoughts had flown now from this first step and were dwelling on the end, the fulfilment; as an artist when he draws his first sketch sees in his own mind the completed picture.

Otto had but one overwhelming thought; a very simple one, expressed instantly, in the first words he uttered when they were alone:

"Fleta, you did not fancy that I doubted you? I never meant that! And yet it seemed as if there was reproach in your eyes! No, Fleta, never that. But the cry was so terrible—it cut my heart. You did not fancy I meant any doubt?—assure me, Fleta!"

"No, I did not," replied Fleta quietly. "You know whose voice it was."

"No—it was unrecognisable—it was nothing but a cry of torture."

"Ah! but I knew it," said Fleta. "It was Hilary Estanol who cried out my name."

"He said 'Fleta, my love, my love,'" added Otto. "Is he that?"

"Yes," said Fleta unmoved, indeed strangely calm. "He is. More, Otto; he has loved me long centuries ago, when this world wore a different face. When the very surface of the earth was savage and untaught so were we. And then we enacted this same scene. Yes Alan, we three enacted it before, without this pomp, but with the natural splendour of savage beauty and undimmed skies. Otto, I sinned then I expiated my sin. Again and again have I expiated it. Again and again has Nature punished me for my offence against her. Now at last

I know more, I see more, I understand more The sin remains. I desired to take, to have for myself, to be a conqueror. I conquered—I have conquered since! how often! That has been my expiation: satiety. But now I will no longer enjoy. I will stand on that error, that folly, and win from it strength which shall lift me from this wretched little theatre where we play the same dramas for ever through the fond weariness of recurring lives."

Otto had drawn back from her, and gazed intently upon her as she spoke, passion and vehemence gradually entering her low voice. As she ceased he passed his hand over his forehead.

"Fleta," he said, "is this some spell of yours upon me? While you spoke I saw your face change, and become the face of one familiar to me, but far, far back! I smelled the intense rich scent of innumerable fruit blossoms—— Fleta, tell me, are you dreaming or speaking fables, or is this thing true? Have I lived for you before, loved you, served you, ages back, when the world was young?"

"Yes," said Fleta.

"Ah!" cried Otto suddenly, "I feel it—there is blood on you—blood on your hand!"

Fleta raised her beautiful hand, and looked at it with an infinite sadness on her face.

"It is so," she answered. "There is blood on it, and there will be, until I have got beyond the reign of blood and of death. You held me down then, Otto; you triumphed by brute force, not knowing that in me lay a power undreamed of by you—a vital, stirring will. I could have crushed you. But already I had used my will once, and found the bitter, unintelligible suffering it produced. I determined to try and understand Nature before I again used my power. So I submitted to your tyranny; you learned to love it, and through many lives have learned to love it more. It has brought you a crown at last, and a little army of soldiers to defend it for you, and half-a-dozen crafty old diplomats who want you to keep it, and who think they can make you do just as their respective monarchs wish. Move your puppets, Otto. No such kingdom satisfies me. I mean to win my own crown. I will be a queen of souls, not of bodies; a queen in reality, not in name."

She seemed to wrap herself in an impenetrable veil of scorn as she ceased speaking and leaned back in the carriage.

Some great emotion was stirring Otto through and through, At last he spoke; and the man seemed changed—a different being. From under the gentle manner, the docile, ready air, came struggling up the fierce spirit of opposition.

"You despise the crown you married me for? Is that so? Well, I will teach you to respect it."

A smile dawned on Fleta's clouded face and then was gone again in

a moment. This was all the answer she vouchsafed to the kingly threat. Otto turned and looked at her steadily.

"A magnificent creature," he said, "beautiful, and with a brain of steel, and perhaps for all I know, a heart like it. You won a great deal from me, Fleta, a little while since. Did I not submit to the masquerading of your mysterious Order? Did I not trust my life to those treacherous monks of yours, submit to be blindfolded and led into their haunt by secret ways. For what end? Ivan told me of aspirations, of ideas, of thoughts, which only sickened my soul and filled me with shame and despair. For I am a believer in order, in moral rule, in the government of the world in accordance with the principles of religion. I told you I was willing to become a member of the order; yes, because my nature is in sympathy with its avowed tenets. But its secret doctrines as I have heard them from you, as I have heard them from the man you call your master, are to me detestable. And it is for the carrying out of this unholy theory or doctrine that you propose to surrender your life? No, Fleta; you are now my queen."

"Yes," said Fleta. "I am now your queen. I know that. I have chosen the lot willingly. You need not again tell me that I have the crown I purposed to obtain."

At this moment they arrived at the palace. There was yet a weary mass of ceremony and speaking of polite nothings to be passed through before there was any chance of their being alone again. Otto relapsed into the pleasant and kindly manner which was habitual with him Fleta fell into one of her abstracted moods, and the court adopted its usual policy under such circumstances—let her be undisturbed. Few of the men cared to risk the satirical answers that came readiest to her lips when she was roused out of such a mood as this.

And yet at last someone did venture to rouse her; and a smile, delicious as a burst of sunshine, came swiftly and suddenly on her mouth.

It was Hilary Estanol. Pale, worn, the mere ghost of himself, his dark eyes looking strangely large in the white face they were set in They were fixed on her as though there were nothing else in the world to look at.

Fleta held out her hand to him; his companion—a military officer who had brought him under protest, and in some doubt, for Hilary had no friends at Court—drew back in amazement. He understood now Hilary's importunity.

Hilary bent over Fleta's hand and held his lips near it for an instant, but did not touch it. A sort of groan came to her ear from his lips.

"You have resigned me?" she asked in a low vibrating whisper.

"You have cast me off," he answered.

"Be it so," she replied, "but you have lived through it, and you now claim nothing. Is it not so? I read it in the dumb pain in your eyes."

"Yes," said Hilary, straightening himself and standing upright close beside her, and looking down upon her beautiful dark head. "It is so. I will not cry for the moon, nor will I weary any woman with my regret or entreaty, even you, Fleta, though it is no dishonour to humble oneself at the feet of such as you. No; I will bear my pain like a man. I came here to say good-bye. You are still something like the Fleta that I loved. To-morrow you will not be."

"How can you tell?" she said with her inscrutable smile. "Still, I think you are right. And now that we are no longer lovers will you enter with me another bond? Will you be my comrade in undertaking the great task? I know you are fearless."

"The great task?" said Hilary vaguely, and he put his hand to his forehead.

"The one great task of this narrow life—To learn its lesson and go beyond it."

"Yes, I will be your comrade," said Hilary in an even voice and without enthusiasm.

"Then meet me at two this very morning at the gate of the garden-house where you used to enter."

It was now just midnight. Hilary noticed this as he turned away, for a little clock stood on a bracket close by. He looked at it, and looked back at Fleta. Could she mean what she said? But already the Fleta he knew had vanished; a cold, haughty, impassive young queen was accepting the uninteresting homage of a foreign minister. The guests were beginning to take their departure. Fleta and Otto did not propose to take any journey in honour of their wedding as is the custom in some places; the king opened for their use the finest set of guests' chambers in the palace, and these they occupied, remaining among the visitors until all had departed. On the next day Otto was to take his queen home; but he had had to give way to the wishes of Fleta and her father as to the postponing of the journey.

From the great drawing-rooms Fleta went quietly away when the last guest had departed; she moved like a swift shadow noiselessly along the corridors. She entered her own room, and there began, without summoning any attendant, to hastily take off her bridal robes. On a couch was lying the white robe and cloak which she had worn when she had endeavoured to enter the hall of the mystics. These she put on, and wrapping the cloak round her turned to leave the room. As she did so she came face to face with Otto, who had entered noiselessly, and was standing in silence beside her. She seemed scarcely to notice him, but changed her direction and proceeded towards another door. Otto quickly placed himself again in her way.

"No," he said; "you do not leave this room to-night."

"And why?" asked Fleta, looking gravely at his set face.

"Because you are now my wife. I forbid it. Stay here, and with

me. Come, let me take off that cloak, without any trouble; the white gown under it suits you even better than your wedding-dress."

He unfastened the clasps which held the cloak together. Fleta made no opposition, but kept her eyes on his face; he would not meet her gaze, though his face was white and rigid with the intensity of his passion and purpose.

"Do you remember," said Fleta, "the last thing that you did when you were with Father Ivan? Do you remember kneeling before him and uttering these words—'I swear to serve the master of truth and the teacher of life——'"

"That master—that teacher!" interrupted Otto hotly. "I reserved my reason even in that incense-scented room. That master—that teacher—is my own intelligence—so I phrased it in my own mind—I recognise no other master."

"Your own intelligence!" repeated Fleta. "You have not yet learned to use it. You did not so phrase the vow then; you only rephrased it so afterwards, when you were away, and alone, and began again to struggle for your selfish freedom. No, Otto, you have not begun to use your intelligence. You are still the slave of your desires, eaten up with the longing for power and the lust of the tyrannical soul. You do not love me—you only desire to possess me. You fancy your power is all you wish it to be. Well, put it to the test. Take this cloak from my shoulders."

Otto came close, and took the cloak in his hands; and then a sudden passion filled him—he seized her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers—yet he did not do so, either, for the attempt was instantaneously surrendered. He staggered back, white and trembling.

Fleta stood erect and proud before him.

"That vow you took," she said quietly, "you knew very well in the inner recesses of your soul, in your true unblinded self, to make you a slave of the Great Order. That vow may yet save you from yourself, if you do not resent it too fiercely. But remember this; I am a neophyte of that order, and you being its slave, are under my command. I am your queen, Otto, but not your wife."

She passed him as she said this, and he made no effort to detain her; indeed, the trembling had not yet left him, and his whole strength was taken by the attempt to control it. As she reached the door he succeeded in speaking:

"Why did you marry me?"

"Did I not tell you?" she said, pausing a moment and turning to look at him. "I think I did. Because I have to learn to live on the plain as contentedly as on the mountain tops. There is but one way for me to do this, and that is to devote my life as your queen to the same great purpose it would serve were I the silver-robed initiate I

desire to be. I go now to commence my work, with the aid of a lover who has learned to surrender his love.

She moved magnificently from the room, looking much taller even than her natural height. And Otto let her go without any word or sign.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was a fragrant night—a night rich with sweet flower-scents, not only from the flower beds near, but coming from afar on the breeze. Hilary stood at the gate, leaning on it and looking away at the sky, where a faint streak of different light told of the sun's coming. It was quite clear, though there had been no moonlight; one of those warm, still nights when it is easy to find one's way, though hard to see into the face of one near by, a night when one walks in a dream amid changing shadows, and when the outer mysteriousness and the dimness of one's soul are as one. So with Hilary; so had he walked to the gate. He waited for the woman he loved, the only woman any man could ever love, having once known her. And yet no fever burned now in his veins, no intoxication mounted from his heart to his brain. Standing there, and regarding himself and his own feelings very quietly in the stillness, it seemed to him as if he had died yesterday when that wild cry had been unknowingly uttered; as if his soul or his heart, or, indeed, his very self had gone forth in it.

A light touch was laid on his shoulder, and then the gate was opened. He passed through and walked by Fleta up the flower-bordered pathway. She moved on without speaking, her white cloak hanging loose from her neck, and her bare arms gleaming as it fell back from them.

"You who know so much tell me something," said Hilary. "Why are you so wise?"

"Because I burned my soul out centuries ago," said Fleta. "When you have burned out your heart you will be strong as I am."

"Another question," said Hilary. "Why did you fail in that initiation?"

Fleta stopped suddenly, and fixed fierce questioning eyes upon him. She was terrible in this quick rush of anger. But Hilary looked on her unmoved. It seemed to him that nothing would ever be able to move him again. Was he dead indeed that he could thus endure the scorching light of those brilliant eyes?

"What makes you ask me that?" cried Fleta in a voice of pain. "Do you demand to know?"

"Yes; I do wish to know."

For a moment Fleta covered her face with her hands, and her whole form shrank and quivered. But only for a moment; then she dropped

her hands at each side and stood erect, her queenly head poised royally.

"It is my punishment," she said in a murmuring voice, "to discover so soon how absolute are the bonds of the Great Order; how the pupil can command the master as well as the master the pupil."

Then she turned abruptly upon Hilary, approaching him more nearly, while she spoke in a quick, fierce voice.

"Because, though I have burned out my soul, I have not burned out my heart! Because, though I cannot love as men do, and have almost forgotten what passion means, yet I can still worship a greater nature than my own so deeply that it may be called love. I have not learned to stand utterly alone and to know myself as great as any other with the same possibilities, the same divinity in myself. I still lean on another, look to another, hunger for the smile of another. O, folly, when I know so well that I cannot find any rest while that is in me. O, Ivan, my teacher, my friend, what torture it is to wrest the image of you from its shrine within me. Powers and forces of indifferent Nature, I demand your help!"

She raised her arms as she uttered this invocation, and it struck Hilary at the moment how little like a human being she looked. She might have been the spirit of the dawn. Her voice had become unutterably weird and mournful, like the deep cry of a broken soul.

Without pausing for any answer she dropped her arms, drew her cloak around her, and walked away over the dewy grass. Hilary, as silent, as mournful, but seemingly without emotion, dropped his head and quietly followed her track. Of old—only yesterday—what an age ago!—he would have kept his eyes fixed on her shining dark hair or the movements of her delicate figure. Suddenly Fleta stopped, turned and confronted him. He raised his eyes in surprise and looked at her.

"You are no longer devoured by jealousy," she said. "You can hear me speak as I did just now without its turning you into a savage. What has happened?"

Her eyes seemed to penetrate his impassive and languid expression, looking for the soul beneath. She was longing that his answer should be the one she needed.

"I am hopeless," answered Hilary.

"Of what?"

"Of your love. I understand at last that you have a great purpose in your life, and that I am a mere straw on a stream. I thought I had some claim on you; I see I cannot have. I surrender myself to your will. That is all I have left to do."

Fleta stood meditatively for a moment. Then she looked up very sadly in his face.

"It is not enough," she said. "Your gift must be a positive one."

Then she again turned and went on her way to the house. Here

everything was silent and even dark, for the shutters were all closed, and evidently the place was deserted. Fleta opened a side door with a key which was attached to her girdle; they entered and she locked it behind them. She led the way through the quiet dim house to the door of the laboratory; they entered the room in silence. It wore a quite new aspect to Hilary's eyes, and he looked round in wonder. All was pale; there was no incense burning, no lamps were lit; the colour had gone from the walls; a faint grey light through a skylight, which had always hitherto been curtained, dimly broke on the darkness of the room which still lurked deeply in the lower part. But Hilary found enough light to see that the thing he so hated was not present; that lay figure which was to him always such a horror was gone.

"Where is it?" he said after a moment, wondering at the sense of relief with which its absence filled him.

"What?—oh! the figure. Again you ask a question which I am compelled to answer. Well, I cannot use that power at present; I have again to win the right."

"How did you win the right before?" asked Hilary, fixing his eyes on her; a fierce desire to know this possessed him.

Fleta started, turned towards him, and for a moment the proud imperiousness which ordinarily characterised her came over her form and her features. But in another moment it was gone. She stood before him, pale, gentle and sublime.

"I will tell you," she said in a clear yet very low voice. "By taking your life."

Hilary looked at her in complete perplexity and bewilderment.

"Do you not remember," she said, "that forest, that new earth and sky, all so sweet and strong, that wealth of apricot blossom that came between us and the sky? Ah, Hilary, how fresh and vivid life was then, while we lived and loved and understood not that we did either! Was it not sweet? I loved you. Yes, I loved you—loved you."

Her voice broke and trembled. Hilary's numbed heart suddenly sprang again to life. Never had her voice contained such tones of tenderness and passion before.

"Oh, my dear, my Fleta, you love me still—now!"

He sprang towards her, but she seemed to sweep him aside with one majestic action of her bare arm.

"With that passion," she said, with a pale solemnity, "I can never love now. I have not forgotten entirely what such love is—no, Hilary, I have not forgotten—else how should I have found you again among the multitudes of the earth?" She held out her hand to him, and, as he clasped it, he felt it was soft and tender, that the warm life blood of a young creature responded to his touch. "I knew you by your dear eyes which once were so full of pure love for me that they were like stars in my life."

"What came between us?" asked Hilary.

She looked strangely at him, drew her hand away, folded her cloak round her and then answered in one word:

"Passion!"

"I remember it now!" cried Hilary in sudden excitement. "My God! I see your beautiful wild face before me, I see your lips as lovely as the soft blossom above us. Fleta, I loved you as men love—I hungered for you—what harm lay in that?"

"None," she answered, standing now motionless and statue-like, wrapped in her long, white cloak, seeming like a lovely ghost rather then a living woman. "None—for men who care only to be men, to reproduce men, to be and to do nothing more than that! But I had another power within me, that seemed stronger than myself—a stirring of the dumb soul within. When that moment came, Hilary, then came the great decision, the fierce struggle between two souls hurled together out of the dimness of life, and finding light in the fever of love—yes, light!—the fire that is love makes it possible for men to live. It gives them hope, it animates them, it makes them believe in a future, it enables them to create men to fill that future.

"In those old days beneath those apricot blossoms, you and I, Hilary, were but children on this earth, new to its meaning, knowing nothing of its purpose. How could we guide ourselves? We were ignorant of the great power of sex, we were only at the beginning of its lesson. So it must be with all. They must go through with the lesson, they cannot guess it from the first! Nor could we. I did not know what I did, Hilary, my lover, when I took your life. Had I known I should only have been like a beast of prey. But I did not know. You asserted your power—you claimed me. I asserted mine—I conquered. I wanted power; and killing you as I did with that one emotion only stirring within me, I got what I longed for. Not at once—not till I had suffered patiently, not till I had struggled hard to understand myself and the force that was at work within me. And this for life after life, incarnation after incarnation. You not only loved me but you were mine—I conquered you and used your life and love for my own ends—to add to my power, to actually create the life and strength I needed. By your life, by your strength, I became a magician, read by my insight the mysteries of alchemy and the buried secrets of power. Yes, Hilary, it is so. To you I owe myself. I have become free from the common burdens of humanity, its passions, its personal desires, its weary repetitions of experiences till their edge grows blunted by long usage. I have seen the Egyptian and the Roman, men of the old superb civilisations, trying to reproduce their past pleasures, their past magnificence to-day, in this modern life. It is useless, life after life full of selfishness and pleasure, ends in the weariness of living that kills men's souls and darkens their thought. But you and I, Hilary, have escaped

from this dismal fate. I would not be content to live again as I had lived before, to use the life principle which lies in love, only for pleasure or the bringing of eidolons on to the earth. I determined to rise, to raise myself, to raise you, and out of our love perpetually to create something nobler than we ourselves. I have succeeded, Hilary, I have succeeded. We stand now before the gate of the first initiation. I tried to enter it and failed for want of strength—for want of strength, Hilary! I could not pluck my master's image utterly out of my soul—I looked for him to lean on—at least to find comfort in seeing that face I knew. Give me strength, Hilary! Be my comrade! Help me to enter and your strength shall come back to you a hundredfold. For your reward shall be that you too shall enter with me."

She had changed from moment to moment as she spoke. She looked like an inspired priestess—like a Divine being. Now she stood like a flame with a strange appearance, as if her whole soul and self, spirit and body, rose upwards in adoration. The dawn had come; the first rays of the sun shot through the skylight and fell on her transfigured face and gleaming hair.

Hilary looked at her as a worshipper might look at his idol.

"I am yours," he said, "but I know not how to prove it."

She held out her hand to him, and lowered her eyes from the light to which they had been raised until they met his.

"We must discover the great secret together, Hilary. No longer may you give yourself to me without knowledge. Hitherto our lives have been but the lives of the blossom; now we must be wise and enter the state when the fruit comes. We have to find out what that power is which the sun represents to us; to discover the pure creative power. But we have not strength yet, Hilary; alas! I dread and fear sometimes. More strength means more sacrifice."

She drew her cloak closer round her, the light faded from her eyes and face, and turning away she went and sat down on a couch which was back in the shadow. Hilary felt a profound sense of sadness, of sympathy, of sorrow, sweep over his being He followed her and sat down beside her. One pale hand lay on the couch, outside her cloak. He laid his upon it, and fell deep into thought. Thus they sat, silent, breathing softly, for long hours, till the sun was high. But still, even then, the room was very dim and cool, and full of shadows.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the next day, the same day rather, for they sat together in the laboratory till long after the sun was high, Hilary, to his own amazement, found that he had an official post in the household of the young Queen which would keep him continually about her. Indeed, he had to pack up instantly on being informed of the fact, in order to follow

Fleta to her own dominions. How this had been effected none could tell—Hilary, least of all, for he saw immediately on presenting himself in King Otto's presence that he was regarded by him with dislike and distrust. Before, Otto had scarcely noticed him. The present state of things was decidedly a change for the worse. However, Hilary had already perceived very clearly that to serve under Fleta was to serve under a hard master. And he had no longer any kind of choice. Life was inconceivable without her—without the pain caused by her difficult service. He had rather suffer that than enjoy any other kind of pleasure. And, indeed, pleasure, apart from Fleta, did not appear to him to exist.

And yet he was still capable of doubting her.

Fleta had chosen a companion of royal birth to travel with her; a young duchess who bore the same family name as Fleta herself. This girl had been reared in a nunnery, and then taken to court, where she took part in all the pageants and immediately found herself surrounded by suitors. She was not very pretty, and certainly not at all clever. To go with Fleta seemed to her delightful, as it would introduce her to a new court and a fresh series of suitors. It struck Hilary as quite extraordinary that Fleta should choose this child as her companion—not that the Duchess was any younger than Fleta—indeed, they were almost of an age; but Fleta appeared to carry within her beautiful head the wisdom of centuries, while the Duchess was a mere school-girl trained in court etiquette.

These three were to travel together in Fleta's own favourite travelling carriage. She simply refused to travel with her husband. When he addressed her on the subject, she merely replied:

"You would weary me; and, moreover, I have work to do."

And so they started; and as Hilary took his place, he thought of that strange drive when he and Fleta, and Father Amyot, had been the three. Recollecting this made him wonder what had become of Father Amyot; for the priest had not returned to his duties in the city. He asked Fleta, while the thought was in his mind, why Amyot was not with her now.

"He is of no use to me," she answered coldly.

The journey was a very long and a very weary one to Hilary; for the Duchess, finding no one else to flirt with, insisted upon flirting with him; while Fleta lay back in her corner of the carriage hour after hour, with her eyes closed. What was the work she had to do? Hilary, who had overheard her answer to the King, wondered very much. And yet, as he watched her intently he saw that her face changed. It grew darker, more inscrutable, more set in purpose.

Late one evening, and when they were indeed travelling later than usual, hoping to reach their destination that same night, a curious thing happened. All day long Fleta had been silent, seemingly buried in

thought; but sometimes when Hilary was watching her he noticed her lips move as if in speech. He sat opposite her whenever he could; this was not always possible, as the young Duchess would talk to him, and the carriage being very large and roomy, he had to change his position, and go nearer to her in order to carry on a conversation with any comfort. But as it grew dark the Duchess grew tired, and leaned back half asleep, for indeed they had had a long day's journey.

Hilary withdrew himself to the corner opposite Fleta. It grew so dark he could no longer see her; they had a swinging-lamp in the roof of the carriage, but he did not want to light it unless Fleta wished it so; and, indeed, he longed for the quiet and the darkness very much. It made him feel more alone with her, he could try to follow and sieze her thoughts then without the perpetual disturbance of the little Duchess's quick eyes on him and her light voice in his ears.

He sat still and thought of Fleta—Fleta herself in her glorious beauty—sitting there opposite him shrouded by the darkness. He could endure it no longer—the man rose up in him and asserted itself—he leaned forward and put his hand upon her. He had scarcely done so when the Duchess uttered a shrill cry.

"My God!" she exclaimed, in a voice of horror, "who is in the carriage with us?"

She flung herself across and knelt upon the floor between Hilary and Fleta; her terror was so great she did not know what she was doing.

Hilary leaned across her and instantly discovered that she was right—that there was another man in the carriage besides himself.

"Oh, kill him! kill him!" cried the little Duchess, in an agony of fear; "he is a thief, a murderer, a robber!"

Hilary rose up and precipitated himself upon this person whom he could not see. A sense of self-defence, of defence of the women with him, seized him as we see it seize the animals. He discovered that this man had risen also. Blindly and furiously he attacked him, and with extraordinary strength. Hilary was young and full of vigour, but slight and not built like an athlete. Now, however, he seemed to be one. He found his adversary to be much larger and stronger than himself.

A fearful struggle followed. The carriage drove on through unseen scenery as fast as possible; Fleta could have stopped it had she thrown the window down and cried out to the postilions. But Fleta remained motionless—she might have fainted, she was so still. The little Duchess simply cowered on the ground beside her, clinging to her motionless figure. This terrified girl had not the presence of mind to think of stopping the carriage, and so obtaining help. She was too horror-struck to do anything. And, indeed, it was horrible, for the swaying struggling forms sometimes were right upon the two women, sometimes at the

other side of the carriage; it was a deadly, horrible, ghastly struggle, all the more horrid for the silence. There were no cries, no exclamations, for indeed, so far as Hilary was concerned, he had no breath to spare for them. There were only gasps, and heavy breathings, and the terrible sound that comes from a man's throat when he is fighting for his life. How long this hideous battle lasted none could tell—Hilary had no idea of the passage of time. The savage in him had now come so entirely uppermost and drowned all other consciousness, that his one thought was he must kill—kill—kill—and at last it was done. There was a moment when his adversary was below him, when he could use his whole force upon him—and then came a gasp and an unearthly cry—and silence.

Absolute silence for a little while. No one moved, no one stirred. The Duchess was petrified with horror. Hilary had sunk exhausted on the seat of the carriage—not only exhausted, but bewildered, for a host of other emotions besides savage fury began to rise within him. What—who—was this being he had destroyed? At that moment they were urged into a gallop, for they were entering the city gates. Hilary threw down the window next him with a crash. "Lights, lights!" he cried out, "bring lights." The carriage stopped, and there was a crowd immediately at the windows, and the glare of torches fell into the carriage, making it bright as day. The little Duchess was crouched in the corner on the ground in a dead faint. Fleta sat up, strangely white, but calm. Nothing else was to be seen, alive or dead, save Hilary himself; and so horror-struck was he at this discovery that he turned and buried his face in the cushions of the carriage, and he never knew what happened—whether he wept, or laughed, or cursed—but some strange sound of his own voice he heard with his ears.

There was a carriage full of servants behind Fleta's carriage; when hers stopped so suddenly they all got out and came quickly to the doors.

"The Duchess has fainted," said Fleta, rising so as to hide Hilary; "the journey has been too long. Is there a house near where she can lie still a little while, and come on later to the palace?"

Immediately offers of help were made, and the servants and those who were glad to help them carried the poor little Duchess away.

"On to the palace!" cried Fleta, and shut the door and drew down the blinds. The postilion started the horses with all speed.

Suddenly the blood in Hilary's body began to surge and burn. Was it Fleta's arms that clung round him? Fleta's lips that printed warm, living kisses on his neck, his face, his hair? He turned and faced her.

"Tell me the truth," he said. "Are you a devil?"

"No," she answered, "I am not. I want to find my way to the pure good that governs life. But there are devils about me, and you have

killed one of them to-night. Hush, calm yourself; remember what we are in the eyes of the world. For we are at the palace door, and Otto is standing there to receive us."

She stepped out, the young queen.

Hilary followed her, stumbling, broken. He said he was ill, to those who spoke to him; and stood staring in wonder at the brilliant sight before him.

CHAPTER XV.

THE great hall of the palace was illuminated gloriously by huge dragons made of gold, placed high up on the walls; within these strange creatures were powerful lamps, which shed their light not only through the eyes and opened mouths, but from the gleaming claws. The whole place was filled with a blaze of light from them; and the dresses of the household assembled below seemed to Hilary another blaze of light, so gay were they. Yet this was only a domestic reception. It was late, and Otto had refused to allow any more general demonstration to take place that night. Yet Fleta, when she threw off her travelling cloak and hood, might have been the centre of any pageant. She showed no trace of the weariness of travel, or even of the strange excitement she had passed through. She was pale, but her face was calm and wore its most haughty and unapproachable expression. Her dress of black lace hung about her slender form like clouds. Otto was filled with pride as he noted her superb dignity and beauty; with hatred, as he observed that her eyes never met his own, that she treated him with just the same civility as the steward, or any servant of the establishment. No one could notice this but himself and perhaps Hilary, supposing the latter to be capable of regarding anyone but Fleta herself; for she was too much a woman of the world, this mystic, this wild girl, to admit anyone even to the most evident of the secrets of her life.

After a few moments passed among the little crowd assembled in the great hall, Fleta proposed to go to her own rooms for the night, and a stately little procession formed itself at once to conduct her there. But before going she beckoned to Hilary.

"The Duchess must come to me to-night," she said. "I wish her to be in my own room. Send a carriage and servants to fetch her."

How her eyes glittered! Had he ever seen them shine so vividly before?

"Tell me one thing," he said hoarsely. "I believe you have taken to yourself that creature's life and very body that I killed for you. Is it not true?"

"You are shrewd," she said with a laugh. "Yes, it is true. My whole being is stronger for his death; I absorbed his vital power the instant you wrenched it from him."

"And he?" said Hilary, with wild eyes.

"Was one of those half-human, half-animal creatures that haunt men to their ill, and which fools call ghosts or demons. I have done him a service in taking his life into my own."

Hilary shuddered violently.

"You doubt me," said Fleta very quietly. "You still doubt if it is not I who am the devil. Be it so. I am indifferent to your opinion of me, Hilary; you cannot help loving and serving me. We were born under the same star. Now go and give orders about the Duchess."

Under the same star! Those words had not come to his mind for a long while; yet how horribly true they were. For he, Hilary, it was who had actually done this dreadful deed and killed this unseen, unknown, unimaginable creature. Horror made him clutch his hands together as he thought that he had touched this thing, more, had killed it hideously. Might it not have been some good thing striving to baffle Fleta? Ah, yes! he still doubted her. And yet to doubt her so completely made the very earth to sink away from under his feet. He himself, his life, his all, were given to her, be she good or evil! Staggering and overpowered by the terrible thoughts that crushed his wearied brain, Hilary found his way to a supper-table; and too exhausted to think of anything else but recruiting his strength, sat down to drink wine—and to try to eat. This latter seemed impossible, but the wine revived him; and presently he remembered that it was his business to look after the Duchess.

By-and-bye she was carried into the palace; she could not yet stand, for she had only come out of one fainting fit to fall into another.

And now came a strange and dreadful scene—one which only a few witnessed, Hilary as it happened being among those few, for he saw the Duchess taken to the suite of rooms Fleta occupied. In the corridor Fleta came out to them; she was still in her travelling-dress, and looked very quiet and even subdued. But at the sight of her the young Duchess screamed as if she saw some awful thing; she would not let Fleta touch her, she absolutely refused to enter her room.

"But you must be with me," said Fleta in a low voice.

"I will not," answered the Duchess with a firm resolution which amazed everyone who knew her. She rose up and walked unassisted along the corridor and down the great staircase; she met the young king coming up it; he had heard her shrill cries and came to see what was happening.

"What is the matter, little cousin?" seeing her tear-stained and agitated face.

"Fleta wants me to be in her room all night! I would not do it for all the world! She is a devil—she would kill me or make her lover kill me, and then no one would ever hear of me or even find my body. No! No!"

And so she ran on, down the wide stairs, leaving Otto thunderstruck. He noticed that a number of persons were gathering on the landing and stairs, and so, with a stern and quiet face, he passed through the little throng, making no observation. He went down the corridor and straight into Fleta's room. Here he found her standing silent, dark, like a sombre statue. One other person was in the room—Hilary Estanol. He was in the most extraordinary state of agitation, pouring out words and accusations; some horror appeared to possess and blind him, for he took no notice of the king's entrance. Fleta did, however; she looked up at him and smiled—such a strange, sweet, subtle smile. Seldom, indeed, had Fleta given him a look like this. Otto's heart leaped within him, and he knew himself her slave. For he loved her increasingly with every passing moment; and she had but to turn her face on him softly to make the loving soul in him burn with ardour. But that burning was fiery indeed. He turned upon Hilary and stayed his words by a sudden sharp order:

"Leave the room," he said. "And you had better go and see Doctor Brandener before you go to bed, for you are either in a fever or mad. Go at once."

Hilary was in a condition in which an order given in such a tone took the place of the action of his own brain, and he mechanically obeyed it. This was the best possible thing that could have happened to him; for he was in fact in a high fever, and if he had not, without thinking about it, done as he was told and gone to the resident doctor of the palace, he would probably have wandered raving about all night. As it was he was obliged to drink a strong sleeping draught, and was placed in his bed, where he fell at once into a sleep so profound it seemed like death.

Hilary gone, Fleta closed the door behind him.

"Do not let there be any struggle of wills between us to-night," said Fleta very softly. "I warn you, I am much stronger than I was; I am very much stronger than you are, now. And you found before that you could not even come near enough to touch me. Let me rest, and that quietly; I wish to retain my beauty, both for your sake and my own."

Otto paused a few moments before he made any answer to this extraordinary speech. Then he spoke with difficulty; and as he did so raised his hand to brush away some great drops of sweat which had gathered on his forehead.

"I know I am powerless against you to-night, Fleta," he said. "I cannot even move nearer to you. But be warned; I intend to probe the mystery of your being. I intend to conquer you at last. I will do it if I have to visit hell itself for the magic which shall be stronger than yours."

(To be continued.)

TWILIGHT VISIONS.

PART II.—THE CRESCENT.

"The LORD *appeared of old unto me, saying, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'"*—JER. xxxi., 3.

"IN life, in death, O Lord! abide with me!"
Thou, Ruler o'er the Living Rosy Cross—
Great Master Mason of the mortal frame,
Which is the temple of the Holy Ghost—
Grand Power of all who through the secret sun
Dost hold the soul in tenement of clay
To guide it safely through the gloom of night
Into the golden morn, when all things then
In Light of Love—thine own Eternal Self—
Shall truly stand revealed to those that strive
In truth to know the Power which all mankind
Shall worship in the Universal King.

* * * * *

My children! saith the living God of Love,
Now "if with all your hearts ye truly seek," *
Ye surely shall find me your King in Heaven,
And finding me shall know yourselves to be
Anointed Princes—Rulers of the Earth—
The Powers of Light sent by me in the flesh,
And named Michael! You are here to fight,
To hurl down Satan to his black abyss,
Where ignorance and error, sin and crime,
And hellish spirits dark for ever dwell
With all who in the bonds of slavery
Lead deathly lives as creatures of the world—
The wretched earth-worms of that bounden sphere,
Which is the only Hell mankind can know!

* * * * *

The night is now far spent, and in the sky
From out a dark blue setting there hath shone
In ages past, as now, full many a star
Proclaiming to mankind the Light of Heaven,
Each with its own peculiar brilliancy
Illumining the minds of men with rays
Which point to other realms beyond this world,
And ever tell of one star differing
In glory from its fellow star on high.

* See Deut. iv.

What great and hidden meaning lieth here!
Why are the stars above held forth to man
As entities which tell of other states?
The Stars of Heaven are never seen by man;
As man, he cannot know that glorious light
Sent forth—from States of Wisdom not in skies—
Through brilliant rays which meet not mortal gaze,
And are invisible save to the one
Who—seeing through perception—contacts light,
That Light of ancient days, since passed away
Into the sombre gloom of deepest night;
Because in ignorance and selfishness
Man willed to dwell in darkness on this earth.
And now behold the fallen Lucifer!—
Thou Morning Star of Truth—again arise—
To touch with thy bright rays the mind of man
And open to his gaze the Light of Love,
Reflected in the silv'ry Crescent now
About to crown the Living Cross of Truth.

* * * * *

Shine forth, fair Luna! Man hath waited long
For thee—O bringer of the Golden Light.
Surmount the Cross—thou Goddess of the Gods—
Which suff'ring mortals here in agony
Have borne along, desiring of their King—
Of whom thou art—those better things on earth,
Which He hath promised them in days of old,
Shall take the place of former things to pass—
With mourning, weeping, bitterness, and death—
Away for ever, as the first-born states
Of Heaven and earth and sea no more to be.*

* * * * *

Fair Keeper of the rays shed by the Sun!
Whilst feeble mortals now deny thy power,
We of the morn declare thee as thou art;
The mediate force to govern all mankind,
The force of love which mortals cannot know.
For that man holds as love is passion foul:
It hath transformed the earth into a hell,
And none save thou can mediately stand
To rid the earth—by Truth who comes from thee—
From that curs'd tyrant in the world or hell,
The devil—Satan—he that doth deceive,
Accuser of our brethren, soon to be

* See Rev. xxi.

Bound hand and foot in heaven, then cast to earth,
When angels dark and all who fight for him
Shall fall with him through Michael's power and might.*

* * * * *

The grandest vision seen in heaven from earth
Has burst upon the wond'ring mind of man,
For woman has appear'd with Sun array'd—
She stands on Luna, o'er her holy brow
A coronet of twelve bright golden stars:
She crieth out and travaileth in pain
To be delivered of the Child of Truth,
Which is, in love, to rule mankind as one,
The one great body in the Spirit CHRIST †
Who cometh now a second time to man
Through her who clothes him with a mortal form,
Our Holy Mother in the Living God.
And yet about the woman, as of old,
Damned Satan's lurks, with seven diadems—
The dragon stands as knowledge of the World,
Which would devour the holy child of God.
But so-called knowledge is not ever true,
Frail mortals know not that the states of Heaven
Permit below themselves the states of Hell
To be—that mortals there may feel the Truth—
The everlasting fire, consuming Self—
Destroying all the former things in man
Through fiery sufferings induced by self,
Through freedom granted by a Loving God.
The Universal King in love ordains
That man shall ever reap the crop he sows,
And so the Woman clothed with the Sun,
Who sows the seed of love amongst mankind,
Shall reap the fruits of love in Heaven—her home—
Where happiness and peace eternal reign,
Wherein the dragon hath no place—no power.
All hail! thou glorious Bride, in Light array'd,
O, woman, clothed with the Bridegroom's Power,‡

* See Rev. xii.

† *i.e.*, The invisible, universal, and eternal principle which mortals can only conceive of as the sum total of the combined spirits of Truth, Love, and Wisdom, when manifested in that "Son of Man," or HUMANITY, which is also the "Son of God," collectively and individually.

‡ In the Kabala, the Bride of the "Heavenly Man," *Tetragrammaton*, is Malkuth—the foundation or kingdom. It is our earth, which, when *regenerated* and purified (as matter), will be united to her bridegroom (Spirit). But in Esotericism there are two aspects of the LOGOS, or the "Father-Son," which latter becomes his own father; one is the UNMANIFESTED Eternal, the other the manifested and periodical LOGOS. The "Bride" of the former is the universe as nature in the abstract. She is also his "MOTHER"; who, "clothed with the bridegroom's power," gives birth to the manifested universe (the second *logos*) through her own inherent, mystic power, and is, therefore, the Immaculate Mother; "the woman clothed with the sun, and travailing" in child birth, in Revelation, ch. xii.—ED.

Arise and shine! The time is now at hand
To change this earth into a heaven bright,
This hell into a paradise of Saints;
Through thee alone can mortals rise from earth
To soar into Eternity—God's Peace;
Through thee alone can man perceive the light—
The Sun of Wisdom,* which shall soon appear
Acknowledged King supreme of all that is,
Which He hath made in love for all mankind.
Woman! behold a groaning world awaits
The crushing of the Serpent's power through thee;
Look on the fairest cities of this globe,
In misery the love-starved of the earth
Now walk the streets; whilst degradation vile
Confronts them in their daily—hourly lives,
Because mankind will sell itself for gold
To one, who is the prince of hell; he rules
The States of falsehood in this mortal world
Wherein the moaning of tormented souls
Appeals to God † in mortal agony
To ease the burdens of their earthly lives
By teaching them of thee, O Queen of Heaven!

* * * * *

Woman, behold the sighing, wretchedness,
Depravity, disease and death on earth!
Pure life has left these mortals who transgress
The laws of God by being of the world;
They know not happiness and peace and thee.
Thou art of nations all, the Saving Health.
Stretch forth thine hands and save, O Queen of Heaven!

* * * * *

Woman! behold the man of war exists
Whose work it is to shed the blood of him
Who truly is a portion of thyself;
Nay more, thine ALL, within this weary state;
The Father of thy loved ones in the flesh!
How long wilt thou permit ungodly strife
To keep thee from thy lawful throne on earth,
The one great Empire that shall bow to thee,
That thou alone can'st rule, Queen of the South? ‡

* See Psalm lxxxiv., 11.

† *i.e.* The Universal Spirit in whom all things exist and have being. That Eternal Principle which fills all Space and Time, and is SPACE and Time (in its abstract sense, as otherwise it would be an *extra-Cosmic* God), and is perfect in perfection.

‡ See Matt. xii., 42.

O, Bride of Heaven, thou knowest well that He—
The Son of Man—thy bridegroom—came to save,
Not to destroy, the lives of men on earth!*

* * * * *

Great Spirit Love! Bright Queen of Highest Heaven,
Send forth thy potent force, and let it fire
The hearts of all within this little sphere;
Show worldly rulers in their sinful states
That thou alone art Queen of all Mankind;
And in these petty princes of the earth
Destroy, we pray thee, all the mortal lusts
Of self, of gold, and praise, and feeble power,
Implanted in their natures by the one
Who rules them with their subjects in this hell
Created by themselves through ignorance
Of thee, O, Spirit Love, Blest Queen of Heaven!

WM. C. ELDON SERJEANT.

London, 28th January, 1888.

EDITORS' NOTE.

THIS second part of the three which form the bulk of the poem called "Twilight Visions" by their author—from a purely Kabalistic standpoint of universal symbolical Esotericism, is most suggestive. Its literary value is apparent. But literary form in occultism counts for nothing in such mystic writing if its spirit is sectarian—if the symbolism fails in universal application or lacks correctness. In this, Part II., however (of the third to come we can yet say nothing), the Christian-Judæan names may be altered and replaced by their Sanskrit or Egyptian equivalents, and the ideas will remain the same. It seems written in the universal "mystery-language," and may be readily understood by an occultist, of whatever school or nationality. Nor will any true mystic, versed in that international tongue, whose origin is lost in the dark night of pre-historic ages, fail to recognise a true Brother, who has adopted the phraseology of the Initiates of the ancient Judæan Tanaim—Daniel and St. John of the Apocalypse—and partially that of the Christian Gnostics, only to be the more readily understood by the profane of Christian lands. Yet the author means precisely the same thing that would be in the mind of any Brahminical or Buddhist Initiate, who, while deploring the present degenerated state of things, would place all his hope in the transient character of even the *Kali Yuga*, and trust in the speedy coming of the Kalki Avatar. We say again, the divine Science and Wisdom—*Theosophia*—is universal and common property, and the same under every sky. It is the physical type and the outward appearance in the dress, that make of one individual a Chinaman and of another a European, and of a third a red-skinned American. The inner man is one, and all are "Sons of God" by birth-right.

The editors regret that, by an over-sight, the sub-title, "The Cross," that headed Part I. of "Twilight Visions," published in our January number, should have been omitted.

* Luke ix., 56.

THE WHITE MONK.

By the Author of "A Professor of Alchemy."

(*Continued.*)

"MARGARET had been in grief so sad and potent since her brother's death, that it at last brought her into a fever, from which, with difficulty, she recovered, and which kept her long to her chamber.

"During this time the monk roamed like a restless spirit, seeming to seek her, and despairing because he found her not. Giles Hughson even went so far as to suspect he was no true priest at all, until he had seen his tonsure. Even then he was drawn into most sacrilegious surmises by what he beheld some few nights after.

"Having some work to do in Castle Troyes garden, he noted the White Monk, his lodger, glide noiselessly through the grounds, hidden behind the thick black walls of yew, and pause under the casement of Mistress Margaret and stand there listening intently for a certain space. At last, with a gesture of despair, he slung himself with infinite agile stillness up some feet of the ivy that covered the wall, from which insecure footing he did long and earnestly search if he might see her shadow cross the room. Giles, the gardener, swore afterwards that the sight of that priest, with his cowl fallen back from his dark face, and that look of straining, terrified attention had in it something so partaking of the unearthly, that for the life of him he dared not accost the daring intruder. 'Time enough if there were need,' he excused himself afterwards, 'but Castle Troyes is ever well enow defended, and at that time there must have been enough of inmates watching over Margaret, the beautiful, to win her back to life.'

"The horrible recklessness of an act such as this, with the carbines of a round thirty men within a few yards of him, made the monk seem to Giles a creature of charmed life, who may not be addressed as ordinary mortals.

"But the White Monk saw his discoverer when he descended and glided away again, scared by some noise made by Margaret's attendants. And thus there occurred a tragedy, which you shall learn as far as it was ever known.

"Now Giles Hughson had a young son afflicted with total dumbness, but whom Mistress Margaret de Troyes had taught to write; and it is through this scholarship of his that we come to know as much as we do of what really happened. The White Monk appeared fond of this boy, possibly because he had seen Margaret kiss him. Thus the lad had greater access to the monk's small attic than any other; and this is the tale he tells of the night after Giles had espied his lodger clinging to the wall of Castle Troyes.

"The boy had noiselessly, so as not to disturb the often musings of the solitary one, stepped up the attic stairs to fetch some trifle he wanted of the monk. Pausing timidly at the door, he beheld the familiar white-clad figure, with an air of terrible malignity, mixing some powder of a greenish colour, which, at the sight of the intruder, he hastily laid aside, thinking it had not been seen.

"But the lad was unnerved by the expression he had caught on the monk's face, and he forgot not so lightly.

"At the frugal supper, that very night, he observed the monk ate even less than was his wont, and of one dish only, the which he also pressed upon the young lad by his side, seeming to wish to keep the others from him. The others of the family, Giles Hughson and his dame, did eat as usual, and were both found dead on the morrow.

"The monk strove to comfort the poor boy by every means in his power, but it was all of no avail. The lad seized a moment, fled into the wood, and there wrote down all that he had seen and suspected, with which account he presently did seek the justices. These caused proper inquiry into the manner of the deaths of the workman and his wife to be made, and, finding they had died of potent poison, instituted careful search for the person of the White Monk, who had vanished from the cottage.

"At length they found him, in a strange state for one of his way of living. Into the wood had he gone, but not so far as that he could hide him. He had stopped beside a little brook, where he had sat when first he saw fair Margaret, the sister of his victims. There, even there, was he found, in so deep contemplation that he never heard his pursuers' footsteps. He had made a cross of two elder branches (folk about us say that the elder-wood formed the Cross whereon Christ died), and having set it on the summit of a bank, was deep in prayer, as it seemed, before it.

"One of his Italian repentances, I doubt not.

"He seemed in sore distress of mind, and lost to all thought of his surroundings.

"So they took him; the foreign wild beast, tracked at last. But not without trouble for he fought like the panther he was. Escaping lissomely from their hands at the moment when they would have bound him, the ex-bravo snatched a genuine stiletto from the folds of his monastic frock and stabbed one man to death, laughing coarsely at the stupid astonishment of the harquebusiers to see this weapon in so unseemly a hand.

"He had no chance, being taken thus unawares, and exhaustion came upon him; so, with tremours, the officers of justice held him fast. Before the first cord was fastened round his struggling wrists, he fell back, rigid, in their arms; sighed once or twice, smiled bitterly to himself at their consternation, and flung his head back, dead.

"A small quantity of a green powder was found on him (a large dose, I ween, had killed so hardy a villain!), and by comparing the signs of death with those of Giles Hughson and his wife, they saw he had poisoned himself some time within the last five hours. Whether he had seen Margaret again, and by seeing her upon the earth, had come to know himself too bad for it; or whether the weariness attendant upon sins so heavy had worn him out at last, remains a mystery. The leeches said a man so wasted and wan as this could scarce, in the way of Nature, have lived many years longer; but I question this, and so did the men who had so great trouble to hold him!

"News travelled slowly in those days from Italy to England, and it was not until very shortly after the White Monk's death that our town learnt it had harboured Pietro Rinucci, the slayer of the two good brothers, Ambrose and Gilbert de Troyes. No one ever told Mistress Margaret that she had spoken with such a man. And now the beautiful maiden rose from her bed, and asked for her mostly costly gowns, of amber, blue and rosy colours; and went amongst her friends brightly, wreathed with pearls and radiant in smiles. She was thought to have recovered, though she looked ethereal as a daisy or white cloud; but she said and averred that she was dying, and that her brother Ambrose had appeared to her in a vision, bidding her make all speed to do what remained to her upon the earth and be soon ready, when he should come behind the angels to fetch her hence. Her kinsfolk thought she wandered in her mind. She asked for the man who had wooed her, and held long speech with him, very merrily, and yet with tears; beseeching him to pause e'er he rashly threw away his life on this earth, since we know not in the beginning, whither our pleasant sins may carry us, and when we have no enjoyment of them, save by memory, what are they to us? The instruments of our present ruin.

"'All this,' said the lovely Margaret with a smile, 'hath right off, my Lord, been heard, by you and others; but from a lady's lips (and that lady who is even now bent to consider the past failings of her own life, soon to be taken from her) it hath been made evident to me, these poor oft-repeated words shall have some power. God bless you, my Lord—farewell.'

"The gentleman came out from her boudoir exceeding sobered, and essaying as he might to conceal his tears.

"The words of this dying angel—for so indeed she seemed—he vowed should be as a challenge to him from God to purify his ways. And indeed from that day the gentleman made such progress in godliness as can be made by one of his complexion.

"And now a strange and terrible portent was observed.

"Those who watched by the Lady Margaret, began to see a vision, and of that most dreaded being, the White Monk!

"Night or day, it mattered not; with a chill like to that of Death

itself, the horrified watchers knew the presence of the phantom. In the dark corners of the room would shape themselves dimly the features of the murderer, Rinucci, and his monastic gown, so glaring white in its dimness through the dark that the eye could not search it, and gone, ever gone, if some bold spirit neared the spot where he had thought he saw it.

No one said aught of this to the Lady Margaret, in fear to fright her; and she alone, of all who watched, did never see nor feel the constant presence. It seemed sometimes as though the phantom yearned to make itself visible to her kind, half-divine eyes, but her thoughts were too high-set for it to be given her to see a sight so horrible.

"She was much upheld by visions then—her contemplative soul shaped to itself many fair sights and sounds that others knew not. Sitting by the open casement in her sun-coloured gown, with white arms, pearl-encircled, leaning out, and her smile ever brighter as she murmured to herself, she would stretch far over the lattice and grasp at rosy clouds, which she said floated past her in the peopled air. She would reply, still leaning out and smiling, to what she vowed was said to her by wandering happy spirits. And all this while, behind her, there would stand the White Mystery, with slight hand lifting the cowl from a face whose eyes were as deep as death and more despairing.

"Small marvel that the murderer's ghost should cling to our saint while she yet lived on earth! He may have known that, once dead, restored to Heaven, she would thenceforth move in worlds where such as he should never have the force to breathe.

"And in her due hour she died; and after that for a space no one saw aught of the dread ghost. His spirit, drawn by some power to enter our house, wherein was held all he knew of goodness, had now no further business there, for a while. His loathed name, fraught with horror to your ancestors' home, was now never spoken. It was thought, doubtless, that since Margaret de Troyes—the innocent avenger—had unwittingly caused the murderer's death, the house he had so deeply injured was for ever free from his godless presence. And, indeed, for a while, the chronicles are silent respecting him. The next two generations were happy, and no great misfortune blasted the house. But in the third generation there were harsh feuds in the city, and much bloodshed, and several of your name came to violent and sometimes mysterious ends. Then it was that there arose a searching into past traditions to discover the secret of a certain white spectre said to appear about the castle previous to each calamity. Not all saw it; but still it grew known, and it bore a marked resemblance to an ancient portrait—hung up for curiosity's sake—of Pietro Rinucci.

"Well, young master, I myself served your grandfather, and I myself

can bear witness to the presence of the White Monk's ghost on one of the shrewd moments of the family destinies. Wilt hear it? So your father was then a stalwart young man, away at the wars in Spain. Your uncles, two blithe young gallants, were at home at the time I speak of, and there was some merry-making toward in the castle. Myself was seeing to the torches in the garden, when I chanced to see your uncle, Geoffrey de Troyes, come hastily into the yew-walk with his rapier drawn, followed by another youth whom I knew well, his rival, and in some sort, his enemy.

"As the guests danced within, these nobles fought without. A man dared not have interposed; it was matter of life and death to them, and they were there to prove it.

"I was glad, as I stood on the further side the hedge, to mark the vigour and the skill of our Geoffrey. Methought the vantage was with him, and with my whole heart I hated his opponent, the cold, selfish Ernle Deane, and wished him to succumb.

"And so, by mine honour, he should have done, for my boy was the pride of us all for swordsmanship; but it was not to be.

"Geoffrey de Troyes never suffered more from his mortal wound than I did in my heart and my pride, as I led him, bleeding piteously to this very stable-room, where he sank on the hay and said he must die.

"'Look to it,' groaned the poor young noble, as he lay dying, 'that Mistress Beatrice Savile has this token from me—my gold chain—warn her from me when I am dead, that she wed not Ernle Deane—he is bad to the core, and she is too good to mend him. Oh! but for that hateful vision!'

"'What vision, a God's name?' I cried.

"And he told me trembling—he who had never trembled of his whole life!—that even at the moment when he had thought to subdue his enemy—even as he raised his sword to strike home to a worthless heart—even then had his arm fallen paralysed and a frightful shiver quite unmanned him at the sight of a poor monk in white, who stood some yards away, and raised his cowl with a thin white hand, and fixed unearthly eyes upon him with a steadfast look that drew the soul away from the deadliest earthly peril.

"'And so I fell!' cried the shamed noble, crimsoning though the pallor of exhaustion. 'I—a practised hand, a not unworthy courage—a De Troyes! I fell—for this!—and so would any man have fallen,' he defiantly ended, 'for 'twas a devil—'twas Pietro Rinucci himself, who came from hell to lure me from my hopes of earthly happiness. O, life! O, Beatrice!'

"And I nursed him and wept over him like any woman, whilst one young, bright life more departed,

"In truth, young master," ended honest Ralph, "the noble Geoffrey

may have been deceived, and fancied this; but, you shall pardon me, I would rather think that armies of devils nightly march these grounds than that one De Troyes was ever seen to quail, save under magic! Thus it is that I, and that many of us yet believe in the spectre of Pietro Rinucci, 'the White Monk.'"

Oh these faithful servitors, they would die for us children of the house, I believe, and yet they have ever this curious bent to terrify the childish minds. I know not when it was precisely that I thus first heard the White Monk's story, but this I know, I was young enough to sit with my clenched fistlets supporting my chin, and my eyes and mouth very wide open.

"And was he always in *white*, that fearful man?" I asked, somewhere toward the middle of the story. "*Always in white?*" I know not why, but this detail struck my child's phantasy more powerfully than all the rest; *this* was awful, this was the pith of the whole matter, and from that moment I sat trembling, and drinking in the history with reluctant suspense, until it became the bane of my life for a term of years.

For hours I lay shuddering ofttimes in my bed, dreading with my body and my soul lest the Monk should appear to me! And never had I courage to speak of this to anyone of the many loving house mates who would so promptly have put an end to my fears by leaving me no more alone at night. There is a keen, hard honour for children to maintain, and to them the confession of nocturnal terror is as flight to the soldier. So, as the banquet sped its course below, I shuddered lonely in my bed in the oaken room, often weeping angrily amidst my fears because I alone, the only son of the house, was the only soul in it left desolate.

A little later I was comforted in some sort by my baby sister Margaret, who was put to sleep in an adjacent cot, and being too tiny for Fear to reach, would sleep secure, all gold and white in the dusky gleam of our rushlight—the one oasis of hope throughout the terrible oaken room. Yet she in her turn, became a source of fear to me. Should the Monk appear, and should the dire extremity cause me to shriek, what would become of Marguerite? She would die of sudden terror. Worse—if he should stand by her bedside, raising his cowl off the awful face, and her blue eyes should open at that instant? How should I protect her?

But before I wander further, I must begin straight and tell how we lived, and where, and to what end.

PERCY ROSS.

(To be continued.)

AN AUTO-HYPNOTIC RHAPSODY.

" *When all desires* that dwell in the heart *cease, then the mortal becomes immortal, and obtains Brahman.*
When all the fetters of the heart here on earth *are broken;*
When all that bind us to this life *is undone, then the mortal becomes immortal—here my teaching ends.*"

—KATHA UPANISHAD.

I (ÂTMAN) have crossed the sea—I have reached the other shore—I have triumphed over gravitation, my soul is in the sun-currents, moving sunwards with the sun.

Where the currents are bearing me to I scarcely know, but yet something has been revealed.

I died the mystical death, I was received by the Dawn-Maidens—the bright ones of the eternal twilights, the two bright Ushas, Ahana and Antigone, Isis, and Nephtys of Aanru.*

The Ahana-Aurora of Eternity laid me asleep on her bosom, giving me *amrita*† to drink, as Hebe gave to Herakles, and then I at once knew that I (*Atman*) was immortal; the Mask of Personality had fallen to earth, the Âtma was revealed — my true SELF — I knew my name, and found myself soaring sunwards. Then the Voice of that DAWN said, "I give you the 'Amrita' of the cessation of deaths," and her lips burning with sun-ardours, kissed my forehead, and said, "I bring you to the sun; when blind—on earth, that Sanskara of sorrow—you fancied your sun was nothing but a great centre of physical force — light and heat, and their equivalents; but it was Maya, the Earth-Queen of illusions, who thus deceived your earth eyes. Look now, and you can see nothing but a vast group of mighty spirit-wills clustered round a yet mightier Spirit centre, drawing from thence inspiration, and ever-radiating sun effluxes, for the good and advancement of those unhappy lower wills yet sunk in the earth. What you called light was intelligence, and heat was—love. Did not Koré suggest this to you, O my weak child, for she, too, was one of the Ushas, a Maiden of the Dawn, kindling your soul to love?"

I was silent to this question, for a dread sorrow clung to me.

"Though" (began again the Voice) "the sun-souls attract the earth-souls, the lost ones, for a while, to bring them up to themselves by the path that leads to Nirvana,‡ 'where there is no sorrow'; yet the sun-

* *Aanru* is the celestial field where the defunct's soul received wheat and corn, growing therein *seven cubits high.* (See "Book of the Dead," 124 *et seq.*)—ED.

† *Amrita* (immortal) applied to the Soma juice, and called the "Water of Life."—ED.

‡ This is a doctrine of the Visishtadwaita sect of the Vedantins. The *Jiva* (spiritual life principle, the living *Monad*) of one who attained Moksha or Nirvana, "breaks through the Brahmarandra and goes to *Suryamandala* (the region of the sun) through the Solar rays. Then it goes, through a dark spot in the Sun, to Paramapeda to which it is directed by the Supreme Wisdom acquired by *Yoga*, and helped thereinto by the *Devas* (gods) called Archis, the "Flames," or Fiery Angels, answering to the Christian archangels.—ED.

groups of Spirits are themselves attracted by a grander centre of force, and the Sun, with his planet-children, are speeding in a mighty orbit round a far mightier Soul-centre—the lost Pleiad—lost on earth to be found in Heaven. Dost thou not hear the solemn music of that tempest flight?" And then she touched my ears, and I heard the myriad-voiced song of the blessed ones as they passed on rejoicing, and the Voice continued: "That lost Pleiad, the dove-woman, the 'Woman Clothed with the Sun,' who, as Jeremiah prophesied, should 'compass man,' is that eternal womanhood which attracts all men." And the chorus of the psalm I heard them sing, as they passed on Pleiad-ward, was "Freedom and Love—Love in Bi-unity. The Two in One foretold has come even to earth." And the souls in that Pleiad-world are infinite in number as the sands of the seas of countless worlds, elective affinities attract like to like, forming celestial choirs, each member of which breathes the akasian air synchronously with the other, and what you call in your earth-symbol-language their "hearts," beat and throb in unison together as one heart, and thus become coalesced in, and by, love.

"Listen, O my child, to the music of their breathing," and I said, "Is Koré there?" Then I heard voices in Heaven, and I began to breathe the interior akasa breath synchronously with her—our breaths became one, I was mingled with, and melted in her; and lo! a great mystery! that Dawn-maiden changed to Koré, and Koré gave me the amrita of the Pleiad, and I knew that our biune love was immortal.

I have passed over the deep waters, I am free, I have infinite peace and infinite joy, at rest for ever.

Have I not, like Herakles, slept on the bosom of Athéné, breathing the wisdom of her breaths? I, too, breathe internally akasian love-breaths, I live in the love-choirs of the Pleiad Sun, I am in the true Nirvana, where there is no sorrow and no desire, for desire is lost in an ever-abiding and eternal fruition. The Lotus has bloomed in the Sun-fire,* and my soul is newborn in the pure white calyx, and floats down the golden waters that wash the eternal shores. I have found the "Path," "suffering, and the cause of suffering" (separation from the loved one) have been seen, and have passed away, whilst we ever rise and pass onwards by the star-paths. I am no more blind, but, like Orion of old, gazing eastwards on that rising sun, the red flush of whose dawn is ever blushing in our central souls. I have received my sight. —Om. . . . .

A. J. C.
Lucerne.

Since writing the foregoing, A. J. C. has met with the following note contained in Mr. Edwin Arnold's interesting essay, "Death and After-

* *Vide* Legend of Jyotishka, mentioned in "Life of Buddha from the Bkah-Hgyur."

wards," which throws light on the views in said Rhapsody: "That which safely bears our 'solid world' in the gulfs of space is no base or basis, no moveless central rock, but *throbbing energies* in complex and manifold action, *in swing and wave and thrill;* whirling us onward in mighty sweeps of three-fold rythm *to which our hearts are set.* So therefore not solidity of base in fixity of status is our supreme and vital need, but moving *power beyond our ken or senses;* known to us in *energising action*, and working through blue 'void'; impelling us in rings of spiral orbit round a moving sun in which we are dependent."

The same book contains Walt Whitman's beautiful and striking poem on Death, in which the poet says:

"Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?"

Yes, one other, the writer of the foregoing Rhapsody, has attempted a song in praise of Death the deliverer, and the Italian poet, Leopardi, stated in beautiful verse years ago that the world had two good things in it—Love and Death.

"Due belle cose ho il mondo
L'amor e la Morte" . . .

OUR OTHER HALF.

WHEN our ancient brethren, the Kabalists, Jewish as well as Oriental, taught that the divine monad, starting on its long journey from the bosom of the Infinite One was divided into halves, they had a double meaning, one exoteric, the other esoteric. The exoteric one, being that the two halves, swept through cycles upon cycles of time, in search of each other; and, that, when they finally met, in a perfect union, or marriage, the two halves became one on earth, and after death, united again. The true explanation, however, the esoteric one, is, that each and every one of us, contains within himself, both the halves: the feminine predominating through some incarnations, the masculine through others. It adds that, when we evolute into the perfect being, the Adept, the Mahatma, both principles are in perfect harmony. Or, as the Kabalists have recorded it, harmony is in equilibrium, and equilibrium exists by the analogy of contraries. How often we discern in the most masculine of men, distinct feminine traits of character, and *vice versa*, in the gentlest of the fair sex, discover masculine traits.

The Jewish Kabbalists represented these two principles in the letters forming their Ineffable Name. Its first three characters mean Eve, or Eva, or Hâyah חוה or woman, or by another reading it means mother, and is, in fact, the proper name as given in Genesis for Eve, "the mother of all living." Adding the character י Yodh or Yah, the male, the number one, the masculine, we have Jehovah, or Jah-eve, or being as male-female, the perfect number—10, symbolised by the Sephirothal Adam Kadmon.

A few evenings ago, while pondering on this subject, in a room devoted

to occult research, where an Eastern incense burning with a ruddy glow on the triangular-shaped altar, sent its refreshing fragrance through the apartment, my outer senses were lulled, and the inner ones came into play, and I became conscious of my other "half." I saw standing before me, a being, whom I had hitherto considered as my guardian angel stretching out her hands to me, and saying—"my beloved one, know thy-*self*."

The fire on the altar burnt low. The north-east wind, which had been blowing in furious gusts outside, lashing the bosom of the lake into white foam, died away, sounding like some far distant choral chant. An unearthly silence ensued, and seemed to pervade the infinitudes of space. A thousand voices spoke to me, saying, "Man, know thyself." Shadowy, ghostly forms filled the apartment. One, more distinct than the rest, tall in form, clad in a long flowing garment of pure white, the long black hair falling in curly locks over his shoulders, the silky beard reaching to his waist, the light of centuries of centuries gleaming forth from his dark eyes—extended his right hand toward me. A thrill of unutterable delight passed through my being. Slowly I emerged from my earthly casket, looked for an instant at its sleeping form, then felt irresistibly drawn to the fair being, who still stood with outstretched hands, and seemed to lose myself in her. The twain had become one. The mystic union had taken place. For a few brief moments I realized the possibilities of *jnânayoga*, the wisdom-power of the adepts. Space was annihilated. I could see systems upon systems of worlds, galaxies of stars, suns and systems of suns, whirling through space. I thought of some distant place, and I was there. Complex problems solved themselves quite naturally: I had become all THOUGHT. . . . .

The extended hand of the tall form flashed before my eyes, and I became unconscious. When I awoke, I found lying on the altar a full-blown white rose. The north-east wind was again roaring in fierce gusts, the fire on the altar had died out. The mirrors had draped themselves with their curtains of black. The two interlaced triangles had merged into a circle, of pure gold in colour. Once more I took upon myself my objective life. But I had solved the problem which has taken me seven years to solve. I was content. . . . .

"BERTRAND STONEX," F.T.S.

THE THREE DESIRES.

THE first three of the numbered rules of "Light on the Path" must appear somewhat of an unequal character to bracket together. The sense in which they follow each other is purely spiritual. Ambition is the highest point of personal activity reached by the mind, and there is something noble in it, even to an Occultist. Having conquered the desire to stand above his fellows, the restless aspirant, in seeking what his personal desires are, finds the thirst for life stand next in his way. For all that are ordinarily classed as desires have long since been subjugated, passed by, or forgotten, before this pitched battle of the soul is begun. The desire for life is entirely a desire of the spirit, not mental at all; and in facing it a man begins to face his own soul. But very few have even attempted to face it; still fewer can guess at all at its meaning.

The connection between ambition and the desire of life is of this kind. Men are seldom really ambitious in whom the animal passions are strong. What is taken for ambition in men of powerful physique is more often merely the exercise of great energy in order to obtain full gratification of all physical desires. Ambition pure and simple is the struggle of the mind upwards, the exercise of a native intellectual force which lifts a man altogether above his peers. To rise—to be pre-eminent in some special manner, in some department of art, science, or thought, is the keenest longing of delicate and highly-tuned minds. It is quite a different thing from the thirst for knowledge which makes of a man a student always—a learner to the end, however great he may become. Ambition is born of no love for anything for its own sake, but purely for the sake of oneself. "It is I that will know, I that will rise, and by my own power."

> "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
> By that sin fell the angels."

The place-seeking for which the word was originally used, differs in degree, not in kind, from that more abstract meaning now generally attached to it. A poet is considered ambitious when he writes for fame. It is true; so he is. He may not be seeking a place at court, but he is certainly seeking the highest place he knows of. Is it conceivable that any great author could really be anonymous, and remain so? The human mind revolts against the theory of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's works, not only because it deprives the world of a splendid figure, but also because it makes of Bacon a monster, unlike all other human beings. To the ordinary intelligence it is inconceivable that a

man should hide his light in this purposeless manner. Yet it is conceivable to an occultist that a great poet might be inspired by one greater than himself, who would stand back entirely from the world and all contact with it. This inspirer would not only have conquered ambition but also the abstract desire for life, before he could work vicariously to so great an extent. For he would part with his work for ever when once it had gone to the world; it would never he his. A person who can imagine making no claim on the world, neither desiring to take pleasure from it nor to give pleasure to it, can dimly apprehend the condition which the occultist has reached when he no longer desires to live. Do not suppose this to mean that he neither takes nor gives pleasure; he does both, as also he lives. A great man, full of work and thought, eats his food with pleasure; he does not dwell on the prospect of it, and linger over the memory, like the gluttonous child, or the gourmand pure and simple. This is a very material image, yet sometimes these simple illustrations serve to help the mind more than any others. It is easy to see, from this analogy, that an advanced occultist who has work in the world may be perfectly free from the desires which would make him a part of it, and yet may take its pleasures and give them back with interest. He is enabled to give more pleasure than he takes, because he is incapable of fear or disappointment. He has no dread of death, nor of that which is called annihilation. He rests on the waters of life, submerged and sleeping, or above them and conscious, indifferently. He cannot feel disappointment, because although pleasure is to him intensely vivid and keen, it is the same to him whether he enjoys it himself or whether another enjoys it. It is pleasure, pure and simple, untarnished by personal craving or desire So with regard to what occultists call "progress"—the advance from stage to stage of knowledge. In a school of any sort in the external world emulation is the great spur to progress. The occultist, on the contrary, is incapable of taking a single step until he has acquired the faculty of realizing progress as an abstract fact. Someone must draw nearer to the Divine in every moment of life; there must always be progress. But the disciple who desires that he shall be the one to advance in the next moment, may lay aside all hope of it. Neither should he be conscious of preferring progress for another or of any kind of vicarious sacrifice. Such ideas are in a certain sense unselfish, but they are essentially characteristic of the world in which separateness exists, and form is regarded as having a value of its own. The shape of a man is as much an *eidolon* as though no spark of divinity inhabited it; at any moment that spark may desert the particular shape, and we are left with a substantial shadow of the man we knew. It is in vain, after the first step in occultism has been taken, that the mind clings to the old beliefs and certainties. Time and space are known to be non-existent, and are only regarded as existing in practical life

for the sake of convenience. So with the separation of the divine-human spirit into the multitudes of men on the earth. Roses have their own colours, and lilies theirs; none can tell why this is when the same sun, the same light, gives the colour to each. Nature is indivisible. She clothes the earth, and when that clothing is torn away, she bides her time and re-clothes it again when there is no more interference with her. Encircling the earth like an atmosphere, she keeps it always glowing and green, moistened and sun-lit. The spirit of man encompasses the earth like a fiery spirit, living on Nature, devouring her, sometimes being devoured by her, but always in the mass remaining more ethereal and sublime than she is. In the individual, man is conscious of the vast superiority of Nature; but when once he becomes conscious that he is part of an indivisible and indestructible whole, he knows also that the whole of which he is part stands above nature. The starry sky is a terrible sight to a man who is just self-less enough to be aware of his own littleness and unimportance as an individual; it almost crushes him. But let him once touch on the power which comes from knowing himself as part of the human spirit, and nothing can crush him by its greatness. For if the wheels of the chariot of the enemy pass over his body, he forgets that it is his body, and rises again to fight among the crowd of his own army. But this state can never be reached, nor even approached, until the last of the three desires is conquered, as well as the first. They must be apprehended and encountered together.

Comfort, in the language used by occultists, is a very comprehensive word. It is perfectly useless for a neophyte to practise discomfort or asceticism as do religious fanatics. He may come to prefer deprivation in the end, and then it has become his comfort. Homelessness is a condition to which the religious Brahmin pledges himself; and in the external religion he is considered to fulfil this pledge if he leaves wife and child, and becomes a begging wanderer, with no shelter of his own to return to. But all external forms of religion are forms of comfort, and men take vows of abstinence in the same spirit that they take pledges of boon companionship. The difference between these two sides of life is only apparent. But the homelessness which is demanded of the neophyte is a much more vital thing than this. It demands the surrender from him of choice or desire. Dwelling with wife and child, under the shelter of a familiar roof-tree, and fulfilling the duties of citizenship, the neophyte may be far more homeless, in the esoteric sense, than when he is a wanderer or an outcast. The first lesson in practical occultism usually given to a pledged disciple is that of fulfilling the duties immediately to hand with the same subtle mixture of enthusiasm and indifference as the neophyte would imagine himself able to feel when he had grown to the size of a ruler of worlds and a designer of destinies. This rule is to be found in the Gospels and in the Bhagavad Gita. The immediate work, whatever

it may be, has the abstract claim of duty, and its relative importance or non-importance is not to be considered at all. This law can never be obeyed until all desire of comfort is for ever destroyed. The ceaseless assertions and re-assertions of the personal self must be left behind for ever. They belong as completely to the character of this world as does the desire to have a certain balance at the bank, or to retain the affections of a loved person. They are equally subject to the change which is characteristic of this world; indeed, they are even more so, for what the neophyte does by becoming a neophyte is simply to enter a forcing-house. Change, disillusionment, disheartenment, despair will crowd upon him by invitation; for his wish is to learn his lessons quickly. And as he turns these evils out they will probably be replaced by others worse than themselves—a passionate longing for separate life, for sensation, for the consciousness of growth in his own self, will rush in upon him and sweep over the frail barriers which he has raised. And no such barriers as asceticism, as renunciation, nothing indeed which is negative, will stand for a single moment against this powerful tide of feeling. The only barrier is built up of new desires. For it is perfectly useless for the neophyte to imagine he can get beyond the region of desires. He cannot; he is still a man, Nature must bring forth flowers while she is still Nature, and the human spirit would loose its hold on this form of existence altogether did it not continue to desire. The individual man cannot wrench himself instantly out of that life of which he is an essential part. He can only change his position in it. The man whose intellectual life dominates his animal life, changes his position; but he is still in the dominion of desire. The disciple who believes it possible to become selfless in a single effort, will find himself flung into a bottomless pit as the consequence of his rash endeavour. Seize upon a new order of desires, purer, wider, nobler; and so plant your foot upon the ladder firmly. It is only on the last and topmost rung of the ladder, at the very entrance upon Divine or Mahatmic life, that it is possible to hold fast to that which has neither substance or existence.

The first part of "Light on the Path" is like a chord in music; the notes have to be struck together though they must be touched separately. Study and seize hold of the new desires before you have thrust out the old ones; otherwise in the storm you will be lost. Man while he is man has substance and needs some step to stand on, some idea to cling to. But let it be the least possible. Learn as the acrobat learns, slowly and with care, to become more independent. Before you attempt to cast out the devil of ambition—the desire of something, however fine and elevated, outside of yourself,—seize on the desire to find the light of the world within yourself. Before you attempt to cast out the desire of conscious life, learn to look to the unattainable or in other language to that which you know you can only reach in un-

consciousness. In knowing that your aim is of this lofty character, that it will never bring conscious success, never bring comfort to you, that it will never carry you *in your own temporary personal self* to any haven of rest or place of agreeable activity, you cut away all the force and power of the desires of the lower astral nature. For what avail is it, when these facts have been once realised, to desire separateness, sensation or growth?

The armour of the warrior who rises to fight for you in the battle depicted in the second part of "Light on the Path," is like the shirt of the happy man in the old story. The king was to be cured of all his ills by sleeping in this shirt; but when the one happy man in his kingdom was found, he was a beggar, without care, without anxiety—and shirtless. So with the divine warrior. None can take his armour and use it, for he has none. The king could never find happiness like that of the careless beggar. The man of the world, however fine and cultivated he may be, is hampered by a thousand thoughts and feelings which have to be cast aside before he can even stand on the threshold of occultism. And, be it observed, he is chiefly handicapped by the armour he wears, which isolates him. He has personal pride, personal respect. These things must die out as the personality recedes. The process described in the first part of "Light on the Path," is one which takes off that shell, or armour, and casts it aside for ever. Then the warrior arises, armourless, defenceless, offenceless, identified with the afflicters and the afflicted, the angered and the one that angers; fighting not on any side, but for the Divine, the highest in all.

GOLDEN SENTENCES OF DEMOCRITUS.

It is beautiful to impede an unjust man; but if this be not possible, it is beautiful not to act in conjunction with him.

Sin should be abstained from, not through fear, but, for the sake of the becoming.

Many who have not learnt to argue rationally, still live according to reason.

Vehement desires about any one thing render the soul blind with respect to other things.

The equal is beautiful in everything, but excess and defect to me do not appear to be so.

It is the property of a divine intellect to be always intently thinking about the beautiful.

THE RELATION OF COLOUR TO THE INTERLACED TRIANGLES, OR THE PENTACLE.*

COLOUR registers grades of vibration. Vibration registers grades of life. Life, esoterically considered, is ascent towards its source —the great First Cause, the celestial sun which lights universal creation.

If a ray of white light is passed through a triangular piece of glass, called a prism, it becomes separated into the seven colours known as the "solar spectrum." Careful scientific analysis has proven that these colours are produced by different rates of vibration.

It has shown that the slowest vibrations are red, the quickest violet The red ray of the spectrum gives 477 millions of millions (or billions) of vibrations in a second, the orange 506, the yellow 535, the green 577, the blue 622, Indigo 658, and violet 699.

Thus there is a regular ascent in the colour-scale from red to violet, and the trans-violet rays go on octaves higher, becoming invisible to the physical eye as their rates of vibration increase.

It has also been discovered that these seven prismatic rays of the solar spectrum correspond to the seven notes on the musical scale, the ray of slowest vibration, red, being a correlate of the base note of the musical gamut, and the violet ray answering to the highest musical note.

When the vibrations exceed a certain limit, the tympanum of the ear has not time to recoil before a succeeding impulse arrives, and it remains motionless. Darkness and silence are, therefore, equivalents for the cessation of vibrations on the retina of the eye and tympanum of the ear respectively. Incidentally it may be stated that cold is also considered to be the cessation of vibrations through the nerves of feeling.

Colour, therefore, is to light what pitch is to sound—both depend on length of vibrations.

The thought will immediately suggest itself in this connection that if colour and music are thus correlated, the perfect clairvoyant might *see* a concert as well as hear it. This is true, and there are instances on record of such transcendent views. In one case of this kind, it was not alone a poetical play of colour springing into life under the touch of a German professor's hands, but a host of airy sprites clothed in the various rays which called them forth.

Isis declares that "sounds and colours are all spiritual numerals; and as the seven prismatic rays proceed from one spot in Heaven, so the

* A paper read before the Chicago Branch of the Theosophical Society, by its Secretary, M. L. Brainard.

seven powers of Nature, each of them a number, are the seven radiations of the unity, the central spiritual sun."*

It is easy to follow along the lines of these suggestions, and trace the origin of chanting the seven vowels to one of their gods, among the Egyptians, as a hymn of praise at sunrise. In the so-called mythical Golden Age this must have been the mode of putting themselves *en rapport* or *in tune* with the Cosmic powers, and ensuring harmony while the vibrations were synchronous.

The third necessary correlation to be considered in this analysis is that of form. Scientific research has proven that not only are music and colour due to rates of vibration, but form also marshals itself into objective being in obedience to the same mysterious law. This is demonstrated by the familiar experiment of placing some dry sand on a square of glass, and drawing a violin bow across the edge. Under the influence of this intonation, the sand assumes star shapes of perfect proportion; if other material is placed on the square of glass at the same time, other shapes are assumed, varying in proportion to the power resident in the atoms to *respond* to the vibrations communicated.

It is noticeable, however, that the vibration makes the spaces, and the sand falls into the *rest* places.

We have now discovered a triangular key—light, music, form—which will disclose to us the exact relations which colour sustains to the interlaced triangles, the six-rayed star, universal symbol of creative force acting upon matter.† This triangular key is simply three modes of one being, three differential expressions of one force—vibration.

That which causes the vibration we can only represent by the Ineffable Name, behind which burns the quenchless glory of En Soph, the Boundless.

Thus, in our symbology we start from the centre of a circle, which should be represented by white light.

The seven rays issuing therefrom, must first pass through the interior and invisible triangle of Akasa, the prism A.U.M., before they can flow outward, and by their action upon chaos, wheel the myriad forms of physical life into consonance with their rates of vibration. In this manner is the visible formulated from the invisible. By such subtle music is born the gorgeous flora of our tropics, drinking its wealth of colour from the yellow and warm rays of the sunlight; and in accord with the same harmony is produced the subdued vegetation of colder climes. The blue and violet beams carry the quick pulses of the parent flame deep within the earth, and by-and-bye she gives back that which

* "Isis Unveiled," Vol I., p. 514.

† Hence in Kabalistic symbolism the *pentacle*, or the six-pointed star, is the sign of the *manifested* "Logos," or the "Heavenly man," the Tetragrammaton. "The four-lettered Adni (*Adonaï*, "the Lord"), is the *Eheieh* (the symbol of *life* or existence), is the Lord of the six limbs (6 Sephiroth) and his Bride (*Malkuth*, or physical nature, also Earth) is his seventh limb." (Ch. *Book of Numbers* viii. 3-4.)—Ed.

she has received, transformed into a thousand brilliant hues woven in the magic loom of Love, presided over by the solar spectrum. Or, as Egyptian myth phrases it, Osiris (the sun) weds Isis (the earth), and the child, Horus-Apollo, glorifies all things as the product of this divine union.

The culmination of light resides in the yellow ray, and hence to that colour is given the East point in our symbolised centre of radiation.* The others follow in the order of the solar spectrum.

But it is noticeable in this connection, that *in* that order, the coarsest and warmest of the visible rays—red—is placed next to the coldest and most refined ray, the violet. Here we have the analogy of contraries. The ray of lowest refrangibility and the ray of highest refrangibility become next-door neighbours in the divergent circle of necessity. What is the result? It is not hard to discover, when we know that the cooling colours are essential to the balanced action of the thermal rays. "A small amount of blue when combined with other rays will even increase the heat, because it kindles into activity its opposite warm principle, red, through chemical affinity."

Having determined the law which should govern the symbology of colours at the centre of our circle, we come next to the interlaced triangles.

The truly Theosophical Pentacle should be made by the interlacing of a white triangle with a black triangle—the white representing pure spirit, the black, gross matter. This is the true symbology, for the reason that white reflects all colours, and black absorbs all colours. It is the face of the White Ancient looking into the face of the Black Ancient.

Absolute blackness appears to give back nothing; nor does it ever, save through processes of slow evolution, wrought by continued vibration upon its molecules from the Divine Centre of Light.

Continuous vibration polarizes these particles, so that at last rising from the lowest grade of refrangibility to the highest, into the invisible octaves of being, our planetary chain in its culmination will reach a point where every atom will give an answering thrill of resonance to the throbbing of the heart of the Universe—the Central Spiritual Sun.

As every substance in Nature has its colour, so the human family publish their grades of advancement to the clairvoyant eye by their astral colours; and seekers after the true Light may know what "ray" they are in, by a comparison of their own auras with the colours of the overshadowing soul.

The middle rays of the solar spectrum—blue, green, and yellow—give a very powerful triangle, a wonderful *working* triangle of forces; for

* It is the secret of the great reverence shown in the East for this colour. It is the colour of the *Vegi* dress in India, and of the *Gelupka* sect ("Yellow caps") in Thibet. It symbolizes *pure blood* and sunlight, and is called "the stream of life." Red, as its opposite, is the colour of the *Dugpas*, and black magicians.—Ed.

green is Hermetic silver, yellow is Hermetic gold, and blue is a despatch-messenger from the "Lord of the Worlds," Jupiter.

The blue and the yellow of this group, on account of their position—the third and the fifth reckoned both ways—have been chosen as the colours of our incense-holders, alternating on the points of the Pentacle. As odours are also correlated with colours, and as sandal-wood is the perfume which belongs to the sun, we use that incense to intensify the vibrations from the radiating points, in order to increase the volume of accord which will reach other centres at a distance; for the akasa is more sensitive than an Eolian harp—it registers the very arōma of our thoughts. It was, therefore, no exaggeration of the poet when he said:

"Guard well thy thought:
Our thoughts are *heard* in Heaven."

But if colours and sounds are spiritual numerals, then the seven symbolical points of the Pentacle represent numbers of the greatest importance in world-building, and in soul-building also. For we must all build our own souls. And the symbology of the interlacing of the triangle of spirit with the triangle of matter, finds its correspondence in man, the little world, who, though a spiritual ego, yet dwells in a physical house, and whose business it is to merge himself completely into the region of the white triangle.

When Man has raised his vibrations into perfect harmony with the universal sun, he has then unbound himself from the wheel of re-birth—the Zodiac—and is ready to enter Nirvana.

The word "heaven" in Hebrew signifies the abode of the sun. When, therefore, the Nazarene said "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," he virtually declared that all the seven cosmic powers are resident within us.

Esoteric science recognises man as a septenary, working in conjunction with other orders of numerals which register divine vibrations.

All nature listens to that universal song, and the music of the spheres is no fable. The swarming zöospores in the protoplasm of plants hear it, and thrilled by that enchantment, fall into invisible rhythm, bringing up by quick marches into the region of Day the tiny dwellers in stem and leaf. How do we know that the mystery of the six-sided cell of the honey-bee may not find its solution here? Perhaps the bee is susceptible only to vibrations which fall into these lines, and faithfully obeys the master-musician in the construction of its hexagonal house. The great law of cosmic and microcosmic correspondence was revealed ages ago to the Sages who *listened*, and listening, *heard* the wondrous revelations breathed forth from the harp of Akasa. Sighing winds from other worlds passed over the delicate strings, and as they passed, uttered in soundless tones the profound mystery of near and remote planets. These Sages dwelt in that White Palace—the Lotus of the Heart—the sun-palace indeed.

From centre to circumference their vast circle of vision was permeated by the reflected *All*, and from the White Palace they ascended the sacred mountain Meru, where dwelleth wisdom and love.

The key which opens the White Palace is held by the seven mystic children of the Royal Arch of the Rainbow, guarding the seven gates of the Sun, every gate of which answers to a musical note, and every note of which enfolds three tones.

Hence, if we understand the analogies of colour, we may open the six doors of Nature, and also the seventh, to Nirvana.

M. L. BRAINARD.

QUESTIONS.

WHAT can we do in temptation's hour?
How shall we conquer its fiery power?
How can we master it—standing *alone*,
Just on the threshold of things unknown?

Strong is its power as Death and Hell,
Led by its lure, even angels fell!
Dazed by the glare of a rising light
How shall poor mortals see aright?

Tempted we were in the morning of life,
With earth's simple joys that are ever rife,
To idly bask in the sun's warm beam
And to care no jot for a holier dream.

Tempted again in the heyday sun,
To choose fair paths and in gardens run,
Claiming as ours, all joy—all love,
Flowerets of bliss from the Heavens above.

Temptings come now, in life's later prime,
Deeper and stronger than in past time,
To feed with fuel the inward fire,
The passionate dream of the *soul's desire!*

Two feet are creeping on paths unknown,
Weary and mournful, sad and lone;
Two eyes are looking and longing for light,
Two hands are locked in a desperate fight.

A heart is breaking with pain and grief,
A soul in strong agony cries for relief;
Echoes no kindred chord above?
Stretcheth no Hand in responsive love?

Is our Great God, but a God of stone?
Are we—His people—dazed and alone?
Is there no Ear that can hear us cry?
No Christ,—to succour us e'er we die?

L. F. Ff

A THEORY OF HAUNTINGS.

VERY few persons realise the powerful and long-lasting effects of human "auras"—those mysterious psychical emanations which are mentally cognised, and which silently impress one as to the character of a locality, the indiosyncrasies of a nation, a family, or an individual. Personal auras are strictly speaking the effects of the innate, and presumably hidden natures, of individuals, and are entirely the effluence of soul and mind. A house, or a neighbourhood, becomes imbued with the individual or collective auras of its inhabitants, which convey to the psychic senses, and thence to the mind, a powerful impression of character. At the same time within the aura of individuals, or families, are indelibly imprinted their thought-pictures, which may, or may not, have been embodied in acts; the faces and forms of relatives, friends, visitors, of the very animals they pet, the image of their pursuits, in short the whole life. These are imprinted in the *astral* element which surrounds each individual soul, as the atmosphere surrounds our bodies; and as the air we breathe becomes changed in respiration, so this ethereal atmosphere becomes transformed by personal impress.

Education, morality, religion, health, disease, happiness or misery, are largely the effects of the widely diffused auras of individuals continually given forth into the ambient atmosphere. As a man, or body of men, think, act, and live, such is the quality of the aura, or odylic sphere they emanate. This has an effect for good or evil upon all who approach within its radius; a formative, educating effect upon the ignorant, if it is of a high, intellectual, or spiritual quality; or a depressing, stultifying, deforming effect upon the minds and souls of innocent, or negative sensitives, when it is of an impure, debased, or brutal character.

Thought governs the world. It is by thought, and its embodiment in acts, that progress is made. Every thought has its aura, and nothing can prevent its diffusion in the atmospheres, both the astral and the natural or physical. Hence being continually surrounded by the effects of thoughts universally diffused, we are insensibly governed by their aura of good or evil, and we grow in beauty, or are warped in deformity, mental and bodily, from infancy, under the moulding consequences of the local thought-auras of the family, neighbourhood and nation in which we happen to be born.

Psychometry proves that even stones retain the impression of the scenes which have been enacted in their neighbourhood. That is, the stone having been bathed in the psychic emanations of creatures, human and animal, during, perhaps, centuries, retains such auras indestructibly

in its atmosphere; and a psychometric clairvoyant will gradually perceive the most trivial details of the more active life which has daily passed in the vicinity of the stone. A fragment from the Temple of Diana of Ephesus, for instance, were it procurable, would enable a good psychometrist to describe every minute particular of the ancient temple worship and ceremonies. A stone from the Colosseum held in the hand, or to the forehead of a psychometrist, would produce a vision of the scenes in the arena which were wont to attract the Roman population. A fossil of some antediluvian animal would bring before the mind's eye surroundings corresponding to the period in which the animal had lived. In truth, upon the plane of more ethereal matter adjacent to this, are to be found the images of all things, subject neither to time nor the changes of time; and there our image-producing faculties, temporarily divested of the blinding veil of flesh, may call them up at will.

The aura of a great crime becomes diffused in the neighbourhood of its commission, and concealment would be impossible if the psychic vision of men were open instead of being closed. A picture of the deed committed becomes impressed upon the astral atmosphere, with the faces and forms of those engaged in its commission. This effect is never destroyed, but may be recalled at will by a good clairvoyante. At the same time the aura of good deeds is equally powerful and indestructible. The one is like a transitory convulsion, disturbing the beauty of order and harmony with Nature; the other is the fixed and equable moral atmosphere arising from thoughts and actions consonant with wisdom. In short, the aura of good thoughts and deeds is the *pabulum* of souls; the invigorating and supporting air they inspire and respire, producing health, happiness, mental activity, and inciting to progress. If it were not for the good on the earth, we might doubtless often cry in vain—"Heaven help us!"—for we should be so smothered under evil auras that spiritual breathing, and rapport with purer realms of life, would be a radical impossibility.

A crime is the insane product of an unbalanced, disordered mind. It causes a species of astral electric disturbance, which is as sensibly felt by sensitives as any explosion or convulsion on the natural plane. Astral, or ethereal molecules become violently displaced, and forced into new conditions of juxtaposition. A mysterious terror pervades the air, which affects all neighbouring minds, even to the very animals. It is as if the living soul of Nature had been violently wrenched from its normal condition of peace and happiness, and stood electrified with horror, whilst upon its veil of ethereal matter is fixed an indestructible image of the painful tragedy which has been suddenly enacted.

We are, in fact, surrounded, upon the soul plane of life, by an atmosphere which receives, so to speak, a photographic impression of even our very thoughts, which is a mirror to reflect our whole life, an image-world, retaining sounds as well as forms. It may be made

subject to our will, which can call up before the mind, and make visible to the eye of the soul whatsoever, without exception, we will to see, to hear, or to know. The phantoms or apparitions of which we so frequently hear, are matters of fact to all psychic seers; are things as absolutely existent as any objects on the more familiar plane of dense matter. Once to realise this great fact, and to understand some of the laws which would enable us consciously to control, and illustrate to our satisfaction, certain of the hidden mysteries of the inner world of ethereal matter, from which our own proceeds as an effect from a cause, would set us upon a mountain height of knowledge whence all clouds of superstition, doubt, and uncertainty, would roll away.

There are many stories extant of certain haunting apparitions which have been seen at various times during the lapse of centuries, reappearing again and again in the same families as warnings, or otherwise; or it may be a mysterious sound, such as the cry of the "banshee" in Ireland. The popular fallacy regarding such apparitions is that a *human* soul, or "spirit"—it may be wrongly called—is compelled, as a retribution for the commission of some crime, to remain on the earth haunting the scene of its former sins. Or, if the visitant be a benevolent ghost, it is supposed that it is some ancestor or ancestress, ever present in loving watchfulness over the destinies of the family, giving warning of death or danger. The idea of a human soul being chained in this melancholy fashion to the earth is exceedingly repugnant to most minds, and naturally excites the utmost compassion for the poor ghost which has to wear out so dreary a doom. Such a hypothesis contradicts all those religious teachings which assign to souls either a state of absolute unconscious sleep, until the day of judgment, or an abode, presumably in a conscious state, in heaven or hell. It contradicts all those more modern teachings of "progress" after death, of the gradual ascension of the soul to its place of rest. If we accept the ideas of Eastern teachers concerning those occult mysteries—that the higher self, the spiritualised entity, gradually separates from its more animal, or lower principles of organism, which adhere together for a longer or shorter period as a shell-like or shadowy personality—even then, these principles or ethereal molecules which go to form an astral body, disintegrate after a time. They would not be likely, at all events, to endure over a century. Apparitions of persons deceased *within* a century might be considered as essentially ghosts, or shades—the shadowy, sidereal shapes of personalities passed away from the physical plane, and in a condition of gradual separation from all that can attach them to the earth. And it is presumable that a phantom which is seen repeatedly during the lapse of centuries, is merely a reflection in the astral light, called up by the will of a seer; or projected upon the plane of soul-vision either by some psychological disturbance, or by some change of condition on the part of those who see the phantom. The

immediate action may be due to "*elementals*," those mysterious entities called by Liebnitz "Monads," which are in close attendance upon mankind, and have so much to do with his very existence that he would fare but indifferently without them. Not only are they as intimately consociated with him as his own thoughts, but certain grades of them depend upon him also for their existence. These beings often become tutelary, or "house-spirits," and the *rôle* of re-appearing again and again, as a sort of hereditary ghost, to give warning of death or danger, is not incompatible with their condition of existence. Time does not exist for them, and one century would be like any other. They live in the personal or family aura, and become intimately blended with the daily lives of its members. When, as in the case of royal or noble houses, the family aura remains undisturbed in its ancient palaces or castles during centuries, a haunting elemental would find it an easy matter to make itself visible, frequently by a semi-materialisation, or a condensation of the ethereal atoms of its body. In such a case it would be seen objectively by anyone who happened to be present. In other cases, when an apparition is only a reflection in the astral light, a sensitive in moments of abnormal or psychic lucidity would perceive it. Others sympathetically inclined would perceive the same. At length, after repeated similar visions, the locality would get the name of being haunted. The image so repeatedly beheld becomes fixed in the atmosphere of that particular spot. Upon entering a locality with such a reputation a species of psychological inebriation would assail every individual so constituted as to fall under the effects of the aura already established, and they would then always behold the spectre thus ideally produced. These mental or astral spectres need not necessarily be merely immovable pictures. They will move, or walk, threaten, or act a pantomime exactly as they may have the reputation of doing; or as the person who beholds them expects or imagines them to be doing.

In some respects these apparitions or warning cries may be mental legacies left indelibly impressed in the astral light by the powerful will of a departed ancestor, friendly or inimical, as a blessing or a curse; or even by a member of some alien family, as a pursuing Nemesis which falls as a retribution upon the perpetrator of evil, but can possess no power over the innocent and good.

FRANK FAIRHOLME.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ESOTERIC CHARACTER OF THE GOSPELS.

III.

NO one can be regarded as a Christian unless he professes, or is supposed to profess, belief in Jesus, by baptism, and in salvation, "through the blood of Christ." To be considered a good Christian, one has, as a *conditio sine quâ non*, to show faith in the dogmas expounded by the Church and to profess them; after which a man is at liberty to lead a private and public life on principles diametrically opposite to those expressed in the Sermon on the Mount. The chief point and that which is demanded of him is, that he should have—or *pretend to have*—a blind faith in, and veneration for, the ecclesiastical teachings of his special Church.

"Faith is the key of Christendom,'

saith Chaucer, and the penalty for lacking it is as clearly stated as words can make it, in St. Mark's Gospel, Chapter xvi., verse 16th: "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

It troubles the Church very little that the most careful search for these words in the oldest texts during the last centuries, remained fruitless; or, that the recent revision of the Bible led to a unanimous conviction in the truth-seeking and truth-loving scholars employed in that task, that no such *un-Christ*-like sentence was to be found, except in some of the latest, fraudulent texts. The good Christian people had assimilated the consoling words, and they had become the very pith and marrow of their charitable souls. To take away the hope of eternal damnation, for all others except themselves, from these chosen vessels of the God of Israel, was like taking their very life. The truth-loving and God-fearing revisers got scared; they left the forged passage (an interpolation of eleven verses, from the 9th to the 20th), and satisfied their consciences with a foot-note remark of a very equivocal character, one that would grace the work and do honour to the diplomatic faculties of the craftiest Jesuits. It tells the "believer" that:—

"The two oldest Greek MSS. and some other authorities OMIT from verse 9 to the end. Some authorities *have a different ending* to the Gospel." *—

—and explains no further.

But the two "oldest Greek MSS." *omit* the verses *nolens volens*, as these *have never existed.* And the learned and truth-loving revisers know this better than any of us do; yet the wicked falsehood is printed at the very seat of Protestant Divinity, and it is allowed to go on, glaring into the faces of coming generations of students of theology and, hence, into those of their future parishioners. Neither can be, nor are they deceived by it, yet both *pretend* belief in the authenticity of the cruel words worthy of a *theological Satan.* And this Satan-Moloch is their own *God of infinite mercy and justice* in Heaven, and the incarnate symbol of love and charity on Earth—blended in one!

* Vide "Gospel according to St. Mark," in the *revised* edition printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, 1881.

Truly mysterious are your paradoxical ways, oh—Churches of Christ!

I have no intention of repeating here stale arguments and logical *exposés* of the whole theological scheme; for all this has been done, over and over again, and in a most excellent way, by the ablest "Infidels" of England and America. But I may briefly repeat a prophecy which is a self-evident result of the present state of men's minds in Christendom. Belief in the Bible *literally*, and in a *carnalised* Christ, will not last a quarter of a century longer. The Churches will have to part with their cherished dogmas, or the 20th century will witness the downfall and ruin of all Christendom, and with it, belief even in a Christos, as pure Spirit. The very name has now become obnoxious, and theological Christianity must die out, *never to resurrect again* in its present form. This, in itself, would be the happiest solution of all, were there no danger from the natural reaction which is sure to follow: crass materialism will be the consequence and the result of centuries of blind faith, unless the loss of old ideals is replaced by other ideals, unassailable, because *universal*, and built on the rock of eternal truths instead of the shifting sands of human fancy. Pure immateriality must replace, in the end, the terrible anthropomorphism of those ideals in the conceptions of our modern dogmatists. Otherwise, why should Christian dogmas—the perfect counterpart of those belonging to other exoteric and pagan religions — claim any superiority? The bodies of all these were built upon the same astronomical and physiological (or phallic) symbols. Astrologically, every religious dogma the world over, may be traced to, and located in, the Zodiacal signs and the Sun. And so long as the science of comparative symbology or any theology has only two keys to open the mysteries of religious dogmas—and these two only very partially mastered, how can a line of demarcation be drawn, or any difference made between the religions of say, Chrishna and Christ, between salvation through the blood of the "first-born primeval male" of one faith, and that of the "only *begotten* Son" of the other, far younger, religion?

Study the Vedas; read even the superficial, often disfigured writings of our great Orientalists, and think over what you will have learnt. Behold Brahmans, Egyptian Hierophants, and Chaldean Magi, teaching several thousand years before our era that the gods themselves had been only mortals (in previous births) until they won their immortality by *offering their blood to their Supreme God* or chief. The "Book of the Dead," teaches that mortal man "became one with the gods through an interflow of a common life in the common blood of the two." Mortals gave the blood of their first-born sons in sacrifice to the Gods. In his *Hinduism*, p. 35, Professor Monier Williams, translating from the *Taitiriya Brâhmana*, writes:—"By means of the sacrifice the gods obtained heaven." And in the *Tandya Brâhmana*:—"The lord of creatures offered himself a sacrifice for the gods." . . . And again in the *Satapatha Brâhmana*:—"He who, knowing this, sacrifices with the *Purusha-madha* or the sacrifice of the primeval male, becomes everything."

Whenever I hear the Vedic rites discussed and called "disgusting human sacrifices," and cannibalism *(sic.)*, I feel always inclined to ask, where's the difference? Yet there is one, in fact; for while Christians are compelled to accept the allegorical (though, when understood, highly philosophical) drama of the New

Testament Crucifixion, as that of Abraham and Isaac literally,* Brahmanism—its philosophical schools at any rate—teaches its adherents, that this (*pagan*) sacrifice of the "primeval male" is a purely allegorical and philosophical symbol. Read in their dead-letter meaning, the four gospels are simply slightly altered versions of what the Church proclaims as Satanic plagiarisms (by anticipation) of Christian dogmas in Pagan religions. Materialism has a perfect right to find in all of them the same sensual worship and "solar" myths as anywhere else. Analysed and criticised superficially and on its dead-letter face, Professor Joly ("Man before Metals," pp. 189-190) finding in the *Swastika*, the *crux ansata*, and the cross pure and simple, mere sexual symbols—is justified in speaking as he does. Seeing that "the father of the sacred fire (in India) bore the name of *Twashtri*, that is the divine carpenter who made the *Swastika* and the *Pramantha*, whose friction produced the divine child *Agni*, in Latin *Ignis;* that his mother was named *Maya;* he himself, styled *Akta (anointed*, or *Christos)* after the priests had poured upon his head the spirituous *soma* and on his body butter purified by sacrifice"; seeing all this he has a full right to remark that :—

"The close resemblance which exists between certain ceremonies of the worship of *Agni* and certain rites of the Catholic religion may be explained by their common origin. *Agni* in the condition of *Akta*, or anointed, is suggestive of Christ; *Maya*, Mary, his mother; *Twashtri*, St. Joseph, the carpenter of the Bible."

Has the professor of the Science Faculty of Toulouse explained anything by drawing attention to that which anyone can see? Of course not. But if, in his ignorance of the esoteric meaning of the allegory he has added nothing to human knowledge, he has on the other hand destroyed faith in many of his pupils in both the "*divine* origin" of Christianity and its Church and helped to increase the number of Materialists. For surely, no man, once he devotes himself to such comparative studies, can regard the religion of the West in any light but that of a pale and enfeebled copy of older and nobler philosophies.

The origin of all religions—Judaeo-Christianity included—is to be found in a few primeval truths, not one of which can be explained apart from all the others, as each is a complement of the rest in some one detail. And they are all, more or less, broken rays of the same Sun of truth, and their beginnings have to be sought in the archaic records of the Wisdom-religion. Without the light of the latter, the greatest scholars can see but the skeletons thereof covered with masks of fancy, and based mostly on personified Zodiacal signs.

A thick film of allegory and *blinds*, the "dark sayings" of fiction and parable, thus covers the original esoteric texts from which the New Testament—*as now known*—was compiled. Whence, then, the Gospels, the life of Jesus of Nazareth? Has it not been repeatedly stated that no human, *mortal* brain could have invented the life of the Jewish Reformer, followed by the awful drama on Calvary? We say, on the authority of the esoteric Eastern School, that all this came from the Gnostics, as far as the name Christos and the astronomico-

* *Vide* "The Soldier's Daughter," in this number, by the Rev. T. G. Headley, and notice the desperate protest of this *true* Christian, against the *literal* acceptance of the "blood sacrifices," "Atonement by blood," etc., in the Church of England. The reaction begins: another *sign of the times.*

mystical allegories are concerned, and from the writings of the ancient *Tanaïm* as regards the Kabalistic connection of Jesus or Joshua, with the Biblical personifications. One of these is the mystic esoteric name of Jehovah—not the present fanciful God of the profane Jews ignorant of their own mysteries, the God accepted by the still more ignorant Christians—but the compound Jehovah of the pagan Initiation. This is proven very plainly by the glyphs or mystic combinations of various signs which have survived to this day in the Roman Catholic hieroglyphics.

The Gnostic Records contained the epitome of the chief scenes enacted during the mysteries of Initiation, since the memory of man; though even that was given out invariably under the garb of semi-allegory, whenever entrusted to parchment or paper. But the ancient Tanaïm, the Initiates from whom the wisdom of the Kabala *(oral tradition)* was obtained by the later Talmudists, had in their possession the secrets of the mystery language, and it is *in this language that the Gospels* were written.* He alone who has mastered the esoteric cypher of antiquity—the secret meaning of the numerals, a common property at one time of all nations—has the full proof of the genius which was displayed in the blending of the purely Egypto-Jewish, Old Testament allegories and names, and those of the pagan-Greek Gnostics, the most refined of all the mystics of that day. Bishop Newton proves it himself quite innocently, by showing that "St. Barnabas, the companion of St. Paul, in his epistle (ch. ix.) discovers . . . the name of Jesus crucified in the number 318," namely, Barnabas finds it in the mystic Greek I H T—the *tau* being the glyph of the cross. On this, a Kabalist, the author of an unpublished MS. on the Key of Formation of the Mystery Language, observes:—"But this is but a play upon the Hebrew letters *Jodh*, *Chith*, and *Shin*, from whence the I H S as the monogram of Christ coming down to our day, and this reads as יחש or 381, the sum of the letters being 318 or the number of Abraham and his Satan, and of Joshua and his Amalek . . . also the number of Jacob and his antagonist . . . (Godfrey Higgins gives the authority for the number 608) . . . It is the number of Melchizedek's name, for the value of the last is 304 and Melchizedek was the priest of the most high God, without beginning nor ending of days." The solution and secret of Melchizedek are found in the fact that "in the ancient Pantheons the two planets which had existed from eternity (*œonic* eternity) and were eternal, were the Sun and the Moon, or Osiris and Isis, hence the terms of *without beginning nor ending of days*. 304 multiplied by two is 608. So also the numbers in the word Seth, who was a type of the year. There are a number of authorities for the number 888 as applying to the name of Jesus Christ, and as said this is in antagonism to the 666 of the Anti-Christ . . . The staple value in the name of Joshua was the number 365, the indication of the Solar year, while Jehovah delighted in being the indication of the Lunar year—and Jesus Christ was both Joshua and Jehovah in the Christian Pantheon . . ."

This is but an illustration to our point to prove that the Christian application of the compound name Jesus-Christ is all based on Gnostic and

* Thus while the three Synoptics display a combination of the pagan Greek and Jewish symbologies the *Revelation* is written in the mystery language of the Tanaim—the relic of Egyptian and Chaldean wisdom—and St. John's Gospel is purely Gnostic.

Eastern mysticism. It was only right and natural that Chroniclers like the initiated Gnostics, pledged to secresy, should veil or *cloak* the final meaning of their oldest and most sacred teachings. The right of the Church fathers to cover the whole with an epitheme of euhemerized fancy is rather more dubious.* The Gnostic Scribe and Chronicler deceived no one. Every Initiate into the Archaic gnosis—whether of the pre-Christian or post-Christian period—knew well the value of every word of the "mystery-language." For these Gnostics—the inspirers of primitive Christianity—were "the most cultured, the most learned and most wealthy of the Christian name," as Gibbon has it. Neither they, nor their humbler followers, were in danger of accepting the dead letter of their own texts. But it was different with the victims of the fabricators of what is now called *orthodox* and *historic* Christianity. Their successors have all been made to fall into the mistakes of the "foolish Galatians" reproved by Paul, who, as he tells them (Galat. iii. 1-5), having begun (by believing) in the Spirit (of Christos), "ended by believing in *the flesh*,"—*i.e.*, a *corporeal* Christ. For such is the true meaning of the Greek sentence,† "ἐναρξάμενοι Πνεύματι νῦν σαρκι ἐπιτελεῖσθε." That Paul was a gnostic, a founder of a new sect of *gnosis* which recognized, as all other gnostic sects did, a "Christ-Spirit," though it went against its opponents, the rival sects, is sufficiently clear to all but dogmatists and theologians. Nor is it less clear that the primitive teachings of Jesus, whenever he may have lived, could be discovered only in Gnostic teachings; against which discovery, the falsifiers who dragged down Spirit into matter, thus degrading the noble philosophy of primeval Wisdom-Religion, have taken ample precautions from the first. The works of Basilides alone—"The philosopher devoted to the contemplation of Divine things," as Clement describes him—the 24 volumes of his *interpretations upon the Gospels*—were all burned by order of the Church, Eusebius tells us (H. E., iv. 7).

As these *Interpretations* were written at a time when the Gospels we have now, were not yet in existence,‡ here is a good proof that the Evangel, the doctrines of which were delivered to Basilides by the Apostle Matthew, and Glaucus, the disciple of Peter (*Clemens Al.* "*Strom.*" vii. 7, § 106), must have differed widely from the present New Testament. Nor can these doctrines be judged by the distorted accounts of them left to posterity by Tertullian. Yet even the little this partisan fanatic gives, shows the chief gnostic doctrines to be identical, under their own peculiar terminology and personations, with those of the *Secret Doctrine* of the East. For, discussing Basilides,

* "The claim of Christianity to possess Divine authority rests on the ignorant belief that the mystical Christ could and did become a Person, whereas the gnosis proves the corporeal Christ to be only a counterfeit Presentment of the trans-corporeal man; consequently, historical portraiture is, and ever must be, a fatal mode of falsifying and discrediting the Spiritual Reality." (G. Massey, "Gnostic and Historic Christianity.")

† This sentence analyzed means "Shall you, who in the beginning looked to the *Christ-Spirit*, now *end* by believing in a Christ of flesh," or it means nothing. The verb ἐπιτελοῦμαι has not the meaning of "becoming perfect," but of "ending by," becoming so. Paul's lifelong struggle with Peter and others, and what he himself tells of his vision of a Spiritual Christ and not of Jesus of Nazareth, as in the *Acts*—are so many proofs of this.

‡ See "Supern. Relig.," vol. ii., chap. "Basilides."

the "pious, god-like, theosophic philosopher," as Clement of Alexandria thought him, Tertullian exclaims:

"After this, Basilides, the *heretic*, broke loose.* He asserted that there is a Supreme God, by name Abraxas, by whom Mind (*Mahat*) was created, which the Greeks call *Nous*. From this emanated the Word; from the Word, Providence; from Providence, Virtue and Wisdom; from these two again, Virtues, *Principalities*,† *and Powers* were made; thence infinite productions and emissions of angels. Among the lowest angels, indeed, and those that made this world, he sets *last of all* the god of the Jews, whom he denies to be God himself, affirming that he is but one of the angels." ‡ (Isis Unv. vol. ii.)

Another proof of the claim that the Gospel of Matthew in the usual Greek texts is not the original gospel written in Hebrew, is given by no less an authority than S. Jerome (or Hieronymus). The suspicion of a conscious and gradual *euhemerization* of the Christ principle ever since the beginning, grows into a conviction, once that one becomes acquainted with a certain confession contained in book ii. of the "Comment. to Matthew" by Hieronymus. For we find in it the proofs of a deliberate substitution of the whole gospel, the one now in the Canon having been evidently re-written by this too zealous Church Father.§ He says that he was sent toward the close of the fourth century by "their Felicities," the Bishops Chromatius and Heliodorus to Cæsarea, with the mission to compare the Greek text (the only one they ever had) with the Hebrew original version preserved by the Nazarenes in their library, and to translate it. He translated it, but under protest; for, as he says, the *Evangel* "exhibited matter *not for edification, but for destruction.*‖ The "destruction" of what? Of the dogma that Jesus of Nazareth and the *Christos* are one—evidently; hence for the "destruction" of the newly planned religion.¶ In this same letter the Saint (who advised his converts to kill their fathers, trample on the bosom that fed them, by walking over the bodies of their mothers, if the parents stood as an obstacle between their sons and Christ)—admits that Matthew did not wish his gospel to be *openly written*, hence that the MS. *was a secret* one. But while admitting also that this gospel "was written in Hebrew characters and *by the hand of himself" (Matthew)*, yet in another place he contradicts himself and assures posterity that *as it was tampered with, and re-written by a disciple of Manicheus, named Seleucus.* . . . "the ears of the Church properly refused to listen to it." (*Hieron.*, "Comment. to Matthew," book ii. chapter xii., 13.)

* It was asked in "Isis Unveiled," were not the views of the Phrygian Bishop Montanus, also deemed a HERESY by the Church of Rome? It is quite extraordinary to see how easily that Church encourages the abuse of one *heretic*, Tertullian, against another *heretic*, Basilides, when the abuse happens to further her own object.

† Does not Paul himself speak of "*Principalities* and *Powers* in heavenly places" (Ephesians iii. 10; i. 21), and confess that there be *gods* many and *Lords* many (Kurioi)? And angels, powers (Dunameis), and *Principalities?* (See 1 Corinthians, viii. 5; and Epistle to Romans, viii. 38.)

‡ Tertullian: "Præscript." It is undeniably owing only to a remarkably casuistical, sleight-of-hand-like argument that Jehovah, who in the *Kabala* is simply a Sephiroth, the third, left-hand power among the Emanations (Binah), has been elevated to the dignity of the *One* absolute God. Even in the Bible he is but one of the *Elohim* (See Genesis, chapter iii. v. 22, "The Lord God" making no difference between himself and others.)

§ This is *history*. How far that *re-writing* of, and tampering with, the primitive gnostic fragments which are now become the New Testament, went, may be inferred by reading "Supernatural Religion," which went through over twenty-three editions, if I mistake not. The host of authorities for it given by the author, is simply appalling. The list of the English and German Bible critics alone seems endless.

‖ The chief details are given in "Isis Unveiled," vol. ii., pp. 180-183, *et seq.* Truly faith in the infallibility of the Church must be *stone-blind*—or it could not have failed being killed and—dying.

¶ See Hieronymus: "De Viros," illust. cap. 3; Olshausen: "Neuen Test.," p. 32. The Greek text of Matthew's Gospel is the only one used or ever possessed by the Church.

No wonder that the very meaning of the terms *Chrestos* and *Christos*, and the bearing of both on "Jesus of Nazareth," a name coined out of Joshua the *Nazar*, has now become a dead letter for all with the exception of non-Christian Occultists. For even the Kabalists have no original data now to rely upon. The *Zohar* and the Kabala have been remodelled by Christian hands out of recognition; and were it not for a copy of the Chaldean *Book of Numbers* there would remain no better than garbled accounts. Let not our Brothers, the so-called Christian Kabalists of England and France, many of whom are Theosophists, protest too vehemently; for *this is history* (SeeMunk). It is as foolish to maintain, as some German Orientalists and modern critics still do, that the Kabala has never existed before the day of the Spanish Jew, Moses de Leon, accused of having forged this pseudograph in the 13th century, as to claim that any of the Kabalistical works now in our possession are as original as they were when Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochaï delivered the "traditions" to his son and followers. Not a single of these books is immaculate, none has escaped mutilation by Christian hands. Munk, one of the most learned and able critics of his day on this subject, proves it, while protesting as we do, against the assumption that it is a post-Christian forgery, for he says:

"It appears evident to us that the author made use of ancient documents, and among these of certain *Midraschim* or collections of traditions and Biblical expositions, which we do not now possess."

After which, quoting from Tholuck (l. c. pp. 24 and 31), he adds:

"Haya Gaon, who died in 1038, is to our knowledge the first author who developed the theory of the Sephiroth and he gave to them the names which we find again to be among the Kabalists (Tellenik, Moses ben Schem Tob di Leon, p. 13, note 5); this doctor, *who had intimate intercourse with the Syrian and Chaldean Christian savans*, was enabled by these last to acquire a knowledge of some of the Gnostic writings."

Which "Gnostic writings" and esoteric tenets passed part and parcel into the Kabalistic works, with many more modern interpolations that we now find in the *Zohar*, as Munk well proves. The Kabala is Christian now, not Jewish.

Thus, what with several generations of most active Church Fathers ever working at the destruction of old documents and the preparation of new passages to be interpolated in those which happened to survive, there remains of the *Gnostics*—the legitimate offspring of the Archaic Wisdom-religion—but a few unrecognisable shreds. But a particle of genuine gold will glitter for ever; and, however garbled the accounts left by Tertullian and Epiphanius of the Doctrines of the "Heretics," an occultist can yet find even in them traces of those primeval truths which were once universally imparted during the mysteries of Initiation. Among other works with most suggestive allegories in them, we have still the so-called *Apocryphal Gospels*, and the last discovered as the most precious relic of Gnostic literature, a fragment called *Pistis-Sophia*, "Knowledge-Wisdom."

In my next article upon the Esoteric character of the Gospels, I hope to be able to demonstrate that those who translate *Pistis* by "Faith," are utterly wrong. The word "faith" as *grace* or something to be believed in through unreasoned or blind faith, is a word that dates only since Christianity. Nor has Paul ever used this term in this sense in his Epistles; and Paul was undeniably —an INITIATE.

H. P. B.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

"SPIRIT REVEALED." *

THE new work by Captain Serjeant (New Dispensationist and Fellow of the Theosophical Society) is certainly what he describes it as being, the "book for the age," if, at least, it be admitted that the age requires arousing. I have no hesitation in saying that no such book has before been presented to the public. It sounds forth like a trumpet to arouse the sleepers from their crass forgetfulness of every law of Brotherly Love and Spiritual Truth. One might almost imagine, in reading it, the sensation produced upon his contemporaries by Ezekiel, when first he gave forth his prophecies to a wondering world; or by Bunyan, when he startled the English of his time with the magnificent allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is true that here and there whole passages are bodily transplanted from St. John's "Revelation," but they are so marvellously dovetailed into the context that, without constant reference to the Apocalypse, it is almost impossible to say where the quotations begin and where they end. From a literary point of view this may be a fault; but if we recognise the one Spirit speaking through many voices we cannot deny that the same truth may call for repetition and expansion, and the same Spirit may emit again, with fuller details, what it has emitted before.

Were this an *orthodox* journal, I am aware that I dare not advance such tenets for fear the luckless editors should be deemed blasphemous by their subscribers. But LUCIFER at least must allow that the Universal Spirit has not in the sacred books of olden times breathed its last words. Then, again, Captain Serjeant disclaims all *personal* responsibility for these utterances when he states that the very passages which the reader will find the most glowing in the fierceness of their heat, are not words conceived by his own personality, but given to him by processes well-known to Spiritualists as "direct" and "automatic" writing.

The root idea of the volume is that *one Spirit* permeates all men and all things, and that this Spirit is that of Wisdom, Love and Truth; yet that this Spirit is denied or hidden out of sight by its own children; and that not till it is again made manifest in the public affairs of the world, can mankind hope for that happiness which it is now vainly pursuing in every other direction save the right one, namely, *within*. The dedication of the book sounds the key-note of its contents; for it is inscribed to "Love, the Queen of Heaven; and to Faith, the Star of the Soul." The inscription closes with the words "Follow after Love—Love never faileth," and the reader is intentionally left to supply the third term, "God is Love." It is in this conception of the Supreme that we shall find the whole meaning of the work. The words "God" and the "Father," as also the "Mother" and "Christ," are employed pretty freely; yet with this clue, we shall see that the writer believes in no *personal* Deity, but

* By Captain Wm. C. Eldon Serjeant. Published by Geo. Redway, York Street, Covent Garden. Price 7s. 6d.

in one Universal Spirit, of whom each intelligence is a manifestation in the flesh, little though such being may show or know it.

It is impossible in a short review to touch upon all the striking features of "Spirit Revealed," and I must, therefore, content myself with noticing but a very few, referring the readers of LUCIFER to the book itself; for they will find in it a "Guide, Philosopher and Friend."

The preface reminds one of a passage in Ezekiel too often forgotten. "And they were *scattered*, because there is no shepherd: and they became meat to all the beasts of the field, *when they were scattered.*" Captain Serjeant points out the necessity of a bond of *union* in these words:—

"The contentions amongst many religious sects have been to a considerable extent responsible for the rise, growth, and development of numerous societies of professed religious, as well as of an anti-religious character. Each and every one of these Societies possesses its own peculiar views on the Deity, as well as on life and death, and though the majority of the more enlightened of them have evidently the same fundamental principles underlying the teachings which they endeavour to inculcate in the minds of men generally, yet the manifest confusion generated by what are seemingly conflicting opinions, tends, unhappily, to increase the bewilderment and distrust experienced in connection with the truths of the Spirit throughout all classes of Society in the nineteenth century."

He then proceeds to claim for his work that it "places in the hands of Christian Ministers" (Note, that he employs the word "Christ" continually in the sense of the divine Spirit within mankind) "many powerful weapons wherewith to establish and uphold the universal Church of the Living God." The preface, which is conceived throughout in the most elevated style of address, concludes with an appeal to "all who, in their hearts, are ready and willing to labour loyally in the interests of their less enlightened fellow creatures existing in this ignorant, selfish, and love-starved world."

After a brief Introduction, couched in a prophetic form, the writer deals with the nature of God, man, matter, the power of Spirit manifest in and through matter, the omnipresence of Spirit, the Intelligent Principle, and the Seven Rays of Truth. In these seven chapters is comprised what I may call the theoretical part of the book. The following quotations must suffice to show in what vein these world-riddles are worked out. "We are endued with two natures, one of which is human or mortal, and subject to chemical change, commonly termed dissolution or death; the other, immortal or spiritual, capable of adding to itself by an inherent power to comprehend the nature, qualities and capabilities of all created visible things, which comprehension signifies the reconversion of all material existences into true ideas." "It is an absolute fact that *everything is literal.* To the spiritual man symbols are literal; they are indeed more literal than the natural man considers what he terms facts or realities." "*The ultimate atom is Spirit.* Finite wills are points on which the Infinite Will acts, for no creature can will without being a manifestation of the Supreme Intelligence who first wills that it shall will."

The subsequent portion of the book deals partly with an expansion of the general tenets laid down in these seven chapters, and their application to the present *practical* needs of the world; partly with prophetic utterances as to the

near approach of an awakening of the peoples to their real position as members of one great Spiritual community. Under the first heading a very important document is presented to the world, being a form for enrolment in the "Universal Rights Support Association," which if generally adopted in the true spirit would indeed herald the millennium. Under the second heading in Chapter XIII. a remarkable reading of part of the Apocalypse is given, commencing with the words from Daniel, "and at that time shall Michael stand up, the great Prince which standeth for the children of the people: and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a Nation even to that same time: At that time the people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book." Such words as these are not to be understood on the first reading, and indeed will probably meet with nothing but derision from many. Yet LUCIFER will see in them another and a most powerful battery opened against the powers of darkness to wage war with which is his own chief mission.

In conclusion I can only add that, in my humble opinion, few men have shown such courage in facing the ridicule of society as Captain Serjeant, and that he has chosen to risk the forfeiture of a place in social circles to which his right is undeniable, rather than give way to the temptation to prophesy smooth things. He is one of the foremost in the New Dispensation movement, and a man whose working power must be enormous, if it be measured by the labours which he daily and voluntarily undertakes. His peculiar style of writing lays him open to the accusation of calling himself the coming Messiah. If his accusers would only meet him face to face, they would find that no man is humbler than he, and none is more fully conscious nor more loudly proclaims that "individuality is but an emanation from the one Great Spirit," in which alone he recognises the true Christ, the Saviour of the world. He would tell them that in *themselves* is incarnate the Spirit of Wisdom, and that it only awaits its union with the Spirit of Love, to manifest itself as the Spirit of Truth. How little he values his own personality and his own well-being or fame, those who know him best can testify. If Theosophy is to be a living thing, and not a mere intellectual amusement, it is by such men as this that it must be followed. Were there many such the world would soon be freed from its misery, by the force of their united volition. Verily their reward is at hand.

WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS.

TRAITÉ ÉLÉMENTAIRE DE SCIENCE OCCULTE, par PAPUS. Published by Georges Carré, 58, Rue St. Audré des Arts.

This, the latest of the admirable publications now being issued by M. Georges Carré, under the auspices of "L'Isis," the French branch of the Theosophical Society, deserves a hearty welcome at the hands of all students of Occultism, as it fulfils the promise of its title, which is high praise indeed.

The book is written and constructed on correct Occult principles; it contains seven chapters, three devoted to theory and four to the application and practical illustration of that theory.

After an eloquent introductory chapter, M. Papus proceeds to lead his readers by easy transitions into the mysterious science of numbers. This—the first key

to *practical* Occultism—is at once the simplest and the most subtle of sciences. Hitherto there has existed no really elementary exposition of its primary, fundamental principles. And, as this science of numbers lies at the base of every one of those applications of occult science which are still to any extent studied, a knowledge of it is almost indispensable.

Astrology, Chiromancy, Cartomancy, in short, all the arts of divination, rest ultimately on numbers and their occult powers, as a foundation.

And yet, though the students of each of these several arts must, perforce, acquire a certain knowledge of numerical science, yet very few of them possess that knowledge in a systematic and co-ordinated form.

Of course M. Papus does not, and cannot, give anything like a complete text-book on the subject, but he does give, in clear language, the fundamental guiding principles of this science. Moreover, he illustrates the methods of numerical working, by numerous and well-chosen examples—an aid which is simply invaluable to the student who is making his first entrance into this field of study. In the third chapter these abstract formulæ are given as they relate to man, as an individual, and as a member of that larger whole, called humanity. This completes the purely theoretical portion of the book, and in the fourth chapter we are shown how these general principles work in their application.

Signs and symbols are proved to be the *natural* expressions of ideas in accordance with fixed laws, and the method is applied by way of illustration to the interpretation of the Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismegistus. The relation between number and form is shown as exhibited in geometrical figures, and M. Papus gives a clue to a subject which has puzzled many—the actual *influence* in life of *names*. This chapter is most enthralling, but lack of space forbids any detailed comments, for so much would have to be said.

Chapters five and six are almost equally interesting; full of lucid illustration and valuable hints to the practical student, they form almost a manual in themselves. But on one point M. Papus is certainly in error, though, since it is on a matter of history, its importance is relatively small. He attaches *far* too much weight to the Jews and to their national system of occultism—the Kabbala. True, that system is the most familiar in Europe; but it has been so much overlaid by a semi-esoteric veil, and additions and interpolations by Christian Occultists, that its inner grossness is lost sight of; so that students are apt to be led away from the truth, and to form erroneous conceptions as to the value and meaning of many symbols, the importance of which in practical work is very great. What esoteric knowledge the Jews possessed, they derived either from the Egyptians or the Babylonians during the captivity. Hence M. Saint-Ives d'Alvidre, his gigantic erudition notwithstanding, is altogether mistaken in the stress he lays on their knowledge, their place in history and their mission as a nation. This, however, is but a matter of small moment in a book, the practical value of which it would be difficult to over-estimate.

THE NEW WAGNER JOURNAL.

We have received from Mr. Geo. Redway, Publisher, 15, York Street, W.C., the prospectus of a new Journal, "THE MEISTER," which is about to be edited for the *Richard Wagner Society* by Mr. Wm. Ashton Ellis, author of "Theo-

sophy in the Works of Richard Wagner" (Theosophical Society's Transactions), and of "Richard Wagner as Poet, Musician and Mystic," read before the Society of Fine Arts. As Mr. Ellis is a member of the Committee of the Wagner Society, and a member of Council of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, we hope that prominence will be given to the esoteric side of Richard Wagner's works; and for this hope we have justification not only in the pamphlets above alluded to but also in the words of the prospectus of the MEISTER. "Religion, Art, and Social Questions are in these works (Wagner's) presented to his readers under novel aspects, and such as are of the greatest interest to a generation which is eagerly scanning the horizon for some cloud which may be the harbinger of refreshing rain long looked for to quench the thirst of the arid sands of Materialistic Science."

The prospectus presents us with a specimen of the cover of the journal, designed by Mr. Percy Anderson, an artist who has already made a name for himself in other walks of the decorative art, and whose first attempt in this direction shows great power of broad effects of light and shade, and considerable expertness in symbolism. We hope in our next issue to review the first number of the MEISTER which, we understand, will appear on the 13th inst. It will be published for the present *quarterly*, at the subscription rate of 4s. per annum, but we trust that it may shortly become a full-fledged "monthly."

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

ALL sound was hushed, except the sad sad bells,
Chanting their requiem o'er the dying year;
Alone I knelt beneath the watchful stars,
And held communion with my restless soul.

* * * * *

The Old Year died, the sad bells all were stilled,
And o'er a silent city, shone the pure cold moon.
Then unrestrained my soul poured forth its cry,
"O God Eternal, Changless, Sacred, O. M.
Let my past die with the Old Year to-night.
And when the joy-bells hail the New Year's birth,
Let each sweet note waft up a pæan of praise,
Straight from a new-born Soul unto its Maker."

* * * * *

The New Year dawned, madly the bells clashed forth
Beneath the stars, I still knelt on—in peace.

KATIE DUNCAN KING.

Correspondence.

AUTOCENTRICISM.*

MAN has made God in his own image. Taking his thoughts and passions, fears, hope and aspirations, with part thereof he endows his fellow-men, whose natures he knows only as figured and interpreted by his own, and thus he becomes a social being; with part thereof he inspires the inanimate world—"the sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, the hills, and the plains," and thus he becomes a poet; "with the residue" he forms his God, and "falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me, for thou art my God."

The first of these processes is legitimate, indeed necessary, for there is a foundation of unity in human nature, however diverse and complex are its varied developments; and the humanity which dwells in all can recognize itself under strange disguises.

The second process is innocent and elevating, so long as it is kept within just limits, and claims to reach results subjectively, not objectively, true.

The third process is inevitable at a certain stage of racial evolution, but beyond that stage becomes absolutely noxious and degrading, because it extols as truth that which conscience and reason have begun to condemn as untruth.

Dead are the Gods of Egypt, those supreme plutocrats, under whom costly mummification and burial in a sculptured tomb were the conditions of posthumous life, so that a poor man could by no means enter into the kingdom of Osiris. Dead are Jupiter, Apollo, Pallas, Aphrodite, the products and reflexes of Greek majesty, beauty and intellect; or, if not dead, they are immortalised only by the art of their human creators. Dead, or dying, as a power to be loved and feared, is that Jehovah who reproduces the cruelty, selfishness, and stubbornness of the typical Jew, with his substratum of conscience, showing itself from time to time in a more or less wrong-headed zeal for righteousness.

In its infancy, every race unconsciously forms an ideal, and makes this ideal its God. As the race grows in civilisation the ideal is modified, and for some time the god continues to undergo corresponding changes, and is, so to speak, kept up to date. But increasing experience and knowledge bring increasing secularism of thought and feeling, and incapacitate the mind for reconstructing its Divinity. Religion loses its life-blood. In this stage, the Deitry is either an anachronism, incompatible with the highest instincts of his worshippers, and therefore holding them back morally and intellectually, or else he becomes a nonentity, an abstraction, which can have no influence on life and conduct. It is this effete conception which Dr. Lewins combats in the tract entitles "Autocentricism, or the Brain Theory of Life and Mind."

Man, in brief, is his own God. Saints and mystics, and all the most beautiful souls of all religions, have seen this truth as in a glass darkly. Christ expressed it in mystic form when he said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," and, "I and my Father are one." But in Christ's time Animism

* "Autocentricism; or, the Brain Theory of Life and Mind," being the substance of letters written to the Secular Review (1883-4). By Robert Lewins, M.D. "The New Gospel of Hylo-Idealism, or Positive Agnosticism." By Herbert L. Courtney.

was so ingrained in human nature that it was impossible he could escape it.* He had not the scientific data on which to found a true cosmology; and even had he possessed the data, he would have lacked the power to use them. Scientific habits of thought were necessarily alien to the mind of the Galilean peasant.† He could *feel* rather than *comprehend* the unity of God, Man, and the World; but he could not know that this unity is centred in the thought-cells of the cerebral hemispheres, and that the Divine glory is the offspring of a material organism.‡ Scientific synthesis can now give a solid basis to Christian and Buddhist mysticism, to Berkleyan and Kantian Idealism, by declaring that the brain is the one phenomenon which certifies it own nomenal existence. It thinks, therefore it is; it creates, therefore it exists. Yet Dualism is condemned, whatever stand-point we adopt. "For my main argument . . . it matters not a jot or tittle whether you proceed on the nöetic or hyloic basis A European ought to take the latter, which admits of scintific research and discovery. An Asiatic or African, who has not the genius for original realistic research, may safely be left to the former." § Beyond himself, no man can think. We are apt to be deluded by the exigencies of language, and to look upon "our" ideas, "our" imaginations, as in some way separable from ourselves; as possessions rather than components of the Ego. Yet nothing is clearer than that the sum of these sentient states actually *constitutes* the Ego, so far as it knows itself; and that a "dominant" idea, engrossing the attention to the exclusion of all others, is for the time absolutely identical with and equivalent to the mind which it is said to "rule." For moments which are eternities, because the sense of time is abolished, the musician may be "absorbed in" or identified with his sonata, the poet with his verse, the mystic with his vision of the Divine Essence. "I am as great as God, and He as small as I," sings Angelus Silesius; but we may rather say that in such states of rapture the relatious of "great" and "small," of "internal" and "external," of "space" and "infinitude," of "time" and "eternity," are annihilated, and the whole universe fused into one point of light.

This feeling, rationalised and stripped of mystery, though not of wonder and solemnity, is the truth and life of Hylo-Idealism. Worship is done away with, not by iconoclasm, but by apotheosis. "By it we are, indeed, for ever and entirely relieved from the humiliating and overwhelming sense of human insignificance, thus making ourselves quite at home in the more than terrestrial grandeurs of the universe, in which our planet is but a sand-grain." ‖

In conclusion, I should like to recommend Dr. Lewins's tractate, with its Introduction by Mr. Courtney, and its succinct and luminous Appendix by G. M. Mc., and also Mr. Courtney's articles reprinted from "Our Corner" to the attention of all sincere souls. Hylo-Idealism, or "Autocentricism," has the merit of not being negative merely, but also positive and constructive, substituting for the "renunciation" preached by Christ and Buddha, a perfect fulfilment of self, and conquering selfishness by self-expansion. It is thus especially potent in the fields of theoretical and practical ethics, indeed the central idea of Spinoza's admirable and still unsurpassed analysis of the Passions is distinctly deducible from our thesis, though generally regarded as

* "Autocentricism," &c., p. 10. † *Christ*—A Galilean peasant! [ED.]
‡ Nor does Dr. Lewins *know*: assumption is no proof. [ED.]
§ "Autocentricism," &c., p. 33. ‖ Ibid, p. 19.

an excrescence rather than a natural growth from his own. Upon all this I cannot, at present, dwell, but must content myself with the bare indication of fields of thought and action which are "white already to the harvest."

On the Nile, *Dec.* 1887. C. N.

WHAT OF PHENOMENA?

To the Editors of LUCIFER:

"I avail myself of your invitation to correspondents, in order to ask a question.

"How is it that we hear nothing now of the signs and wonders with which Neo-theosophy was ushered in? Is the 'age of miracles' past in the Society?

"Yours respectfully,

"☼"

"Occult phenomena," is what our correspondent apparently refers to. They failed to produce the desired effect, but they were, in no sense of the word, "miracles." It was supposed that intelligent people, especially men of science, would, at least, have recognised the existence of a new and deeply interesting field of enquiry and research when they witnessed physical effects produced at will, for which they were not able to account. It was supposed that theologians would have welcomed the proof, of which they stand so sadly in need in these agnostic days, that the soul and the spirit are not mere creations of their fancy, due to ignorance of the physical constitution of man, but entities quite as real as the body, and much more important. These expectations were not realized. The phenomena were misunderstood and misrepresented, both as regards their nature and their purpose.

In the light which experience has now thrown upon the matter the explanation of this unfortunate circumstance is not far to seek. Neither science nor religion acknowledges the existence of the Occult, as the term is understood and employed in theosophy; in the sense, that is to say, of a super-material, but not super-natural, region, governed by law; nor do they recognise the existence of latent powers and possibilities in man. Any interference with the every-day routine of the material world is attributed, by religion, to the arbitrary will of a good or an evil autocrat, inhabiting a supernatural region inaccessible to man, and subject to no law, either in his actions or constitution, and for a knowledge of whose ideas and wishes mortals are entirely dependent upon inspired communications delivered through an accredited messenger. The power of working so-called miracles has always been deemed the proper and sufficient credentials of a messenger from heaven, and the mental habit of regarding any occult power in that light is still so strong that any exercise of that power is supposed to be "miraculous," or to claim to be so. It is needless to say that this way of regarding extraordinary occurrences is in direct opposition to the scientific spirit of the age, nor is it the position practically occupied by the more intelligent portion of mankind at present. When people see wonders, nowadays, the sentiment excited in their minds is no longer veneration and awe, but curiosity.

It was in the hope of arousing and utilizing this spirit of curiosity that occult phenomena were shown. It was believed that this manipulation of forces of nature which lie below the surface—that surface of things which modern science scratches and pecks at so industriously and so proudly—would have led to enquiry into the nature and the laws of those forces, unknown to science, but perfectly known to occultism. That the phenomena did excite curiosity in the minds of those who witnessed them, is certainly true, but it was, unfortunately, for the most

part of an idle kind. The greater number of the witnesses developed an insatiable appetite for phenomena for their own sake, without any thought of studying the philosophy or the science of whose truth and power the phenomena were merely trivial and, so to say, accidental illustrations. In but a few cases the curiosity which was awakened gave birth to the serious desire to study the philosophy and the science themselves and for their own sake.

Experience has taught the leaders of the movement that the vast majority of professing Christians are absolutely precluded by their mental condition and attitude—the result of centuries of superstitious teaching—from calmly examining the phenomena in their aspect of natural occurrences governed by law. The Roman Catholic Church, true to its traditions, excuses itself from the examination of any occult phenomena on the plea that they are necessarily the work of the Devil, whenever they occur outside of its own pale, since it has a lawful monopoly of the legitimate miracle business. The Protestant Church denies the personal intervention of the Evil One on the material plane; but, never having gone into the miracle business itself, it is apparently a little doubtful whether it would know a *bona-fide* miracle if it saw one, but, being just as unable as its elder sister to conceive the extension of the reign of law beyond the limits of matter and force, as known to us in our present state of consciousness, it excuses itself from the study of occult phenomena on the plea that they lie within the province of science rather than of religion.

Now science has its miracles as well as the Church of Rome. But, as it is altogether dependent upon its instrument maker for the production of these miracles, and, as it claims to be in possession of the last known word in regard to the laws of nature, it was hardly to be expected that it would take very kindly to "miracles," in whose production apparatus has no part, and which claim to be instances of the operation of forces and laws of which it has no knowledge. Modern science, moreover, labours under disabilities with respect to the investigation of the Occult quite as embarrassing as those of Religion; for, while Religion cannot grasp the idea of natural law as applied to the supersensuous Universe, Science does not allow the existence of any supersensuous universe at all to which the reign of law could be extended; nor can it conceive the possibility of any other state of consciousness than our present terrestrial one. It was, therefore, hardly to be expected that science would undertake the task it was called upon to perform with much earnestness and enthusiasm; and, indeed, it seems to have felt that it was not expected to treat the phenomena of occultism less cavalierly than it had treated divine miracles. So it calmly proceeded at once to pooh-pooh the phenomena; and, when obliged to express some kind of opinion, it did not hesitate, without examination, and on hearsay reports, to attribute them to fraudulent contrivances—wires, trap-doors and so forth.

It was bad enough for the leaders of the movement, when they endeavoured to call the attention of the world to the great and unknown field for scientific and religious enquiry which lies on the borderland between matter and spirit, to find themselves set down as agents of his Satanic Majesty, or as superior adepts in the charlatan line; but the unkindest cut of all, perhaps, came from a class of people whose own experiences, rightly understood, ought certainly to have taught them better: the occult phenomena were claimed by the Spirit-

ualists as the work of their dear departed ones, but the leaders in Theosophy were declared to be somewhat less even than mediums in disguise.

Never were the phenomena presented in any other character than that of instances of a power *over perfectly natural though unrecognised forces*, and incidentally over matter, possessed by certain individuals who have attained to a larger and higher knowledge of the Universe than has been reached by scientists and theologians, or can ever be reached by them, by the roads they are now respectively pursuing. Yet this power is latent in all men, and could, in time, be wielded by anyone who would cultivate the knowledge and conform to the conditions necessary for its development. Nevertheless, except in a few isolated and honourable instances, never was it received in any other character than as would-be miracles, or as works of the Devil, or as vulgar tricks, or as amusing gape-seed, or as the performances of those dangerous "spooks" that masquerade in séance rooms, and feed on the vital energies of mediums and sitters. And, from all sides, theosophy and theosophists were attacked with a rancour and bitterness, with an absolute disregard alike of fact and logic, and with malice, hatred and uncharitableness that would be utterly inconceivable, did not religious history teach us what mean and unreasoning animals ignorant men become when their cherished prejudices are touched; and did not the history of scientific research teach us, in its turn, how very like an ignorant man a learned man can behave, when the truth of his theories is called in question.

An occultist can produce phenomena, but he cannot supply the world with brains, nor with the intelligence and good faith necessary to understand and appreciate them. Therefore, it is hardly to be wondered at, that *word* came to abandon phenomena and let the ideas of Theosophy stand on their own intrinsic merits.

MR. MOHINI M. CHATTERJI.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

Will you kindly afford publicity in the pages of LUCIFER to the enclosed letter I have just received from Mr. Mohini M. Chatterji who has been staying for a few months at Rome, with English friends, on his way back to India.—Yours very truly,

A. P. SINNETT.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE LONDON LODGE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

SIR,—I understand that among the members of your Society there is a rumour to the effect that I have joined the Roman Catholic Church, which has caused much annoyance to my friends and also to myself. I beg therefore that you will do me the justice to make it known that the rumour is entirely false and that I have no desire to join any Christian Church.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MOHINI M. CHATTERJI.

ROME (Italy), *January 30th*, 1888.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

On behalf of the members of the London Lodge, I beg to state that the rumour referred to in Mr. Mohini's letter emanated from two acquaintances of his belonging to the Romish Church, who themselves derived their information from the R. C. priesthood. As for the members of the L. L. they never believed in this report.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY, Hon. Sec.

CORRESPONDENCE

[THE editors have received the two following letters—one from the learned Founder of Hylo-Idealism, the other from a gentleman, a casual correspondent, of whom they know *absolutely nothing* except his most extraordinary way of expressing his thoughts in words and terms hitherto unheard by ordinary mortals. Both take the editors to task for using their undeniable right of criticism and editorial judgment. As LUCIFER, however, is a magazine *sui generis*, and as its policy is the greatest possible tolerance and fairness to all parties concerned, it will abstain from its legal prerogative of leaving the letters without reply or notice. LUCIFER hands them over, therefore, to the "ADVERSARY," to be dealt with according to their respective merits. The editors have never pretended to an "understanding of Hylo-Idealism" nor do they entertain any such rash hope for the future. They belong to that humble class of mortals who labour to their dying day under the belief that $2 \times 2 = 4$, and can by no means, even hylo-idealistic, make 5. "C. N."'s letter placed the new "philosophy" in an entirely different light; firstly, because it is written in good English, and because the style of the writer is extremely attractive; and secondly, because at least one point has now been made clear to the editors: "Hylo-Idealism" is, like modern spiritualism, the *essence of transcendental materialism.* If in Mr. Huxley's opinion Comte's Positivism is, in practice, "Catholicism *minus* Christianity," in the views of the editors of LUCIFER Hylo-Idealism is "Metaphysics *minus* psychology and—*physics.*" Let its apostles explain away its flagrant contradictions, and then LUCIFER will be the first to render justice to it as a philosophy. Meanwhile, it can only acknowledge a number of remarkably profound thoughts that are to be found scattered in independent solitude throughout the letters of Dr. Lewins (Humanism *v.* Theism) and others, and—no more.]

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re HYLO-IDEALISM.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

PERHAPS space may be found in the February or other early issue of your interesting and suggestive serial for the present curt communication. In a footnote of your January number I am coupled with Mr. H. Spencer as being more Atheist than Moleschott and Büchner—to say nothing of such compromising and irresolute scientists as Darwin, Huxley, and Co. Now, that atheistic or non-animist standpoint is the pivot on which my whole synthesis revolves; and is, I contend, the burning problem at this epoch — ethical and intellectual — of the human mind — *thoroughly* to establish on certain concrete, rational and scientific *data*, that is to say—not on the Utopias of Speculation and Metaphysics. My principle is exactly that of Kant (inter alios) when he formulates the "Thing in Itself." But we have only to study the short and handy "Critique of Kant," referred to in your columns—by Kuno Fischer, translated by Dr. Hough, to see how fast and loose that "all-shattering" metaphysician played with his all-destructive theme. Not only does he entirely reverse it and its corollaries in his critique of the "Practical Reason," and of "Judgment," but also in the second edition of the "Critique of Pure Reason" itself, in which originally, as its corollary, or rather concomitant, he, like myself, only on less sure premises, disposes of God, the Soul (Anima or Vital Principle), and Immortality—that is of another "personal" life after death. I hold with Lucretius, Epicurus, and others in ancient and modern times, of whom Shelley is a typical case, that no greater benefit can be bestowed on humanity than the elimination from sane thought of this ghastly and maddening Triune Spectre. God alone is quite "l'infame" Voltaire dubs the Catholic Church. Looking through Nature "red in tooth and claws" to its *pseudo* Author, we must expect to find a *Pandemon.* For any omnipotent Being who, unconditioned and unfettered in all respects, "*willed*" such a world of pain and anguish for sentient creatures, must be a Demon *worse* than mythology has fabled of Satan, Moloch, Mammon, or other fiends. It must be noted that in the classic Pantheon, the Fates, or Fatal Sisters, are "above" all the Immortals of Olympus, including Jove himself—a

saving provision quite inadmissible in modern Monotheism, which endows its Divinity* with absolute omnipotence and fore-knowledge.

ROBERT LEWINS, M.D.

HYLO-IDEALISM.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

I HAVE to thank you for your kind insertion of my note on above in January issue of the Magazine.

I have not the slightest desire to quarrel with your prefaced comments on my style of writing. It seems to you to be "turgid," and you take advantage of some unkind epithets lately dealt out to Theosophy in the *Secular Review* to return the compliment to me with interest added. Be it so. It would seem but fair to, let me say, compliment those, and those only, who have directly complimented you; but I have no wish, as I have just said, to find fault with *any* comment on Hylo-Idealism or on the methods of its advocacy. *All* criticism is, I know, received by the excogitator of the system with thanks, and, save that both he and I think your note *re* "*Theobroma*" not a little at fault (for explanation I refer you to the well-known Messrs. Epps), I can say the same for myself.

I can see, however, in spite of the raillery with which you honour us, that a right understanding of Hylo-Idealism—I beg pardon, *High-low* Idealism—is still very far from being yours. Why, in a recent issue of LUCIFER, the old difficulty of, as I call it, the "Coincident assumption of Materiality" is started as if it had never before been thought of. It is, in point of fact, fully dealt with in my "Appendix" to the "Auto-Centricism" pamphlet, which has already passed under your review! It is not worth while to enter once more upon this point; suffice it then to say, in addition, that I explained it also, at full length, to a Theosophical writer—Mr. E. D. Fawcett—in the *Secular Review*, some months ago. He had started the same venerable objection, but after my reply, he so far honoured me as not to return to the charge. Let him do so now, and then a Theosophical attack and a Hylo-Ideal defence will be before you. But, really, it is no argument against my position to extract some half-dozen lines of my writing from a contemporary and to follow this *soupçon* with three printer's "shrieks."

I shall wait with interest the promised letter from "C. N.," placing Hylo-Idealism in a "new and very different light," as you say. This is something quite new. Dr. Lewins, C. N., and I have, none of us, been able, hitherto, to find any material difference between our several presentations of the system.

I have the honour to be, Mesdames,
Your most obedient servant,
G. M. McC.

* Deuce, *i.e.*, Devil, is the synonym of *Deus*.

TO DR. LEWINS, AND THE HYLO-IDEALISTS AT LARGE.

THE several learned gentlemen of the above persuasion, who have honoured LUCIFER with their letters and articles, will please to accept the present as a collective Reply. Life is too short to indulge very often in such lengthy explanations. But "une fois n'est pas coutume."

In "coupling" Dr. Lewins' name with those he mentions—especially with Mr. Herbert Spencer's — the Editors had assuredly no intention of saying anything derogatory to the dignity of the founder of Hylo-Idealism. They have called the latter system—its qualification of *Idealistic* notwithstanding—"atheistical," and to this Dr. Lewins himself does not demur. Quite the contrary. If his protest (against a casual remark made in a foot-note of two lines!) means anything at all, it means that he feels hurt to find his name associated with the names of such "compromising and (in *atheism*) irresolute scientists as Darwin, Huxley, and Co." What is it that our erudite correspondent demurs to, then? Just that, and nothing more. His prefixed adjectives refer to the half-heartedness of these gentlemen in the matter of atheism and materialism, not surely, to their scientific achievements. Indeed, these illustrious naturalists are timid enough to leave half-opened doors in their speculations for something to enter in which is not quite matter, and yet what it is they do not, or *do not wish* to know.

Indeed, they derive man, his origin and consciousness, *only* from the lower forms of animal creation and the brutes, instead of attributing life, mind and intellect—as the followers of the new System do—simply to the pranks played by *Prakriti* (the great Ignorance and Illusion) on our "diseased nervous centres"—*abstract thought* being synonymous with *Neuropathy* in the teachings of the Hylo-Idealists (see *Auto-Centricism*, p. 40). But all this has been already said and *better said* by Kapila, in his *Sankhya*, and is very old philosophy indeed; so that Messrs. Darwin and Co. have been, perhaps, wise in their generation to adopt another theory. Our great Darwinists are practical men, and avoid running after the hare and the eagle at the same time, as the hare in such case would be sure to

run away, and the eagle to be lost in the clouds. They prefer to ignore the ideas and conceptions of the Universe, as held by such "loose," and—as philosophically expressed by our *uncompromising* opponent—"all-shattering metaphysicians as Kant was." Therefore letting all such "metaphysical crack-brained theories" severely alone, they made man and his thinking *Ego* the lineal descendant of the revered ancestor of the now tailless baboon, our beloved and esteemed first cousin. This is only logical *from the Darwinian standpoint.* What is, then, Dr. Lewins' quarrel with these great men, or with us? They have their theory, the inventor of Hylo-Idealism has his theory, we, Metaphysicians, have our ideas and theories; and, the *Moon* shining with impartial and equal light on the respective occiputs of Hylo-Idealists, Animalists, and Metaphysicians, she pours material enough for every one concerned to allow each of them to "live and let live." No man can be at once a Materialist and an Idealist, and remain consistent. Eastern philosophy and occultism are based on the *absolute unity* of the Root Substance, and they recognise only one infinite and universal CAUSE. The Occultists are UNITARIANS *par excellence.* But there is such a thing as conventional, time-honoured terms with one and the same meaning attached to them all—at any rate on this plane of illusion. And if we want to understand each other, we are forced to use such terms in their generally-accepted sense, and avoid calling mind matter, and *vice versâ.* The definition of a *materialised* "*Spirit*" as frozen whiskey is in its place in a humouristic pun: it becomes an absurdity in philosophy. It is Dr. Lewins' argument that "the very first principle of logic is, that two 'causes' are not to be thought of when one is sufficient;" and though the first and the ultimate, the Alpha and the Omega in the existence of the Universe, is one absolute cause, yet, on the plane of manifestations and differentiations, matter, as phenomenon, and Spirit as noumenon, cannot be so loosely confused as to merge the latter into the former, under the pretext that one self-evident natural cause (however secondary in the sight of logic and reason) is "sufficient for our purpose," and we need not "transcend the proper conditions of thought" and fall back upon the lower level of "lawless and uncertain fancy"—*i.e.*, metaphysics. (*Vide* "Humanism *v.* Theism," pp. 14, 15.)

We have nothing whatever, I say it again, against "Hylo-Idealism" with the exception of its compound and self-contradictory name. Nor do we oppose Dr. Lewins' earlier thoughts, as embodied in "C. N's" "HUMANISM *versus* THEISM." That which we permit ourselves to object to and oppose is the later system grown into a *Bifrontian*, Janus-like monster, a hybrid *duality* notwithstanding its forced mask of Unity. Surely it is not because Dr. Lewins calls "Spirit—a *fiction*," and attributes Mind, Thought, Genius, Intellect, and all the highest attributes of thinking man to simple effects or functions of Hylo-zoism, that the greatest problem of psychology, *the relation of mind to matter*, is solved? No one can accuse "The Adversary" of too much tenderness or even regard for the conclusions of such rank materialists as the Darwinians generally are. But surely no impartial man would attribute their constant failure to explain the relations of mind to matter, and the confessions of their ignorance of the ultimate constitution of that matter itself, to timidity and irresoluteness, but rather to the right cause: *i.e.*, the *absolute impossibility of explaining spiritual effects by physical causes*, in the first case; and the presence of that in matter which baffles and mocks the efforts of the physical senses to perceive or feel, and therefore to explain it, in the second case. It is not, evidently, a desire to *compromise* that forced Mr. Huxley to confess that "in strictness we (the Scientists) know nothing about the composition of matter," but the *honesty* of a man of science in not speculating upon what he did not believe in, and knew nothing about. Does J. Le Conte insult the majesty of physical science by declaring that the creation or destruction, increase or diminution of matter, "*lies beyond the domain of science?*"* And to whose prejudices does Mr. Tyndall pander, he, who once upon a time shocked the whole world of believers in spiritual existence, by declaring in his Belfast address that in matter alone was "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life" (just what Dr. Lewins does) when he maintains that "the passage *from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of* CONSCIOUSNESS *is unthinkable*," and adds:

"Granted that a definite thought and a molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ nor apparently any rudiments of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from one to the other. They appear together, but *we do not know why.* Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened and illuminated, as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corre-

* "*Correl.* of *Vital with Chem. and Physical Forces.*" Appendix.

sponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem. 'How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?' The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable."*

To our surprise, however, we find that our learned correspondent—Tyndall, Huxley & Co., notwithstanding—*has* passed the *intellectually impassable* chasm by modes of perception, "anti-intellectual," so to speak. I say this in no impertinent mood; but merely following Dr. Lewins on his own lines of thought. As his expressions seem absolutely antiphrastic in meaning to those generally accepted by the common herd, "anti-intellectual," would mean with the Hylo-Idealists "anti-spiritual" (spirit being a *fiction* with them). Thus their Founder must have crossed the impassable chasm—say, by a hylo-zoistic process of perception, "starting from the region of rational cogitation" and not from "that lower level of lawless and uncertain fancy," as Theosophists, Mystics, and other *hoi polloi* of thought, do. He has done it to his own "mental satisfaction," and this is all a Hylo-Idealist will ever aspire to, as Dr. Lewins himself tells us. He "cannot deny that there may be *behind* (?) nature a 'cause of causes,'† but if so, it is a god who hides himself, or itself, from mortal thought. Nature is at all events viceregent plenipotentiary, and with *her* thought has alone to deal." Just so, and we say it too, for reasons given in the footnote. "There is a natural solution for everything," he adds. "Of course, if there be no 'cause,' this solution is the arrangement and co-ordination of invariable sequences in our own minds. . . . rather than an 'explanation' or 'accounting for' phenomena. Properly speaking we can 'account for' nothing. *Mental satisfaction*—unity between microcosm and macrocosm, not the search after 'First Causes.' . . . is the true chief end of man." (Hum. *v.* Theism, p. 15.)

This seems the backbone of Hylo-Idealistic philosophy, which thus appears as a cross breed between Epicurianism and the "Illusionism" of the Buddhist Yogachâras. This stands proven by the contradictions in his system. Dr. Lewins seems to have achieved that, to do which every mortal scientist has hitherto failed, firstly, by declaring (in Hum. *v.* Theism, p. 17) the whole objective world—"*phenomenal* or *ideal*",* and "everything in it *spectral*" (Auto-Centricism, p. 9), and yet *admitting the reality of matter.* More than this. In the teeth of all the scientific luminaries, from Faraday to Huxley, who all confess to knowing NOTHING of matter, he declares that—"Matter organic and inorganic *is now fully known*" (Auto-Centricism, p. 40)!!

I humbly beg Dr. Lewins' pardon for the rude question; but does he really mean to say what he does say? Does he want his readers to believe that up to his appearance in this world of matter, thinking men did not know what they were talking about, and that among all the "Ego Brains" of this globe his brain is the one omniscient *reality*, while all others are empty phantasms, or *spectral* balloons? Besides which, matter cannot surely be *real* and *unreal* at the same time. If *unreal*—and he maintains it—then all Science can know about it is that it knows *nothing*, and this is precisely what Science confesses. And if *real*—and Dr. Lewins, as shown, declares it likewise—then his *Idealism* goes upside down, and *Hylo* alone remains to mock him and his philosophy. These may be trifling considerations in the consciousness of an *Ego* of Dr. Lewins' power, but they are very serious contradictions, and also impediments in the way of such humble thinkers as Vedantins, Logicians, and Theosophists, toward recognising, let alone appreciating, "Hylo-Idealism." Our learned correspondent pooh-poohs Metaphysics, and at the same time not only travels on purely metaphysical grounds, but adopts and sets forth the most metaphysical tenets, the very gist of the PARA-metaphysical Vedanta philosophy, tenets held also by the Buddhist "Illusionists"—the *Yogachâras* and *Madhyamikas.* Both schools maintain that all is void (*sarva sûnya*), or that which Dr. Lewins calls spectral and phantasmal. Except internal sensation or intelligence (*vijnâna*) the Yogachâras regard everything else as illusion. Nothing that is material can have any but a *spectral* existence with them. So far, our "Bauddhas" are at one with *the* Hylo-Idealists, but they part at the crucial moment. The New School teaches that the Brain (the originator of consciousness) is the only factor and Creator of the visible Universe; that in *it* alone all our ideas of external things are born, and that, apart from it, nothing has real existence, everything being illusion. Now what has that Brain, or rather the material its particles and cells are composed of, distinct in it from other matter that it should be rendered such honours?

* "Fragments of Science."

† We Theosophists, who do not *limit* nature, do not see the "cause of causes" or the *unknowable* deity *behind* that which is limitless, but identify that abstract Nature with the deity itself, and explain its visible laws as secondary effects on the plane of Universal Illusion.

* We call the *noumenal*—the "ideal."

Physically, it differs very little indeed from the brain stuff and cranium of any anthropoid ape. Unless we divorce consciousness, or the EGO, from matter, one materialistic philosophy is as good as the other, and none is worth living for. What his Brain-Ego *is*, Dr. Lewins does not show anywhere. He urges that his "atheistic or *non-animist* (soulless) standpoint is the *pivot*" on which his "whole synthesis revolves." But as that "pivot" is no higher than the physical brain with its hallucinations, then it must be a broken reed indeed. A philosophy that goes no further than superficial Agnosticism, and says that "what Tennyson says of Deity *may* be true, but it is not in the region of natural cogitation ; for it transcends the logical *Encheiresis naturæ*" (Hum. *v.* Theism)—is no philosophy, but simply *unqualified negation*. And one who teaches that "*savants*, or specialists, are the last to reach the *summa scientiæ*, for the constant *search* after knowledge must ever prevent its *fruition*" (ibid), cuts the ground himself under his feet, and thus loses the right, not only to be considered a man of science, but likewise his claim to the title of philosopher, for he rejects all knowledge. Dr. Lewins, quoting Schiller, "to the effect that truth can never be reached while the mind is in its analytic throes," shows the poet-philosopher saying that:—"To capture the fleeting phantom he (the analyst) must fetter it by rules, must anatomatise its fair body into concepts, and imprison *its living spirit* into a bare skeleton of words"—and thus brings this as a prop and proof of his own arguments that we need not trouble ourselves with the "cause of causes." But Schiller believed in spirit and immortality, while the Hylo-Idealists deny them *in toto*. What he says above is accepted by every Occultist and Theosophist, simply because *he refers to the purely intellectual* (not Spiritual) *analysis* on the physical plane, and according to the present scientific methods. Such analysis, of course, will never help man to reach the real *inner* soul-knowledge, but must ever leave him stranded in the bogs of fruitless speculation.

The truth is, that Hylo-Idealism is at best QUIETISM—only on the purely material plane. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," seems its motto. Dr. Lewins tells us that he holds his views with Epicurus. I beg leave to contradict again. Epicurus insisted upon the necessity of making away with an unphilosophical, anthropomorphic deity—a bundle of contradictions—and so do we, the Theosophists. But Epicurus believed in gods, finite and conditioned in space and time, still *divine* when compared to objective ephemeral man: again, just as we, Theosophists, believe in them.

We feel sorry to have to say unpleasant truths. The Founder of Hylo-Idealism is evidently a marvellously well-read man, his learning is great and undeniable; and, we have always had an instinctive respect for, and sympathy with, thinkers of his calibre. But, we have been sent pamphlets and books on Hylo-Idealism for review, and one would be truant to his duty to conceal one's honest and sincere views on anything. Therefore, we say that, contradictions and inconsistencies in the Hylo-Idealistic system apart, we find in it a mass of ideas and *arguments* which come forcibly home to us, because they are part and parcel of the Eastern Idealism. Our premises and propositions seem to be almost identical in some respects, but the conclusions we come to disagree in every point, the most important of which is the true nature of matter. This, which "has been *fabled* as 'Spirit,'" writes Dr. Lewins in 1878, "is really merely the '*vis insita*' of matter or 'nature'—the latter a misnomer if creation or birth is a delusion, as it must be on the hypothesis of the eternity of matter."

Here the Doctor speaks evidently of "Spirit" from the Christian stand-point, and criticises it from this aspect. And from this stand-point and aspect he is perfectly right; but as wrong from those of Eastern philosophy. Did he but view Spirit, *as one with eternal matter*, which, though eternal *in esse* is but finite and conditioned during its periodical manifestations, he would not so materialise its *vis insita*—which is *vis vitæ* but when applied to individual manifestations, the living subjects of illusion, or animated bodies. But this would lead us too far, and we must close the subject with one more protest. There is a casual remark in "Humanism *v.* Theisms" to the effect (on the authority of Ueberweg) that "the early Greek thinkers and Sages were Hylo-Zoists." Aye, learned Doctor; but the early Greek thinkers understood Hylo-Zoism (from "*Hyle*" *primordial* matter, or what the greatest chemist in England, Mr. Crookes, has called "protyle" *undifferentiated matter*, and "*Zoe*," life) in a way very different from yours. So are we, Theosophists and Eastern Occultists, "Hylo-Zoists"; but it is because with us "life" is the synonym both of Spirit and Matter, or the ONE eternal and infinite LIFE whether manifested or otherwise. That LIFE is both the eternal IDEA and its periodical LOGOS. He who has grasped and mastered this doctrine com-

pletely has thereby solved the mystery of BEING.

"THE ADVERSARY."

P.S.—We have in type a very excellent article by Mr. L. Courtney, which could not find room in this present number, but will appear in March. In it, the writer says all that he *can* possibly say in favour of Hylo-Idealism, and that is all one can do. Thus, LUCIFER will give one fair chance more to the new System; after which it will have gained a certain right to neither answer at such length, nor accept any article on Hylo-Idealism that will go beyond a page or so.—"A."

INTERESTING TO ASTROLOGERS.

ASTROLOGICAL NOTES—No. 4.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

QUESTION, at London, 1887, March 2nd, 6.8 p.m. What will be the duration of quesited's life?

Though the preceding figure showed that my relative would recover from his illness,* yet it was obvious that the end could not be far distant; and I drew the present figure for the minute of the impression, to interrogate the stars.

The following are the elements of the figure:—

Cusp of 10th house 14 ♊.
— 11th house 21 ♋.
— 12th house 22 ♌.
— 1st house 17° 45′ ♍.
— 2nd house 10 ♎.
— 3rd house 9 ♏.

Planets' places are:

☿ 25 . 13 . 15 ♉.
♅ 11 . 37 . 30 R. ♎.
♄ 15 . 46 . 30 R ♋.
♃ 5 . 41 . 30 R ♏.
♂ 23 . 50 . 45 ♓.
☉ 11 . 52 . 19 ♓.
♀ 3 . 10 . 30 ♈.
☿ 29 . 36 . 15 ♓.
☽ 8 . 28 . 15 ♊.
Caput Draconis 27 . 21 . 38 ♌.
⊕ 14 . 20 . 56 ♐.

As in the previous figure the 6th house is the quesited's 1st, and the 1st house is his 8th. As the time of the question was after sunset, ☿ ruling ♍ by night was lord of his 8th, and ♅ ruling ♒ by night was lord of his 1st. The aspect of the significators is ☿ 167° 58′ 45″ ♅, separating from the Quincunx and applying to the Opposition. The Quincunx is, like the Conjunction and Parallel, convertible in nature, being good with benefics and evil with malefics, and when a benefic and malefic are thus joined, the stronger rules. It was therefore in this case doubly evil, as the significators were separating from one evil aspect and applying to another though not within orbs of either. As ☿, the applying planet, was in a common sign, and is an angle of the figure, each degree signified a week; and as 12° 1′ 15″ were wanted to complete the opposition, the critical period was shown to be a fraction over 12 weeks, or May 25th.

Danger to life was also shown by *Cauda Draconis* in quesited's 1st house; by ☉ in quesited's 1st afflicted by a very close Quincunx of ♅ lord of his 1st, ♅ moreover receiving ☉ in his Detriment, and ☉ receiving ♅ in his Fall; and by ☽, lady of quesited's 6th, posited in his 4th, and afflicted by a rather close Quartile of ☉ posited in his 1st, ☉ moreover receiving ☽ in his Anti-triplicity (*sit venia verbo*). Nevertheless, as the significators were not actually in any evil aspect, ☿ moreover receiving ♅ in his Triplicity, and being almost out of ♓ his Fall and Detriment, and the Detriment of ♅; ☽, lady of his 6th, and posited in his 4th, applying to a Trine of ♅ lord of his 1st; and ☿ lord of his 8th applying to Conjunction with ♀ lady of his 4th, ♀ moreover receiving ☿ in her exaltation; —all this denoted that May 25th would be the time, not indeed of certain death, but of imminent danger, the beginning of the end.

⊕ being in the 4th house of the figure, almost on the cusp, denoted a legacy to my father.

The actual result was as follows: After having been for some time in fair health, considering his age and recent illness, *he was suddenly taken ill and in great danger on the night of May 27th, and on the morning of May 31st was in articulo mortis, and given up by his two physicians.* From this, however, he rallied; relapsed on the night of July 6th; rallied again; but *died on July 19th* at 8.30 a.m., after a sudden seizure of only 15 minutes' duration, *and my father received a legacy under his will.*

The quesited suffered much in his last illness from cough and dyspnœa. The certificate of death was—"*Primary:* emphysema, morbus cordis. *Secondary:* thrombus, syncope." With this may be compared ♄ in ♋, having dignity in quesited's 8th house, and afflicting ♅ lord of quesited's 1st. ♄ in ♋ denotes "phthisis, ulceration in lungs, obstructions and bruises in breast, ague, scurvy, cancer, and cough." NEMO.

* NOTE.—This was shown by the preceding figure; a weak aspect in horary astrology can only symbolize a weak result. Hence, though the weakly good semisextile was sufficient to indicate convalescence from a self-limited disease like pneumonia, yet it did not denote complete restoration to health. Had the significators been applying to a Trine, I should have judged not only convalescence from the acute attack, but a continuance of a vigorous old age.

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